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NATIONAL IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

INFLUENCED by the importation of ideas from abroad and stirred to action by the successful development of modern methods for which the present century is justly famous, Ireland has been undergoing a radical change. A microscopic searching into our national life has resulted in a marked expansion. With the overthrow of the Penal Laws and the consequent outcome of many successive political ameliorations and assuagings, together with the establishment of Tenant-Right, Catholic university education and the Department of Agriculture, a new era has dawned for Ireland. This expansion witnessed a renewed impetus by the last half decade. The opening up of new industrial vistas, the rise of new schools of poetry as well as the rising of Easter week, 1916, are the all-important circumstances which precipitated thought on the problems of New Ireland. To-day every aspect of our national being has its galaxy of eager hands. Ireland is vibrant with the consciousness of a new energy and bounding zeal. Hence it may not be entra rem to discuss our educational side.

One would be inclined to take a rather pessimistic view of the present state of education in this country were it not for some assurances we have got of a new intellectual epoch. The Gaelic colleges—the first of which was established in Ballingeany by Dr. O'Daly a decade or more ago—have been slowly and imperceptibly making their way into the most remote and out-of-the-way headlands of the country. Like the early universities on the continent and the

monastic schools of ancient Ireland, they may yet be but the germ or seedling from which will branch off the great tree of our regenerated civilization. Father O'Leary, too, having brought with him the tradition of Ireland's part in its fullness, is the Christien de Troyes of twentieth-century Ireland, nurturing the native culture against the inroads of Imperial cosmopolitanism. Here we have links which bind us to and continue on the noble heritage of Irish scholarship, for which Ireland is justly famous. Culture of this kind is in accordance with the ways of education, properly conducted, as explained by specialists. Irish education along native lines makes for the highest degree of development which the individual capacity of the people and the national local circumstances admit of. It is an evolution of the nation's intellectual past adapted to the needs of the present. It is truly national and most natural. It touches chords in the hearts of the people. Culture may rise and fall among privileged classes. It may be for a time the monopoly of universities and of refined coteries. But permanence it must inevitably lack so long as it remains exclusively in the hands of a small section and the great body of the nation are unmoved by its learning.

What is education? Education is sometimes defined as an attempt on the part of the adults of a society to shape the development of the coming generation according to its own ideals. Again, it is spoken of as the developments of the child's faculties so that in time it will be able to think for itself. Both these definitions are at once too wide and yet not comprehensive enough. It is a fundamental truth that there is an irresistible tendency in our nature to develop the powers that were given us. Education means assisting all these powers of nature. Education in the full and true sense of the word means the training and development of all our powers, the harmonious cultivation of the whole being, the so fashioning the young life that it will have a healthy mind in a healthy body. True education must be relative to the state of culture of its time and place, but with still an effort to elevate the general tone of the age. A question of much doubt is in regard to the amount of latitude that should be given the child in the selection of his work. It is generally held that a conception of the end in view should be uppermost and that this should be accompanied by an effort to make the child reach that end. His material should not be too embracing, but rather our aim should be thoroughness in small things. An interest in the work and a personal attraction for study are all-important factors. The needs and drawbacks of the country are matters which should not be lost sight of. Educationists should ask themselves what are the great crying needs which at present make themselves felt within the sphere

with which they have to do. A remedy should be adopted to get rid of the flaw. The ancient Greeks, anxious to produce a race of soldiers, brought up their young men keeping that idea foremost. Games, gymnastic exercises, feats of physical endurance and a corresponding mental training were all employed to produce the desired effect. Later on when their idea was to possess great orators, they centred their attention and set their heart on the possession of this cultured accomplishment.

The language employed for educational purposes, of course, should be the national language—a very important factor in education, since all their other subjects must be done through it and the literary masterpieces are written in it. Hence the importance of national ideals in education. In Ireland, the mind is open to British influences, foreign ideals and outlook have begun to take the place of the native. "By their fruits you shall know them." We ourselves are living witnesses to the baneful influences of an un-Irish and exotic system of education. In proportion as we hold up England to be our model, in the same degree are we losing our own identity and sacrificing our national being. Perhaps a greater case in point cannot be had than the decadence which set in in Roman literature when she began to copy that of Greece. The utterance became devitalized and a period of stagnancy and unproductiveness followed. Christian classic culture also had a great leveling or denationalizing effect which played havoc with the national spirit. Literature, then, if it is to be of any avail, any permanence, must be racy of the soil, no imported pattern: it must possess a continuity with the past. The present must lead us back beyond the mist of centuries and our forefathers speak to us from out the gulf of time. When Charlemagne set out to lay the foundations of a new empire, he first collected the carmina of Germany. In Ireland, likewise, material or spiritual advancement or decadence must go hand in hand with the development of the native culture or its neglect. Scott and Burns were great poets and their poetry has met with a remarkable longevity. But Scott and Burns were, above all else, great Scotch poets. German literature and mystic poetry has secured a well-merited reputation, but it exhibits all the qualities of pure German poetry. We have all heard of Bishop Grundturg, of Denmark, and his celebrated winter schools. Taking up the sagas and warrior poems of his native land, he built a new civilization on the literature of his forbears. In these schools the traditional songs and folk-stories of his country were used, and those alone. The result was one not of linguistic revival merely, but economic, industrial as well. The people, saturated with national love, drank in the traditions of the past and a great awakening of the spirit ensued.

The people became more responsible and were quick to realize their glorious past which they were now determined to convert into a still more glorious future. Thus the cultivation of the national culture was the happy means whereby every phase of their country's making was affected. By a strict fidelity to the ways of the past we are observing a strict obligation to old Dame Nature herself. National speech and culture embodies the spirit of the nation. One's ideas and whole physical and mental outlook, which would be otherwise warped by strange and unnatural thoughts expressed in a strange tongue, flow now with all the fluency and naturalness of a gently meandering stream.

The connection between national education and character is important. It fills the people with self-reliance and activity, destroys inertia and apathy and gives a congenial stimulus for effort. The case of Hungary is one in point. In the eighteenth century, when the Austrians took possession of Hungary, the Magyar language was neglected. The Hungarians, having lost their language, in a most cowardly fashion offered their services to their oppressor. But when Kisfaludy's dramas appeared, the language gradually gained ground again, and finally it became a powerful agent in rousing the nation to action. A self-reliance and intense national spirit set in. Other phases of the ceuntry's well-being became manifest. They were soon able to build up their country's impoverished industries and finally to win for themselves freedom. Several other instances might be given in proof of the importance of national ideals in education. Even in the Irish-speaking districts of Ireland home industries and manufactures are remarkably preserved in spite of almost insuperable difficulties.

The connection between language and race is not merely superficial. Literature is the reflection of the inward and outward life of the nation, of its traditions, hopes and ideals. Peoples differ in temperament and in inspiration and the difference clearly becomes evident in the literature. But the language is the actus formale quo of that literature, and any disturbing element in the one becomes an obstructive wheel in the natural movement of the other. The adoption of the English language is the adoption of her civilization and ergo an imitation of her models and fashions; the importation of her goods and the abandonment of the ways and fashions in vogue at home which will result in an inevitable struggle between two civilizations with consequent disaster for the intellectuality and material well-being of this nation.

Religion is one phase of the intellectuality of a nation and an extremely important one. The child lisping his prayers at his mother's knee is taking his first dip into the fountain of learning.

Later on, the exigencies of his religion requires him to learn songs and hymns, to make himself adepted in Christian doctrine and to know the essentials of his religious practices. The Irish language is *par excellence* the language of a religious people, and whereas it drags out a lingering existence its devoted adherents may be easily set apart for the purity of their morals and the genuineness of their belief. Manuals of prayer, homilies, psalters and other works of a religious nature are to be met with in the bibliographical lists of Ireland with a profusion unknown in other countries. The Irish language is long associated with prayer and the two ideas are joined together by writers of widely different nationality. The common, every-day speech of the people is strewn deep with prayers and pious supplications to God. The youth of Ireland, therefore, educated on Irish lines, must inevitably find in their religion a strengthening of their purpose, an educational asset not to be trifled with.

In Ireland we are long obsessed with a system of primary schools whose ostensible purpose, in their beginning, at any rate, was to make us forget ourselves, to rob us of our God-given rights, to root out our long-cherished nationality and religion and to Anglicize us as far as it lay in England's power. A preposterous mixed control was set up that prevents direct action from yielding fruit. To protect us from that wicked thing, secular education, the Church was allowed to control the teachers, but the foreign State retained control of the programmes. It is to educational institutions like the Gaelic League, the summer colleges, we are to look for the sources of pure and ennobling education in modern Ireland. Even now an attempt has been made to foist an alien and un-Christian system of education on our kin of Ulster by a would-be kind and beneficent government. In brief, such a purely secular, non-denominational scheme does not find a place in Catholic ethics. Not providing for the training of character and the development of the will, it falls short of its purpose and stands condemned as an educational machine. The fact that it takes no cognizance of religious teaching unfits it for a Catholic country or a Catholic province of a country.

Coming now to the secondary schools, we can say that the history of intermediate education in Ireland does not give us proof of merit sufficient to warrant its continuance. As an educational scheme in any country it is to be rejected, but as an Irish one it is ridiculous. It is of a purely English brand and one would think that the Commissioners of Education in this country were blind to the fact that different conditions prevail in this country from those of Kent or Yorkshire. English is an obligatory subject for all, while Irish is merely optional. It is a hide-bound, artificial system that gives its knowledge in snippets and does its work as if boys were mere

machines or automata. Far from providing any local interest, it shuts the door against intellectual pleasure. Calling forth no zeal and eliciting no pleasure, it dries up the fountain of inspiration and strangles initiative and originality at their birth. Ad hoc preparation designed to suit the tricks of a stereotyped examination, superficial information without any relation to actualities is the crazy humdrum of an intermediate system that withers up all knowledge at its entrance and stunts the growth of the faculties that have a natural adaptation for receiving it. It would be useful here to compare the methods of secondary education in vogue in Germany before the war, and I think we would find in the grading and sorting of German secondary schools a sufficient justification of the theories we have been asserting.

Our universities until recently made no provision for the proper study of native culture, antiquities or literature. They made more provision for the Jews to study Hebrew than for the Irish to learn their own language. An un-Irish atmosphere permeated them and everything seemed calculated to produce educated men with a horror for everything Irish. These schools, oftener than not, had their destinies guided by men who were not likely to effect amelioration in the proper quarter. Its professors were rarely animated by patriotic motives and hence their badly-needed services were not commandeered in throwing some new streaks of light on the undeveloped and neglected thesaurus of native art and literature. They did not seem to be interested in Ireland themselves and they instilled no interest in their pupils. Under such a nefarious system of education, native culture was allowed to rust and atrophy in the "forgotten graveyard of dead pleasures."

Since the foundation of the Munster College of Irish great work has been done for Ireland. An impetus has been given to the Irish revival, the Irish language has been gripped together in the Irish-speaking districts. Now a fac-simile of the Munster school is to be found wherever the vernacular sticks fast to its native hills and mountains. The project of establishing a Gaelic university on the plan of the Irish colleges has been already under consideration with certain generous souls. By a Gaelic university we mean a university in the full sense of the word, where the Irish language would be the medium of instruction as English is now in the United Kingdom and Latin in the ecclesiastical schools. It would imply also a focusing of attention on Irish and kindred studies, a delving anew into the neglected domain of Irish history, an investigation of ancient Celtic civilization, the development of Ireland from within. It would mean a University of Ireland, for Ireland and peculiarly Irish. Such an institution is a live need and would, we think,

satisfy the requirements of the most inexorable antagonists of educational reform.

For an educational scheme to be of any value it must be carried out on Irish lines. The Irish language must be the medium through which everything will be taught and comparisons made. It seems to us that this can just as easily be done in Ireland as the Czech language is employed in the Bohemian university at Prague. The mind of a people becomes warped and helpless under the influence of a foreign tongue and the consequent bane of an unappealing literature.

An esoteric scheme of education based on such corrupting forces loses all driving power. It is most incongenial, it offers no stimulus, instills no pleasure, and what is most important of all, supplies no interest for the learner. If the youth of Ireland were trained in their own traditional culture, given at least an insight into Irish history and antiquities, they would at once become more responsible and the national ideal foremost in their minds, they would take care to honor the works of their countrymen with more than a mere passing familiarity, and would in time begin to write themselves and thus lead to a great national rebirth. Ever since the foundation of the society known as "Undeb y Ddraig Goeh" in Wales, they have clung to their language and as a striking proof of its superiority in educational matters the standard of education is much enhanced and from being a slow and retrograding race they have become an energetic and powerful people. Neither has the Welsh revival meant a hindrance to commerce nor has it spelt ruin for industrial efficiency, but the Welsh people find they can perform all their commercial transactions now just as successfully as under the regime of the language of empires and commerce. No system of mental training is capable of raising the national feeling, of uniting the efforts of the present with the struggles and aspirations of the past than that which has its source and structure raised on the pedestal of native tradition. Judging by the methods in vogue here and the results achieved, we are well warranted in saying this. We have gradually and more markedly become a part of a literary cosmopolitanism, whose civilization is coterminous with the boundaries of continents and whose leveling and imperializing influence is fast destroying national responsibility and efficiency, whirling the sacro-sanct bits of democracy that still endured into the unending and ceaseless eddying stream of a materialism worse than Mammon and a worldliness that is fast riding to its fall. Even now we are reminded of the immoral and poisonous literature, the godless license that sapped the foundations of the literary splendor and classic glory of ancient Greece and Rome. Burns was a great poet when he wrote the

simple lyrics of the homeland, but when he ambitioned the becoming a great English poet as well, it was nec sutor ultra crepidam. German expansion and commercial domination was adumbrated by decades in which the cultivation of poetry and the fine arts was the sole title to fame which Germany possessed. A great intellectual heart-searching preceded a great industrial and economic awakening. So it must be with Ireland. More than men of action, men of thought, educationalists, poets and scholars are needed to frame and hand on the ungarnished figure of our attenuated civilization. Without intellectual greatness a country must be materially poor and apathetic. No wonder a terrible wave of irresponsibility has swept over the land, no wonder the people have not the heart nor the courage in them which would inspire them to repair the long-felt drawbacks and cure the oozing wounds of our motherland. Deprived of our own culture, the usual spring of Irish authorship was dried up and we were supplied instead with first-class thought from over the channel. Thus when men think now they are faithful to their English training, as is most marked in the English tone of the products of the Anglo-Irish school. Thus we have drank in England's glories as well as her shame. "The Golden Treasury" will not be half so common in places decked to catch us as her licentious and ephemeral garbage. Gradually we have let our world-famous characteristics slip away till we can be compared to an English shrine or a West-British province. Such a misfortune would be a great loss to mankind, but a particular loss to ourselves. But it is to be feared that we would never submit to it. Gradually and imperceptibly Scotland and Wales are setting up barriers of language and literature between themselves and the Empire which we believe will tell some day. Ideals of nationality and self-improvement such as we have advocated are of paramount importance for us and we should cry anathema on any system of intellectual concern that does not take cognizance of native culture. It must be no foreign incubation, but racy of the soil, warp and woof of the Irish mind. We must try and set about rediscovering our language and widening its sphere of operation. We must elevate it to its rightful place in all our schools and colleges. It must be, above all, the new currency made legal tender, the medium quo of education in Ireland, the sine qua non of Irish national preservation.

You cannot build a new edifice on a rotten foundation. Where fundamental unsoundness exists no patchwork incoherency will cure. The only chance is to obliterate it with one clear stroke. But incurably rotten is an object of such total transformation. Whatever advocates of French Revolution principles even in matters of education may assert, it seems to us that a complete clearance in

Irish educational methods would spell unutterable ruin. In any attempt to reform our existing system of education we should prefer to cater for the successive ameliorations of centuries of endeavor and gradual reconstruction. Any such extreme theories either in religion or in politics will eventually terminate in putting the desired object beyond reach altogether. We should build therefore upon the present basis, for only thus could disaster be averted for half a century. But even the most comprehensive and far-reaching danger can be effected by a gradual method of treatment, a continuous readjustment by imperceptible degrees. If anything valuable or permanent is to be effected towards nationalizing education in Ireland, we must not expect it to proceed too quickly, but the people must slowly be led round to the acceptance of the changed tactics by an unaggressive attitude. If a Gaelic university is to be established it can hardly be done by a sudden metamorphosis of any existing university, but it must be drafted on one of the Gaelic colleges or by a night lecture extension of the Dublin schools of Irish. In regard to the changes to be introduced we must be guided by past results. We must be on the lookout for the crying needs of the day. For instance, it seems to us that the great drawbacks in Ireland at the present day and the lines along which future development will go, is that of agriculture, industries and home manufactures, the former especially. We may not ever become a great commercial nation, but at present agriculture is the staple industry of the country and it is hoped that it will so remain. No doubt, therefore, particular attention should be focused on these matters in the schools and ample provision should be made for them even at the very lowest and elementary stage. It is in the main due to educationally catering for these concerns that modern Belgium was made. Technical schools and those of the Agricultural Department are doing excellent work along these lines already, but their sphere of influence is infinitesimally small. The whole outlook of the country must be opened up to the need and necessity of its inculcation in all grades of learning. Of course, in our projective educational reform we should exercise a good deal of restraint and not go hampering about a superfluous number of things. Looking at the industrial ineptitude, the decline in general sense of responsibility and a tendency to lag and fall behind, the spread of English ideas and foreign and unnative growths, we think that a wholesome check should be applied in time. And here the most important weapon is the national ideal.

Mrs. Greene has made it clear that the common national link in Ireland down through the centuries was literary unity, or a common connection in literature for all the provinces. In England the

national idea was somehow associated with politics or the continued existence of a line of kingship. Hence it was when the enemy who came in upon us tried to break our national backbone, she took measures to destroy this literature and to give us a foreign one instead. This literary tradition of which we have been speaking was free from all dialectal differences. "Then," says Mrs. Greene, "the pride of nation and the pride of art was strong and took possession of the whole people. Its bards and poets were learned and its literature is one of the first in Europe for its time." Thus in relying upon our self-made culture we are depending upon no mean or miserable heirloom. But there are even other reasons for attending to it. In European literature there will be perhaps no study so alluring . . . where scarcely a path is trodden by more than a solitary worker and where adventure will force many before hope of intellectual reward. The latest research points to lines of thought which have been too long obscured." The National University since its foundation has taken an interest in this untrodden and unexplored field and many intellectual centres in Europe and America are following suit. But it is a pity that the school of Irish learning—devoted entirely to work of this kind—has been unable to continue on its beneficial work.

In discussing these principles of education and their application in Ireland we are taking for granted that we have been favored with some substantial measure of political freedom with the control of education coming within its ambit. There may be a need for setting up new scholastic institutions or using methods of education not yet in vogue. All this, however, is mere anticipation and the more tangible thing for us to attend to at present is the most effective reformation of the existing methods. Regarding the matter of Irish education from the linguistic side, it may be usefully debated whether we should begin from above and work downwards or take an opposite course, viz., by bringing the full rigor of the Gaelic League to bear on the schools. But there are only a comparatively small number who can ever even aspire to university education. Moreover, to be thoroughly national our system must be democratic, and the lamentable failure of Irish propaganda may be strongly defended as due to confinement to certain colonies, and in not taking the practical and work-a-day people into their project. The Danish schools of Grundting were not idly styled the "People's Higher Schools." University trained men may be all right in theory, but it is practice we want, and to grapple with the evil at its source we must begin at the beginning. We must open up the impressionistic and observant mind of the child to the evils and drawbacks of our country and must avail of his early facilities to learn the phonetics

and idiom of Irish speech. The primary schools may be divided into two classes, those of the native-speaking districts and those outside these districts. I would propose that all schools in the former localities or even bordering on them should as far as possible be bilingual. The importance of the bilingual school must not be mitigated. Strictly speaking, they should be called uni-lingual, because the work of mediation done by the English language in the ordinary national school is here replaced by Irish. Mathematics, history and geography, and the ordinary routine of school work is performed, making Irish the language of exchange, so to speak. No doubt in such institutions Irish traditions are observed and Irish songs, music and folk-stories are allowed fair scope, but we would recommend more formal provision. We would suggest that something on par with a ———— of the Gaelic League should be held periodically. It would go far to enliven the humdrum of school life. We should like to see the special textbooks containing selections from the greatest of the Irish poets and prose-writers with an adequate representation for the writers of the province. For instance, it would be well if the bilingual schools of West Munster were to use the books of An e-âéapp Peadapp: those of Donegal and the north generally might claim in Craig the ablest exponent of their dialect, and so on. In regard to the schools outside these districts our principal care should be the selection of a teacher who is a good native speaker of Irish, a person qualified to impart to those it is his business to instruct the good traditional outlook and refined literary taste characteristic of Irishmen in all periods of their history. Gradually and under the control of properly selected instructors the children of the Zalleact may become equally conversant with both languages. Even one short generation would suffice to effect the transformation in which Irish would oust the foreign tongue more effectively that English caught on when it had all the resources of an Empire at its back. Educationists therefore should do well to draw their employes from the untainted home of Irish speech as it exists in so many remote corners of the land to-day. It has been said, and I think with perfect foresight, that if we are ever to win back the language we must make it more important, bring it before the people in a more telling fashion, make it a utilitarian, a mercenary matter. It must be made profitable, first and foremost, to those who possess it, by making competition clear for them by putting them into sinecure positions, and by availing of their opportunities in transmitting the speech undiluted. By making Irish compulsory for all positions in the country, the civil service, etc., those anxious to attain them would quickly see to the filling in of the lacuna. Thus interest and research would be stimulated

and the language movement would find an echo in the heart of every Irish man and woman who would be aspirants to scholarship or who would find life less jarring in the office desk or professional chair. In our school curriculum Irish history and literature generally should play a more significant role, for it is in matters of this sort the secrets of the nation are enshrined. The thoughts, expressions, brave deeds of the past generation are a duplicate of the mentality and outlook of the nation in every period. The literary masterpieces of their forbears is the most palatable food for their mind, nor will the qualities of daring-do and magnanimity of one generation disappear before the next is begun. No; these things are part of the nation and the race; they are engrained in their blood, they are embedded in their soil.

Belgium before the war was one of the most economic countries in Europe. She was able to feed her overcrowding population and send large supplies abroad by her ingenious use of tillage and the application of scientific methods. But we are not surprised at this when we learn that her economical interests were fully catered for in her universities and common schools. The universities of Scotland make ample provision for instruction along economic and industrial lines. These universities see to the needs of the country. They are, in fine, true Scotch universities, providing for the best interests of Scotland. But we may question the advisability of an over-strict concentration on such gross material matters, having in mind purely corporal comforts and utility, not the enlargement of the sum of human knowledge or the refinement of the human mind. It is questioned whether as a consequence of such material expansion or not matters were manifesting themselves in Belgium not very favorable to religion and enlightenment restrained by due submission to the source of all light.

Germany has taught us so much of late years, but she has taught us the limitations of mere material progress—as it has never been taught before. With the ignoring of the spiritual side of life and with a Prussian camarilla dominating all things in its insensate lust for military power, education in the noblest sense of the term did not exist. If its sole purpose is to advance and the making more efficient military tactics and physical endurance, then education is debased and dethroned from its high estate. The office of education is to purify, to refine the faculties of the mind, to enable man to lead a higher and purer life than animal life.

But it does not necessarily follow that because a nation is go-ahead and commercially great or industrially powerful that religion or the intellectual aspect of education must suffer. The remedy seems to consist in a just and constant equipoise between the two.

Scholars and educationalists no less than the entrusted custodians of faith must be ever watchful to see that an even balance is maintained, to see that pure culture and knowledge keeps pace with the physical acquisition or material expansion of the country, to see that ideas of industrialism will not overcrowd notions of spirituality. It is the case of the lop-sided brain and the one-sided theologian, who is no better than a monstrosity.

We have been finding fault with present systems and methods of education and suggesting useful improvements and methods of attack. It is encouraging to know that not a little has been done by Irishmen themselves in spite of governmental opposition to counteract the evil influences of an erroneous and race-killing educational regime. We have been insisting on the necessity of national ideals and traditional forces in education. Patrick Pearse, the late lamented founder of St. Enda's School, saw this necessity also, and what is more, reduced his ideas to practice. In the main Pearse advocated freedom for the child, freedom of education in action, while the holding forth of an adequate aspiration was one of the most fundamental tenets of his creed. Like Grundting in Denmark, seventy years ago, like Sadhana Tagere in India to-day, Pearse knew that no child's character is the same, and that to develop a child's mind his individuality must be studied and his imagination captured. Pearse saw in the old tales of Ireland the primeval tone of Irish knowledge. Thus he told his boys of the feats and honor and chivalry of Ar-chulainu and his companions and of the battalions of the Fianna, the heroes that won their way through all difficulties by truth and the strength of their own hands. And from these men of the heroic cycles, he came up the centuries, and called out of the twilight, till the shadows and ghostly figures of kings and heroes stood as strong, living men before the kindled eyes of his pupils. After the manner of the Ollamhs and the Drumcli of ancient Ireland, Pearse held that the primary purpose of education was to *foster* the elements of character possessed by the pupil, to make him realize himself at his best. Thus the curriculum was to have Irish as its most basic factor; the edifice must be constructed on an Irish foundation. The Irish boy must feel that his country asks from him his homage and service, and the home must be given proudly, gladly, intelligently; the service come from the best that eyes and brain and hand can see and give.

What a pleasure it is to think that there is even one such institution in the country actuated by lofty motives and noble ideals! We hope the day is not far distant when the face of the country will be honeycombed with replicas of St. Enda's. It is only when education is conducted on such lines that the best, the manliest, the

most noble characteristics of our country will become dominant and telling. It is only then our decadent qualities and the spirit of apathy and laissez faire will be crushed out and a new wave of energy and national efficiency will sweep over the land. It is thus Ireland will be providing for and nurturing to the utmost her spiritual side. There will be reborn again a great zeal for Christianity, a spirit of religious fervor which will make Ireland the *beau ideal* of a Catholic nation.

Thus only will be saved the ultra-materialistic tendencies which prevailed before this mighty cataclysm assured people of the ruling hand of a Designer, and which bid fair to eclipse pre-war standard, now that the war is over, in the scramble for reconstruction and in a super-rigorous adherence to coöperation work. It is feared in certain quarters that coöperation will lead to an era of mammon-worship, a tostle for wealth with a notable sacrifice of ideals, a gradual narrowing of the interests of the community to their salaries and the boundaries of their farms.

But it is only by the inculcation and adoption of education on the lines we have suggested Ireland will be saved the loss of its national entity and heaven and earth will be brought within hailing distance of each other. If we are to escape such an inemediable catastrophe we will begin by taking stock of ourselves, by adhering to the oft-tried ways of our ancestors, by running the wheels of our future progress along the grooves of Irish tradition. It is vain, we hope, the fanfarinade of foreign cultures and exotic civilizations will allure us in future when we realize the importance of our own native culture and literature. Thus we shall be saved from the taunt of following in the wake of gross material pursuits and our scholars will find fame in the same field of endeavor as Sycho Brahe, Copernicus and Aristotle—the field of learning for its own sake.

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Ireland.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

ONE of those great primordial thinkers, one of those philosophical politicians who envisaged *la haute politique* from a loftier standpoint than the ordinary party politician, who if he had not dominated and directed the political thought of his epoch, at least transfused into the moribund society of a degenerate age the vital sap of sound ethical principles, and helped to save from utter extinction, from the corrosive and dissolvent action of triumphant sophistry, some still venerated remnants of the old Christian and Catholic order, the personality of Count Joseph de Maistre looms large and lustrous in the dark and dismal retrospect which, viewed in its religious and moral aspects, the history of the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century presents to the contemplation of the thoughtful student of history. Although he never ambitioned founding a school, being wholly divested of that narrow individualism which has dwarfed so many lesser intellects—finding in the Church, with whose Catholic spirit he was essentially and deeply imbued, all that could satisfy his lofty mind and broad sympathies—he may be regarded as one of the highest intellectual types of the Catholic writer or publicist, the exemplar, to a great extent, of those valiant literary combatants who followed in his wake, the De Bonalds, Châteaubriands, Genoudes, Cortés, Veuillots, etc., who seem to have been providentially called to do the work of lay Christian apologists, and in critical times loyally and effectively supplement that official defense of the Church which is the special function of the *Ecclesia docens.* The first lay publicist who ventured to treat questions until then exclusively reserved to ecclesiastics, strong reasons impelled him—one might say *compelled* him, so pressing was the need of such a combatant in the then sadly thinned ranks of the defenders of the Christian constitution of civil society, against which the French Revolution, in its first wild outburst, had hurled all its forces—to enter the polemical lists and grapple with the common foe on the ground of philosophy, true philosophy in opposition to its counterfeit, challenging his opponents to a searching discussion of first principles.

Many things had combined to weaken the sacerdotal order, despoiled, exiled and massacred by the Revolution which had swept like a tornado over Western Europe. But one must go farther back to find the genesis of the troubles which overtook the Church in France. The concordat between Leo X. and Francis I., wherein the Pope conceded to the French sovereign the right of direct nomination to all the higher ecclesiastical offices, the right of appeal

to Rome being abolished, may be taken as the starting point, the fountain and origin of evils, the after effects of which still exist. From the too close alliance between Church and State, the intrusion of unworthy candidates, or rather nominees, into the ranks of the episcopacy and higher clergy, may be traced the remote origin of anti-clericalism in France, when the people, who had so long suffered from the oppression of the old régime, resolved to destroy the monarchy, root and branch, and in their blind and indiscriminating fury, made no distinction between statesmen and churchmen, between the throne and the altar. The civil constitution of the clergy, largely due to the influential group of Jansenists in the legislative assembly and in which they had their revenge for the severity with which the Bull "Unigenitus" had been enforced under Louis XIV., estranged the clerical members from the Tiers Etat and forced them to make common cause with the party of the counter-revolution. Consequence and chastisement, too, of the semi-schismatical declaration of 1682, it manacled and degraded a portion of the French clergy, whose chronic contests with the Parliament of Paris under the old régime were like the mutterings of the gathering storm, the sinister forebodings of still graver conflicts between the spiritual and temporal powers. Long ravaged by the three moral plagues of Gallicanism, Jansenism and Voltaireanism, with which many of the clergy and aristocracy were more or less infected, France saw itself deprived of one of the most militant orders in the Church, the firmest support of the Holy See and the ablest opponent of "philosophism," at a time when it most needed them. Expelled from England in 1604, from Venice in 1606, from France in 1764, and from nearly every European State and their colonial dependencies, the Jesuits were outlawed and hunted fugitives.

Struck at in its head and its members, the Church was being stripped of every vestige of independent action, notably in the Austrian dominions by Joseph II., and in Italy by the Duke of Parma. Louis XV., who allowed the ancient Catholic kingdom of Poland, once the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks, to be erased from the map of Europe—"the first great breach in the modern political system of Europe," as Edmund Burke called it—had also forged fetters for the Church, instead of being less harmfully engaged, like his ill-fated successor, in forging locks at Versailles—sumptuous Versailles, long stripped of its regal splendor, and now only a show place to be visited by tourists, where this modern Sardanapalus enjoyed his semi-pagan, semi-Mohammedan fool's paradise until death closed his discreditable reign and his putrid remains were hurriedly consigned to the vaults of St. Denis, to be disentombed years later and unceremoniously flung into a

fosse commune by rude, rough rabble hands, when the democracy rose in their wrath and swept away every vestige of the decrepit old monarchy. While the Greco-Russian schism in the form of Muscovite Cæsarism dominated the East, Voltaireanism the West and the various forms of Protestantism divided Northern and Central Europe, new invaders stood upon Rome and turned the city of the Popes into an atheistic republic, inaugurating its foundation by sacrilegious orgies.

In all Europe there was not a man of genius or a power really devoted to the Church. Everywhere kings and statesmen sought to undermine the sacerdotal order, in the hope of erecting upon the ruins of priestly power a monarchical despotism, menaced in its turn by a worse despotism, that of a mob withdrawn from the restraints and influence of that Church. In France the old athletes of the sacred army had descended into the tomb, and the young recruits, slowly advancing to take their places in the ranks, were necessarily few; the enemy, with fatal forethought, having cut off the supplies.

"During this species of interstice which, in other respects, will not be lost to religion, I do not see," said De Maistre, writing at the time and with all the startling evidences of the great fundamental and far-reaching changes wrought by the Revolution before his eyes—"I do not see why men of the world, drawn by their inclinations to serious studies, should not range themselves alongside the defenders of the holiest of causes. Even if they only served to fill the gaps in the army of the Lord, they could not be fairly denied the merit of those courageous women who have been sometimes seen to mount the ramparts of a besieged city to distract the eyes of the enemy. Another consideration, too, encouraged me not a little. The priest who defends religion no doubt does his duty, and merits our esteem, but to numbers of unreflecting or preoccupied men he seems to be defending his own cause, and although his good faith is equal to ours, every observer must have had a thousand opportunities of perceiving that the unbeliever is less distrustful of the man of the world, and often allows himself to be come at without the least repugnance. Now, all those who have closely examined this wild and flighty bird know that it is incomparably more difficult to get at him than to seize him. Shall I be permitted to say: If a man who has all his life been occupied with an important subject to which he has devoted every moment he could spare, and who has directed all his knowledge to that end—if this man, I say, feels within him I know not what indefinable force which makes him feel the need of disseminating his ideas—doubtless he ought to distrust the illusions of selfishness, still he has, perhaps, some right to think

that there is something in this kind of inspiration, particularly if it is not wholly disapproved of by others?"[1]

This conception of the function of the lay Catholic publicist has long ceased to be a novelty, and it is greatly owing to the impulse to this species of propagandism which the encouraging and stimulating example of De Maistre supplied, that we owe the foundation and rapid growth of a school of writers who, thoroughly *en rapport* with Rome, have proved that the Catholic Church is no friend to obscurantism or intellectual stagnation. "I am ever convinced," says an eminent French Bishop, referring to the action of laymen in the Church, "that God more than ever calls them to become not only docile children of His household, but active workers and armed soldiers precisely to baffle the hypocritical manœuvres of that impious system disguised under the name of 'lay State,' 'lay Power,' 'lay society,' which in the minds of its authors would signify the State, Power and society without religion. It is, then, to prove to the world that laicism and religion are in no ways antagonistic, that in our days God has raised up those innumerable armies of pious laymen whom, in almost every country in the Catholic world, and particularly in France, He has made the propagators of faith, the instruments of charity and the auxiliaries of the apostolic ministry."[2] And Monsignor Dupanloup, with that breadth of view so characteristic of him, in the third volume of his great work on higher intellectual education, says: "In the order of truth, as in the order of charity, laymen may lend a valuable concurrence to the Church. Not to speak here of contemporaries, whose names are sufficiently illustrious—Prudentius, St. Prosper, Lactantius, St. Justin, Athenagoras, Aristides and Minutius Felix were laymen. Certainly to fill an honorable place in the ranks of the athletes of religion and devote his life and talents to the defense of great religious truths which are at the same time the highest social truths, cannot be the mission of all, but it is assured by a grand and noble destiny."[3]

It is strange that a life so full of action and influence as De Maistre's, placed as he was in the forefront rank of the diplomatists and writers of his time, should not have found a competent biographer to give us a faithful picture of the *vie intime* as well as the public career of one who, standing as it were between two eventful periods, between the receding past, bearing away with it the last wrecks of the old feudal system and the nearing future, full of mystery and menace, disclosing dim and uncertain vistas of a new age gradually unfolding, was eye-witness of one of the most

[1] Preface to the treatise "Du Pape."
[2] Letter from the Bishop of Langres to Montalembert on the part laymen may take in discussions relative to the affairs of the Church.
[3] "Lettres aux hommes du monde," p. 430.

extraordinary and momentous events in the world's history. But a modern poet has said: "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," and the saying is in part true of De Maistre, one of those meteoric minds whose transient brilliancy sheds a momentary gleam across some gloomy phase in the history of a people at one of those critical epochs when they seem to have temporarily lost their way in the world's wilderness, diverging from beaten tracts:

> "Such souls,
> Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
> Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
> A voice that in the distance far away
> 'Wakens the slumbering ages."

The materials for a biographical sketch are scanty and easily exhausted. Count Joseph de Maistre, who joined nobility of mind to nobility of blood, was a native of Savoy, a country singularly productive of men of genius—*tellus clara viris*—the natal land of St. Bernard de Menthon, the apostle of the Alps; of St. Francis de Sales, the new Doctor of the Church; President Faure, the celebrated jurist, friend and coöperator of the great Bishop of Geneva in the establishment of the Florimontana Academy; the grammarian, Vaugelas; the historians, St. Réal and Michaud; the venerable and erudite Cardinal Gerdil, who would probably have succeeded Pius VI. in the Papal chair were it not for his great age; Monsignor Dupanloup, the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, and of many others famous in arms and arts—from that brave André de Montfort who, besieged in the citadel of Nice by the combined fleets of Soliman and Francis I., haughtily replied to the summons to surrender, "Je me nomme Montfort; Montfort ne se rend; mes armoires sont des pals, et ma devise est, 'il faut tenir,'" to that other *beau sabreur,* General Mollard, the hero of San Martino.

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Born at Chambery, on the 1st of April, 1754, he was the eldest of a family of ten, issue of the marriage of Count Francis Xavier de Maistre, President of the Savoy Senate, and Christine de Metz, daughter of the learned Senator Joseph de Metz. Destined for the magistracy, his studies were early directed to that end by his maternal grandfather, who simultaneously cultivated the nascent talents of his younger brother, Xavier de Maistre, subsequently a general in the Russian service, and the author of some works of fiction that have attained considerable celebrity. The elder brother was a very hard reader, and endowed with a retentive memory, made very rapid progress under the tutelage of the Jesuits at their college in Chambery, from whence, in time, he was sent to the University of Turin. Fifteen hours daily were devoted to the assiduous study of

jurisprudence, mathematics and ancient and modern languages. At a later period, we are told, he acquired the habit, which he seems to have never abandoned, of copying extracts from all the books he read, and noting down those suggestions to which he afterwards gave a more finished and definite form, a process of mental culture which, adopted by a less methodical or appreciative student, would only result in the accumulation of so much learned lumber. It is also noted as a very characteristic trait, early revealing his intuitive respect for the principle of authority, of which every page of his writings bears the impress, that he never during his entire university career took up the reading of any book without having first written to his parents to get their permission. "My mother," he used to say, "was an angel to whom God had lent a body. I would never do anything without an order or an advice from her; my happiness was to devine her wishes in my regard, and I was like the youngest of my sisters in her hands." Having finished his university course at twenty, he returned to Chambery, to be promptly raised to the rank of Senator. Several years glided by in studious retirement in the honorable service of his country and in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic happiness—(he had meanwhile married Mlle. de Morand, by whom he had three children, a son and two daughters, after his return to Savoy)—when the revolutionary storm, which he had already foreseen, broke over Europe.

On September 22, 1792, the French troops crossed the Alps and invaded Savoy, annexed to France and renamed Department of Mont Blanc. The next day the King of Piedmont, Victor Amadeus III., fled, followed by De Maistre, who succeeded in reaching the valley of Aosta, to quit it four or five years later and proceed with his family to Turin. Meanwhile, a sojourn at Lausanne, where he found a temporary resting-place and a shelter from the storm, afforded him sufficient leisure to elaborate his great work, "Considerations sur la France," which made its appearance in 1796, was hailed with delight by the adherents of the fallen monarchy and raised the drooping courage of many families, victims like himself of the terrible *Quatre-vingt-treize*. "M. de Maistre," says a French writer, "is the grand adversary of the Revolution. It profoundly troubled his life, stripped him of his possessions, drove him from exile to exile, kept him fifteen years separated from his family in that hard mission at St. Petersburg, where his devotedness to the interests of the House of Savoy brought him hardly anything from his court but humiliation and disgust. That long sojourn in Russia, in the midst of a brilliant society, where while actively advancing the cause of truth, he cultivated the most distinguished friendships, allowed him, at a favorable distance, to fix a calm and penetrating

glance upon the succession of revolutionary events. The vengeance he took upon the Revolution was to *consider* it. He saw it marked with seal of the Beast, and noted its true origin. His "Considerations sur la France" disclosed to him, in 1796, the depth of the evil and the only possible remedy.[4] The truth is that De Maistre was too near the time, was too naturally prejudiced by the personal sufferings it entailed upon himself and his family to form a strictly impartial estimate of the Revolution, its cause and effect. Shocked by its sanguinary excesses, particularly when the Coalition, threatening invasion, aroused the patriotic resistance of the French people, maddened by foreign interference in what was, after all, at first a domestic question—a change of government—blurred and blinded his mental vision, which failed to discern any redeeming feature, any possible element of good in it. France was then suffering from that disturbance of the mental, moral and social equilibrium which usually follows any sudden change from a settled order of things, any abrupt transition from a monarchy or autocracy to a democracy. Passions and prejudices on both sides were fanned to white heat, with the result that republicans as well as monarchists took distorted views: they had not the correct perspective. We, after a long lapse of time, who have seen so much of history in the making or read of so much history since made, can form a more unbiased judgment of the event and its after consequences. Pity for the sad fate which befell so many estimable men and women who heroically endured and suffered as royalists does not make us oblivious of the chronic abuses of the old régime, nor abhorrence of the ruthless methods and massacres resorted to by an infuriated people blind us to the fact that it was the liberation of a nation from an effete and worn-out system of government.

De Maistre's book, which had the double distinction of being condemned by the Directory and praised by Louis XVIII., created a profound sensation and made an imperishable name for the author, henceforward recognized by all whose recognition was of any value as one of the master minds of the age. Summoned in 1798 from Lausanne, where he had made the acquaintance of Necker and his celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël—a thoughtful observer, like himself, of the Revolution, but from a totally different standpoint—he rejoined his sovereign, Charles Emmanuel IV., who, driven from his capital on December 10, 1798, by the victorious French, still pursuing their conquering and aggressive march, had taken refuge in Tuscany, and finally retired to Sardinia. The same year De Maistre set out for Venice, where he remained until the expulsion of the French from Piedmont by the combined forces of the

[4] "Joseph de Maistre," *par* "Louis Moreau," pp. 4-5.

Austrians and Russians enabled him to return and fill the office of Regent of the Royal Chancellery and other important functions conferred upon him on his arrival at Cagliari in January, 1800. After remaining nearly two years in Cagliari, he was sent, in September, 1802, as ambassador to St. Petersburg, which he reached on May 13, 1803.

Here is a rapid outline of the life of humiliations and trials the ungrateful King inflicted upon his noble servant, sketched by the writer just quoted: "He is sent abruptly across Italy and Germany to St. Petersburg, 'unique whirlpool of luxury and expenditure in Europe,' and no account is taken of the expenses of his journey. Separated for years from his wife and children, he is reduced to actual distress. His treatment is thus arranged: Mme. de Maistre, left alone in Turin, sells her plate to provide for her subsistence. From a lodging given up by a dentist, which he quits, unable to pay the rent, and another lodging, vacated by an opera singer, he is obliged to go to the inn. He cannot appear at the Russian Court fêtes, where his presence is required, for want of a coat or a decoration his gracious master obstinately refuses him. His patience and resources exhausted, he writes to the Chevalier de Rosci: 'The fates are against me. I send you a leaf of my account book, as it is scrawled by my *valet-de-chambre*. Read this beautiful document: you'll admire the price of the slight repast I take at home. You'll tell me I have the hope of being paid in Sardinia, but what can my wife buy with a hope? If there was the least shade of delicacy and real attachment to his majesty in that country, I wouldn't send you this letter. What! do you want to force me to quarrel all the year round for this beggarly sum? It is horrible and insupportable. I am ashamed of it, as if I were wrong. I am eaten out of house and home. Notwithstanding this sacrifice, I cannot wait until February.' They refuse him everything. Twice he sends in his resignation, twice it is refused, and he resigns himself to undergo to the last, not only the sufferings of this incredible destitution, but also all the suspicions, insults and silly and brutal dictations which this scurvy court pours out upon the most intelligent and active zeal. At length, the Restoration accomplished, pursued by the same jealousies, harassed by the same distrust, misunderstood by the royalty that knows neither how to reward his services nor at least indemnify him for the entire loss of his fortune, confiscated by the French Revolution, he dies, leaving his children for their sole inheritance a piece of land hardly worth a hundred thousand francs, which a generous loan from M. de Blacas enabled him to purchase."[5] As a solace, however, for the treatment he received from his sovereign,

[5] Moreau, *op. cit.*

he received a most flattering reception from the Russian Czar and his whole Court, as well as the aristocratic *salons* of the northern capital, where his brilliant conversational powers, full of French grace and scholarly tone, enhanced the favorable impression already produced by his "Considerations." "His genius, lavished upon every subject he touched," says M. Cretineau-Joly, "left its vivid impress upon each. Possessed with the love of the true, the good and the just, Joseph de Maistre had acquired at St. Petersburg a position as novel as it was definite. Ardent Catholic, he had created it for himself among schismatic Greeks, who honored his faith, esteemed his private virtues and were proud of his genius."[6] In this *milieu,* not over favorable, one would imagine, to the quiet, studious pursuit of literature and philosophy, some of his best works were written.

Recalled in 1817, the highest titles and dignities in the King's gift were conferred upon him, but he did not live long to enjoy them. Years of sorrow and suffering and much anxious thought—an anxiety not merely personal, but allied to a profound solicitude for the state of society in the troubled years in which his lot was cast, and for the future of Christian civilization—had broken down his health, and in the midst of sinister rumors that heralded the recrudescence of revolutionary commotion in 1821, which made him suddenly exclaim, when the Council of Ministers were debating important legislative changes, "Gentlemen, the ground trembles and you want to build!" his great soul quitted this earth, where the jarring of passions and interests and clashing of ambitious rivalries make eternal Babel, with the mournful expression upon his lips, "Je meurs avec l'Europe!" De Maistre died on the 26th of February. On the 10th of March the revolution broke out in Turin, and Victor Emmanuel I. abdicated in favor of his brother, Charles Felix, Duke of Genevois.

The passing of a great Catholic publicist coincided with the passing of the old order which was destined to give place to a new one, to a new Europe recast and refounded upon different political ideas, like the Europe which has just now emerged from the most stupendous armed conflict in history.

The most philosophically-minded of all those who have made what Carlyle calls "the crowning phenomenon of our modern time" a life study, De Maistre saw in the French Revolution not a fortuitous, isolated event, not an accidental ebullition of French excitability, but a something abnormal, something out of the common order. "We must courageously confess, madame," he wrote to the Marquise de Costa, "that for a long time we have not understood the Revolution of which we are witnesses. We have long taken it for an event.

[6] "Hist. de la Compagnie de Jesus," t. VI.

We were in error. It is an *epoch;* and woe to the generations who are present at the epochs of the world! A thousand times happy the men who are not called to contemplate in history great revolutions, general wars, public opinion at fever heat, parties infuriated, the clashing of empires and the obsequies of nations! Happy the men who pass through the world in one of those moments of repose, intervals between the convulsions of a condemned and suffering nature!"[7] In the "Considerations" he points out as the most striking characteristic of the Revolution that force of attraction and impulsion which swept away every obstacle that human strength could oppose to it like straws upon the wind, none having crossed its pathway with impunity; its most active spirits having something passive and mechanical about them, as if they were the instruments of a superhuman power, a power that seemed to revel in the destruction of human life, and of all that had been sanctified by religion or tradition. The most remarkable of them only attained to the perilous possession of supreme authority by following the current; as soon as they strove to make headway against it, they were submerged. Robespierre, Collot and Barrère, extremely mediocre men, wielded over a guilty nation the most dreadful despotism recorded in history, but as soon as the measure of their iniquity was filled up a breath overthrew them. A monarchist of the old absolutist school, he failed to discover any traces of real greatness among the republicans. When he heard them talk of "liberty" and "virtue," it suggested to him a faded courtesan with painted prudery affecting the airs of a virgin. He dates from their epoch the greatest crimes that ever dishonored humanity. "In the French Revolution," he says, "there is a Satanic character that distinguishes it from all that one has seen, or perhaps from all that one will see. Call to mind the *grandes séances!*—Robespierre's speech against the priesthood, the solemn apostasy of the priests, the profanation of the objects of worship, the inauguration of the goddess of Reason, and that crowd of unheard-of scenes in which the provinces strove to surpass Paris —all that stands out from the ordinary circle of crimes, and seems to belong to another world. What distinguishes it as an event unique in history is that it is *radically bad;* no element of good relieves the eye of the observer; it is the highest known degree of corruption, it is pure impurity. The French Revolution is Satanic in its principle, it can only be really ended, killed, exterminated by the contrary principle: if the counter-revolution is not divine, it is null."

Nations, like individuals, De Maistre believed, are condemned to death, and that if it entered into the designs of God to reveal to us

[7] "Lettres et opuscules," t. II., p. 150.

His plans in regard to the French Revolution, we should read the chastisement of France written there like a judicial sentence. As long as it will last, Frenchmen will lie under this anathema; they will be stricken with a moral leprosy; they will be devoured by a dry rot that will make daily ravages; they will be the shame and dread of mankind, in place of being its glory. The grand crime that has entailed this punishment upon France is, having failed to fulfill its mission as head of the great Christian family of nations that once constituted an united Europe. "France," he says, "exercises over Europe a real magisterium which it would be idle to contest, and which it has abused in the guiltiest manner. It was at the head of the religious system, and it was not without reason that its King called himself 'Most Christian.' Bossuet did not say a word too much upon this point. Now, as it has used its influence to contradict its vocation and demoralize Europe, we must not be astonished if it is recalled to it by terrible means. For a long time one has not seen so dreadful a punishment inflicted upon such an enormous number of culprits. Providence, which proportions the means to the end and gives to nations, as to individuals, the organs necessary for the accomplishment of their destiny, has precisely given the French nation two instruments and, so to speak, two arms with which it moves the world—its language and the spirit of propagandism, which constitute the essence of its character, so that it has constantly the need and the power of influencing the world. The power—I had almost said the monarchy of the French language is visible. As to the spirit of propagandism it is as visible as the sun; from the *modiste* to the philosopher it is the salient part of the national character."[8] And seeing in this faculty at once a source of good or evil according as it is used or misused, a recuperative force calculated to enable that people to work out its redemption by the very thing that had been the instrument of its moral decadence, he unfolds a more hopeful view of the situation as it then presented itself. "The French clergy," he proceeds, "must not go to sleep. There are a thousand reasons for believing that it is called to a grand mission, and the very conjectures that show it why it has suffered permit it to believe that it is destined to an essential work. In a word, if it does not work a moral revolution in Europe, if the religious spirit is not reinforced in that part of the world, the social bond is dissolved. But if a happy change takes place there, either there is no such thing as analogy or induction, or any art of conjecturing, or it is France is called to produce it. It is this in particular that makes me think the French Revolution is a grand epoch, and that all its consequences will be felt far beyond

[8] "Considerations."

the time of its explosion and the limits of its *foyer*. In fine, the chastisement of the French deviates from all the ordinary rules, and likewise the protection accorded to France: these two prodigies combined mutually multiply and present one of the most astonishing spectacles the human eye ever contemplated. France has always held, and apparently will for a long time yet hold one of the first ranks in the comity of nations."[9] Developing this theory of the regeneration of Christendom through the agency of French influence, he says: "Among peoples who have played a part in modern history, none, perhaps, is worthier of fixing the gaze of the philosopher than the French people; none has received a destiny more marked and qualities more evidently designed to fulfill it. France, as it existed before the Revolution—no one knows the fate that awaits it in the future—was destined to exercise over all parts of Europe the same supremacy that Europe exercises over the other countries of the world. I doubt if nature has done so much for any people. France is placed in the centre of Europe, and it is equally easy for it to attach all the surrounding Powers to itself or break their coalition. Search the universe for a State whose component parts are so intimately united and form so imposing an *ensemble*. There is not in Europe a body politic more numerous, more compact, more difficult to break up and whose shock would be more terrible. Undoubtedly, a nation more easy to deceive, more difficult to undeceive, or more powerful to deceive others, never existed. Two special characteristics distinguish it from all the peoples of the world—the spirit of association and propagandism. With you," he continues, apostrophizing France, "thought is thoroughly national and thoroughly impassioned. It seems to me that a prophet, with a single stroke of his powerful pencil, has drawn you to the life when, twenty centuries ago, he said, 'Every word of this people is a conspiracy.' The electric spark, traversing, like the lightning whence it issues, a mass of men in communication, feebly represents the instantaneous, I had almost said fulminant invasion of a taste, a system, a passion among the French, who cannot live isolated. If you only reacted upon yourselves, they would at least let you alone, but the propensity, the need, the mania for acting upon others is the most salient feature of your character. One might say that this feature is *yourself*. The opinion you project upon Europe is a battering-ram impelled by thirty millions of men. Always hungering after success and influence, one would say that you only exist to gratify this need, and as a nation cannot have received a destiny apart from the means of accomplishing it, you have received that means in your language by which you reign much more than by

[9] "Considerations," c. II.

your arms, although they have shaken the universe. May this mysterious force, not less potent for good than for evil, soon become the organ of a salutary propagandism capable of consoling humanity for all the evils you have inflicted on it."[10] In a remarkable letter to the Chevalier D'Orly on March 3, 1819, he wrote: "The Revolution is undoubtedly erect, and not only erect, but it marches, it runs, it rushes. The only difference I perceive between this epoch and that of the great Robespierre is that then heads fell, and now they are turned. It is extremely probable the French will give us another tragedy, but whether this spectacle may or may not take place here, my dear Chevalier, is what is certain: the religious spirit, which is not quite extinct in France, will make an effort proportionate to the compression it experiences, according to the nature of all elastic fluids. It will remove mountains, it will work miracles. The Sovereign Pontiff and the French priesthood will embrace, and in that sacred embrace they will stifle the Gallican maxims. Then the French clergy will begin a new era and will reconstruct France, and France will preach religion to Europe and one will have seen nothing equal to this propaganda, and if the Catholics are emancipated in England, which is possible and even probable, and the Catholic religion speaks French and English in Europe, remember well what I tell you, there is nothing that you may not expect, and if they told you that in the course of the century Mass would be said at St. Peter's of Geneva and in St. Sophia's, in Constantinople, you should say, 'Why not?' "[11]

No commentary is needed to point out the almost prophetical insight shown in this passage. A decade after it was written, the great Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell, another strong Catholic like De Maistre, achieved his bloodless victory over all the armed and unarmed forces of bigotry and at one stroke emancipated Irish and English Catholics, and half a century afterwards, in 1869, Pius IX. summoned the Vatican Council, when, by the united action of Rome and the majority of the French episcopate, Gallicanism, which always had within it the seeds of schism, was extinguished. "France," he says, "after the terrible revolution it has suffered, has remained Catholic; that is to say that all that has not remained Catholic is nothing. Such is the power of truth subjected to a terrible test."

De Maistre is alternately pessimistic and optimistic. His pessimism is traceable to the sad scenes which Paris, Lyons and Toulon witnessed during the Reign of Terror; his optimism was rooted in his vivid faith, out of which grew an abiding hope that saved him

[10] "Soirées," 6 *entret.*

[11] "Lettres et Opuscules," t I., p. 507.

from utter despondency. The political outlook was too cloudy to enable him to see and realize that the basis of power was shifting or had already shifted the great underlying fact of the Revolution. To him the Republic was anathema, for it sounded the death-knell of the old order, with which his whole diplomatic life had been identified. The death throes of monarchical Europe coincided with the birth of a new age—the Age of Democracy. He could not foresee the inevitable growth of that democracy, then in its infancy. Somewhat tinged with that visionary mysticism, that fatalism which infected French legitimists and was fed up by certain alleged prophecies,[12] foretelling the advent of a great Pope and a great King, who were to restore the old order, he could not foresee that a great Pontiff, one of the greatest who filled the Chair of Peter, Leo XIII., would recognize a French Republic as the reasoned expression of the will of the French people and urge all the Catholics in France to rally loyally to its support, thus affirming with all the weight of his great authority the principle of self-determination and that rulers derive their lawful authority from the consent of the majority of the governed—a principle enunciated, not for the first time, by Rome, which was so far in advance of President Wilson and his famous fourteen points.

In one of his best known works, "Du Pape," in which he stood upon firmer ground and handled a more congenial theme, and wherein he advances strong historical arguments in favor of the temporal power, he lays particular stress upon the fact that it is the sacerdotal character of the Supreme Pontiff—highest visible type of the Eternal Priesthood throughout the Universal Church—that gives to the Pontifical sovereignty that inviolable majesty of which every hostile power, human or diabolical, has failed to divest it; that marvelous ascendancy that stopped Theodosius at the gate of the temple, Attila upon the highroad to Rome, and Louis XIV. before the holy table. "O Holy Church of Rome!" he exclaims in a passage almost rhythmical in its eloquence, "as long as I shall have the power of utterance I shall use it to celebrate thee. Immortal mother of knowledge and sanctity, I greet thee—*salve magna parens!* It is thou who sheddest light to the extremities of the earth, wherever blind sovereignties do not stop thy influence, and often even in despite of them. It is thou who causest human sacrifices, barbarous or infamous customs, fatal prejudices, the night of ignorance to cease, and wherever thy envoys cannot penetrate, something is wanting to civilization. The great men belong to thee! . . . The Pontiffs will soon be universally proclaimed the

[12] See the collection entitled "Les Voix prophetiques" by the Abbé Curicque.

supreme agents, the creators of European monarchy and unity, the preservers of learning and the arts, founders and protectors of civil liberty, destroyers of slavery, enemies of despotism, indefatigable upholders of sovereignty, benefactors of mankind. No throne in the universe ever bore so much wisdom, knowledge and virtue. In the midst of all imaginable overturnings, God has constantly watched over thee, O Eternal City! All that could ruin thee has been leagued against thee, and thou art standing, and as thou was formerly the centre of error, thou art for eighteen hundred years the centre of truth. The Roman Power made thee the citadel of paganism, apparently invincible in the capital of the known world. All the errors of the universe converged towards thee, and the first of thy Emperors, concentrating them in a single resplendent point, consecrates them all in the Pantheon. The capital of paganism was destined to become that of Christianity, and the temple that in this capital concentrated all the forces of idolatry was to unite all the lights of faith—all the saints in place of all the gods. What an inexhaustible subject of profound philosophical and religious meditation!"

De Maistre points to the ecclesiastical sovereignties formerly existing in Germany, whose mild dominion gave rise to the proverb, "It is good to live under the crozier"; to the old French monarchy, which employed a larger number of ecclesiastics in its civil administration than any other kingdom, and when the priesthood was one of the three columns that supported the throne;[13] and to the Papal monarchy, a pure theocracy, of which the sacerdotal spirit was the vital principle, as proof of the benevolent action of the Church, through the priesthood, upon politics, when that action was not impeded or vitiated by local causes.

In close relationship with this phase of the politico-religious question is the relative action of the divine and human principles as the bases of institutions. The spectacle of a society in the abnormal condition in which eighteenth century philosophism had left it—culminating in a frightful social cataclysm, when the fountains of the great deep of human passion, maddened by blood-thirst, were broken up and civilized Europe appeared submerged under a moral deluge—led him to investigate the primary cause of this strange perturbation. In the outraged laws of God and the principles of eternal justice; in the rejection or ignorance of truths long forgotten or contemned in France, and which human societies cannot abjure under pain of social death; in the substitution of the human for the divine principle in the constitution and government of States, he felt convinced he had made the discovery he sought, and placed

[13] Gibbon says the Bishops made the kingdom as bees build up hives.

his hand upon the chief seat of the malady, appealing to reason, revelation and history in support of an argument which is the *fond* or groundwork of most of his writings, but chiefly of the "Considerations," "Essai sur le principe generateur des Institutions Humaines," "Du Pape" and the "Soirées de St. Petersbourg," which turn more or less upon the temporal government of Providence and the reparation due to violated order—an order established by God, and which mankind disturbs at its peril. "Modern philosophy," he observes, "is at once too materialistic and too presumptuous to perceive the real springs of the political world. One of the great errors of this century is to think that the political constitution of peoples is a purely human work—that one can make a constitution as a watchmaker makes a watch. Nothing is more false, and what is still more so is that this great work can be executed by an assembly of men."[14] His reflections led him to the conclusion that no really fundamental constitutional law can be written; that the more a constitution is reduced to writing the weaker it becomes; that there never was, never will and never can be a nation constituted *à priori*. He scoffs at the imbecility of those who imagine that the real legislators are men, that laws are paper, and that nations can be constituted with ink. There is something, he avers, in every constitution which cannot be written, and which must be left under a sombre and venerable cloud, under pain of overthrowing the State. This "something" is the divine principle, the recognition of the anterior divine origin of human society, of those eternal laws that presided at the creation, and, as far as this earth is concerned, will only be abrogated when the world shall have finished its course in the fullness of time—laws of which the enactments of legislatures are but the dim reflex or halting expression. Every constitution, properly so called, is a *creation* in the fullest sense of the word, and every creation surpasses the power of man. The written law, therefore, is only the declaration of the anterior, unwritten law, just as a dogmatic definition is posterior to the dogma; so that the pretension to establish a new mode of government is, to his thinking, as extravagant an absurdity as for heresiarchs to create new dogmas. "As nations are born," he says, "governments are literally born with then. When they say a people has given itself a government, it is just as if they said they gave themselves a character and a color. If sometimes we cannot distinguish the bases of a government in its infancy, it does not at all follow that they did not exist. Let us not take developments for creations."[15] Carlyle says all available authority is mystical in its conditions and comes "by the grace of God." It is singular to find

[14] "Considerations," c. VII.; "Melanges," p. 212.
[15] "Melanges," p. 218.

the Catholic publicist and the Protestant writer at one in their appeal to and interpretation of first principles. "Man cannot represent the Creator," says De Maistre, "except by placing himself *en rapport* with Him. Madmen that we are, if we want a mirror to reflect the image of the sun, will we turn it towards the earth?" It is this inversion of first principles, he contends, that has caused the general crumbling of the modern political world.

Once again the world witnesses a great upheaval, a great overturning like that which followed the French Revolution. Cast a rapid glance over the startling record of thrones upset and sceptres broken which contemporary history presents. Look at the number of dethroned or exiled sovereigns, the extinction of ancient dynasties like that of the Hapsburgs; at the frequency and audacity with which assassins have struck at heads of States; at the number of statesmen who have been dismal failures; at the miserable mediocrities posing as such in whom the mere politician or party tactician is revealed; at how little high-thoughted statesmanship remains to guide the destinies of Europe; at the vast schemes of religious, political or social regeneration which promised wonders, but performed nothing; at the legislative experimentalism that on the one hand undertakes the reconstruction of beliefs and makes the government of conscience an affair of police and on the other declares the law to be practically unchristian or atheistic; and then try and persuade yourself that you can discern in all this, like the dreamer of "Locksley Hall" that "one increasing purpose" which traverses the ages, or recognize with De Maistre that it is religion alone—genuine religion, not sham beliefs—can impart to European polity the creative and regenerative forces it needs; that politics, in the higher and broader sense, and religion rightly understood are inseparable like body and soul, and that their violent disruption means the extinction of the vital principle that was the bond of union and the source of strength and stability. All institutions, this deep thinker concludes, rest upon a religious idea or are only transient. "Faith and patriotism," he says, "are the two great wonder-workers of the world. Both are divine; all their actions are prodigious. Talk not to them of examination, choice, discussion; they only know two words—submission and belief; with these levers they raise the universe. These two offsprings of heaven prove to all observers their origin in creating and conserving; but if they combine, unite their forces and together seize upon a nation, they exalt, they divinize it."[16] Ever since the primitive dispersion of the human race and its division and subdivision into distinctive nationalities, each endowed with a particular genius qualifying it to fulfill

[16] "Melanges," p. 249.

its special function in the development of civilization, the nations so constituted have been struggling for self-expression in order to "fill the circle marked by heaven," to work out in detail the divine plan discernible in the order of Providence. It is the national idea which at present is transforming Europe, and any Power that strives to counteract it is putting itself against God and nature, and as it has been said that God and one make a majority, such interference with Providence is sure in the long run to suffer defeat. The late war was ostensibly undertaken to secure this need of self-expression for the lesser nationalities, but so far it only seems to mean the substitution of one form of imperialism for another under transparently specious disguises. One at least of the oldest nationalities in Europe, a nation before the first rude hut was erected on the banks of the Tiber, where Imperial Rome afterwards arose, and when the site of the Athenian Acropolis was a bare, rocky elevation, is denied this right of self-expression and self-development by a Power which puts might above right and holds it in thrall by that very militarism which the war was waged to destroy. We seem to be as far off as ever from that millennium of which Tennyson speaks, "when the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flag was furled in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world." It is even doubtful if the League of Nations as conceived in the brain of Woodrow Wilson will emerge from its embryonic state and mature into something better than a combination of the big Powers "to hold a fretful world in awe" and prepare to resist the dreaded onrush of forces from the far East, should the yellow races threaten to invade the West.

De Maistre, whose style has been compared to that of Bossuet for elevation, Voltaire for sarcasm, and Pascal for depth, touches upon many subjects in his thought-compelling books, interesting and instructive whether you agree with him or not. He has some curious and suggestive reflections upon the co-relation of moral and physical evil, the divine origin of language or speech, the reversibility of merits, the law of the effusion of blood and its expiatory effect, the theory of names and numbers, the relative merits of republicanism and monarchism, the influence of religion upon the duration of dynasties, and other pregnant themes. Few writers have caused serious abstract thought to be better relished and retained. He felt himself that he was called to place the most arduous questions on a level with all understandings. Lamartine says his style will remain the enduring admiration of all who read for the pleasure of reading.

With far too modest self-depreciation he writes to a correspondent: "I am sure I will be believed, when I protest that I

think I am inferior in talents and attainments to most of the writers you have in view at this moment, as much as I surpass them in the truth of the doctrines I profess. I am even pleased to confess this primary superiority, which furnishes me with the subject of a delightful meditation upon the inestimable privilege of truth and the nullity of the talents that venture to separate themselves from it. There is a fine book to be written upon the wrong done to all the productions of genius, and even to the characters of their authors, by the errors they have professed for three centuries. What a subject, if it were well treated! But what conclusion shall we draw from this truth? The legitimate conclusion is, that it is necessary to subordinate all knowledge to religion, to firmly believe that we are studying when we are praying, and particularly when we are occupied with rational philosophy; never to forget that every metaphysical proposition that does not, as it were, spontaneously grow out of a Christian dogma, is only and can only be a culpable extravagance. He who has passed his life without ever having relished divine things, who has narrowed his mind and dried up his heart with sterile speculations that can neither make him better in this life nor prepare him for the other, such a one, I say, will reject these kind of proofs. There are truths that man can only seize with the mind of his heart. When the cleverest man has not the religious sense, not only we cannot convince him, but we have even no means of making ourselves understood by him, which only proves his misfortune." This is developing a bedrock truth succinctly enunciated by another eminent Catholic writer, Donoso Cortes, who affirmed that if we investigate any political problem, any question concerning the common weal, we are sure to strike upon a Christian dogma.

In his appreciation of De Maistre, Moreau says: "Rooted in tradition, he derives from thence the unshakable assurance which leaves the mental vision all its lucidity, that power of seeing, which is almost equal to foreseeing and predicting, Catholic Christian, by reason as well as by faith, so to speak—detached from everything and even from himself—the true greatness of his doctrine is that it is not his doctrine. He does not give it as a creation of his thought; it is only a demonstration by history and experience of the truth of Christianity. In the despoiled, humiliated, captive Papacy he never ceased to recognize the divine principle that upholds it, and glorify in it the venerable suzerain of all authority, the eternal protector of all legitimate liberty. Against the conspired forces of philosophism, impious science, and pagan politics, nothing now is really erect but the Christian Capitol. All the power of Catholic unity is only in the prayer of the Priest of

Rome; but it is the prayer of him for whom Christ prayed. It was the glory of Fénelon, by having recourse to the Holy See, to remind the Bishops, whose hearts were in the court, that the spiritual sovereign was in Rome, and not in Versailles. He showed them his and their too-long-forgotten judge—the Pope. This glory of Fénelon in the seventeenth century is the glory of De Maistre in our days. He, too, by the influence of his genius, by his masterpiece—that powerful argument drawn from the ruins of our prejudices and errors—was the first to rally the sheep round the great Pastor." And the compiler of the "Pensées du Comte Joseph de Maistre" says: "Of all the great names of the century, that of Count Joseph de Maistre oftenest, and as by a secret need, instinctively and without an effort reappears under the pen of every writer engaged in treating any high religious or political question, in solving any philosophical problem. The literary and scientific reviews quote his works. The publicist makes him speak in his writings, quite sure of adding more weight to his considerations under the protection of such a name. The philosopher—I mean the true philosopher—seeks the support of this authority, and thus makes his demonstrations more forcible. The apologist feels firmer in the defensive or offensive, when he sees in his hands the arms of this grand and vigorous athlete of the cause of Christ and His Church. The sacred orator himself is not afraid to utter this name from the elevation of the first pulpit in France. All, in fine, seem to advance with more assurance when they march, sustained by Joseph de Maistre."

Statesmen, worthy of a name often misapplied, politicians who are not mere party hacks, and journalists who are not mere straws upon the surface of public opinion, not mere reflectors of the crude ideas of the man in the street, but original thinkers capable of giving an intelligent direction to movements that make or mar a nation, would do well to read De Maistre thoughtfully. They and those who look to them for light and leading, would equally benefit by the perusal.

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A GLANCE AT SOME IMPORTANT FACTS IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY.

BEFORE considering the effect of the discoveries of Columbus and his successors upon the nations of Europe, let us take a glance at some of the accounts of and opinions concerning the pre-Columbian period.

The early history of our continent presents many curious *facts*, and many of these so-called *facts*, under the light of more recent and careful research, have had to be relegated to the realms of fiction. The geologists, for instance, tell us that "the 'New World,' so called, is actually the 'Old World,' and that a mountain peak in the Carolinas (just where deponent saith not) was the first object that rose up out of the sea." They do not hesitate to tell us that "animals first made their appearance in this Western continent, and at an early period went across a bridge of land that once existed at Behring Strait, and thence spread over the Eastern continent." It is in vain for the present theory to hold that man had his origin in the East, because "Science," "which knoweth all things" (in theology as well as in everything else) has a new story to tell *every* year, so that it may become necessary, some day, instead of asking, "Who discovered America?" to ask, "Who discovered the Eastern continent?"

We are told that ages before Columbus, adventurers landed on our continent, but we search in vain for the record of their adventures. The Phœnicians, the Chinese, the Irish, the Northmen, the Welsh, the Italians and the Basques are all identified, in a way, with ancient America, and there is nothing to prove that *any* of them failed to reach the Western world. The Irish, however, have the first claim, as their early activities form a part of *written history*. There is no doubt that the Northmen visited the Atlantic Coast in the year 986, but their own records state that the Irish had long before preceded them. Before the arrival of the Northmen this continent was known as "Ireland the Great," and also as the "White Man's Land," on account of the dress of the inhabitants found there by the Irish. The adventurers from Ireland, which was known as the "Green Island," on arriving on our continent and discovering its vast extent, probably gave it the name of the "Green Land." "Green Land" may, therefore, be regarded as the first historic name of this continent. The Northmen, who followed the Irish, gave it the name of "Vineland." It was later on known as "Estohland," an unexplained name, probably a corruption of "the Scot's Land." "Drogeo" was also applied to one region, and when the Cabots came, North

America received the name of "Bacalaos," the land of the codfish. This name was followed by "Yucatania," found on Verrazano's map of 1529, the name of the isthmus of Yucatan being made to do duty for the continent. To these names we may add "Norombega," "Mexicana" and "Peruviana." "Greenland" became restricted to the region now bearing the name. "Norombega" dwindled until it came to signify a town in the Penobscot, and all other names were discarded for the name of "America." The Northmen did not dream that they had discovered a "New World." They never boasted of any discoveries, and freely conceded priority to the Irish.[1]

There is a tradition to the effect that our shores were reached over a hundred and fifty years before their discovery by the Northmen, but the authority upon which it is based is so vague as to merit no great importance. Next comes the story of the "Almagruvium," the eight Arabian sailors who are reported to have "sailed to the end of the ocean" and to have set foot on American soil before 1147. This story, when examined, confines their explorations, which do not seem to have extended beyond the African coast, the Canaries and possibly the Azores. This story seems to be traced to the Arab geographer, Edrise, a writer of the twelfth century. The mention of "red men" in the report of the two Genoese, Vadrino and Guido dei Vivaldi, in 1291, gave rise to the idea that these explorers also visited our continent. This may be true, but the possibility is not very evident.[2]

Of much greater value than all these are the claims of the hardy sailors of Dieppe, St. Malo, Honfleur and other ports of Normandy and Flanders.[3]

It is well known that the fishermen of these ports carried on trade with the Scandinavians in the early part of the fourteenth century. These Scandinavians were in constant communication with Greenland, which was itself trading with the northwestern settlements along our coast. This being the case, the fishermen of Normandy and Flanders could readily obtain information concerning the profitable fishing grounds of Newfoundland and other points on our North American coast. The Grand Banks of Newfoundland were as thickly covered with fishing boats in those days as I have seen them in our own day. The fishermen of the olden time were looking for codfish and were in no way bent on making discoveries other than those which contributed to their trade; consequently, while

[1] "The Voyages of Thorgies and His Adventures on the East Coast of Greenland About the Year 1000." See introduction by Rev. B. F. De Costa, D. D.

[2] See Humboldt: "Examen," Vol. II., pp. 137-142; "Maltebrun," p. 139; Cooley: "Maritime and Inland Discovery," p. 173; "Payne," p. 104; "Winsor," Vol. I., p. 72.

[3] See Lescorbet, p. 217, et seq.

they never earned the glory of discoveries in America, it is beyond all doubt that they cruised early, and we may say annually, along our coast.

If evidence of this were wanting, it may be found in the Flemish coins found by the English near St. John's, Newfoundland, as related by Bastiano.[4] In a letter written by Queen Regent Catharine dei Medici to her envoy, Torquemada, at the Court of Spain, it appears that the hardy Breton fishermen were here as early as 1465.[5]

The Basques, as we have seen, laid claims to early connections with our continent, and it is a matter of regret that the destruction of their archives in different cities by fire and not unfrequently by carelessness, have deprived us of positive documents in support of their claims. We do know, however, that they were engaged in fishing for bacalaos on our coast, along with the men of Normandy and Flanders, at a very early period.[6]

With these few words by way of introduction, let us consider some of the effects of the discoveries of Columbus upon the different nations of Europe. It is well known to every student of American history that the governments of the Old World looked with jealous eyes upon the growing influence of Spain and her prospective wealth in the Western continent. English statesmen like Walsingham and Cecil; geographers like Hakluyt and merchants like Gresham kept themselves thoroughly informed regarding all foreign commercial affairs, discoveries, etc. It is true that England had long been distracted by internecine wars, but in 1485 the War of the Roses terminated at Bosworth Field, a union of the roses was effected by the marriage of Henry VII. and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and for the first time in thirty years, England found herself at peace within herself and in a position to take her place in the line of the world's progress. Thus it came about that when John Cabot, a Venetian merchant, then residing in Bristol, England, presented himself at Court, as Columbus had done before him at the Court of Spain, to implore its aid in a voyage of discovery in the "New World," King Henry was in a position to entertain the appeal and to grant to John and his son, Sebastian Cabot, a patent, "the most ancient American State paper in England," and authorizing them "to plant the flag of England upon any soil hitherto unseen by Christian people." This provision was in accordance with the Bull of Demarcation of Pope Alexander VI. The charters for discovery and colonization were granted to Cabot and his son and also to

[4] Bastiano, Book II., s. 441.

[5] Horsford: "The Discoveries," referred to by Gaffareti Theret, p. 391.

[6] The Rev. Peter de Roo, of Portland, Ore., has written a most interesting work on Pre-Columbian America. It is published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Richard Warde, Thomas Ashhurst, Hugh Eliot, Nicholas Thorne the elder and others, and that it might be "without prejudice to Spain and Portugal,"[7] could not extend south of 44 degrees north latitude, thus confining the English in the New World to a region too cold and desolate to encourage settlement.

But this obstacle was not destined to stand long in the way, for on the death of Henry VII., in 1509, he was succeeded by Henry VIII., a sovereign whose anxiety to abide by contracts made with the Pope was not remarkable. His contentions with the Popes resulted in the establishment of the Reformation in England, a disregard of the force of Papal Bulls relating to America, and finally the establishment of English colonies in America. Edward VI., who succeeded his father, Henry VIII., in 1547, having established Protestantism in England, became interested in the enlargement of his kingdom by the acquisition of new lands beyond the sea. Of course, he had no regard for Papal Bulls, so he summoned Sebastian Cabot from Spain and under his leadership the great association was formed in England, known as "The Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands and Places Unknown."

It was to a certain extent a resonance to a company of the Cabot charter of 1496, but differed from it in its disregard of the bounds as fixed by the Pope, and discoveries were not confined to "north, east and west of England."

The death of Edward VI. in 1553 raised Mary Tudor (afterwards married to Philip II. of Spain) to the throne of England, and restored Catholicity in that country. A second charter was now granted to the Merchant Adventurers, which confined them to the north, northeast and northwestward of England, and more fully respected the Spanish claims than the Cabot grant of 1496 had done. Prominent English merchants soon crossed the ocean to study King Philip's possessions in America. In 1555 Richard Eden published his "Decades of the New World or West India," which is the first published collection of voyages in English, and is dedicated to "Philip, King of England and Spain."

On the death of Queen Mary, in 1558, she was succeeded by Elizabeth, under whose reign all future recognition of Papal Bulls ceased. They were regarded as mere "scraps of paper," and the acquisition of new territories was regarded, if not as a "military necessity," at least as a great thing for England.

The student of American history will find it necessary to study

[7] See letter of January 21, 1496, from Dr. De Puebla to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and their reply, on March 28 following. I understand the Papal Bull to divide between Spain and Portugal the north and south line, only the new discoveries "west and south" of Spain. See Brown's "Genesis of the United States," p. 2.

the reigns of the rulers of England from 1485 to 1558, as they exert a marked influence upon our history. It will be seen that prior to Elizabeth, America south of 44 degrees north latitude had been really conceded to Spain, and that Spaniards had already explored our coasts east and west and had planted the Cross as well as the standard of Spain in many parts of our present territory. Elizabeth took issue with the Pope (1559), caused the supremacy which had hitherto been conceded to Rome to be vested in the crown of England, and prosecuted further discoveries and exploration in the New World according to "reformed" ideas.

John Cabot was, like Columbus, a native of Genoa, but had been naturalized at Venice, where he resided for some years. "In the yeere of Our Lord 1497 John Cabot, a Venetian, and his sonne Sebastian (with an English fleet set out from Bristol) discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted on the 24 of June, about five of the clocke early in the morning." It will be observed that the language of the Bull of Demarcation is followed in this statement, viz.: "The land that no man had attempted," etc.

Cabot was accompanied by a priest from Bristol, and probably reached Newfoundland and Labrador. His vessel bore to our continent the first band of English-speaking Catholics, and within five years a priest, we know, crossed the Atlantic to administer the consolations of religion to his countrymen in America, offer up the Holy Sacrifice and announce the Gospel in our tongue.[8]

"The discoverer of these places planted on his new-found land a large Cross with one flag of England and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield."[9] (London, 23 August, 1497.) Cabot was sure that *he* had found the eastern extremity of Asia, and he earned and received from his sovereign the title of Great Admiral.

It will be noted that Cabot's discovery was made fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the mainland, and nearly two years before Amerigo Vespucci sailed west of the Canaries.

Shortly after the return of John and Sebastian Cabot to England, another voyage was planned by Sebastian. With three hundred men he sailed for Labrador, by way of Iceland, and reached there in latitude 58 degrees. Finding the weather too severe, he steered south and cruised along the shores of the present United States to the vicinity of Albemarle Sound. He likewise asserted the title of the English sovereign to the land.

The early discoverers do not seem to have received very great

[8] Shea's "Catholic Church in Colonial Times"; also Harisse: "John and Sebastian Cabot," Paris, 1882.

[9] "Calendars of State Papers—Venetian," 1202-1509, p. 262.

rewards for their hardships and exposure, to say nothing of their discoveries at least during their lifetime. John Cabot received a small pension from Henry VII., while the royal notebook contains the memorandum: "10th August, 1497. To him that found the main isle, £10." Yet it was on Cabot's $50 discovery that England bases her claim to her American possessions. "We derive our right in America," said Edmund Burke to the British Parliament, "from the discovery of Cabot, who first made the northern continent in 1497." The munificence of England's sovereign was limited to a small pension and $50 with the title of Great Admiral!

The Cabots, like Columbus, were convinced that they must find a northwest passage to China, but one discovered a New World without having had the satisfaction of knowing it, while the other discovered the continent, but as no gold or treasure was forthcoming, their great work was considered of little importance, yet could the British merchants have realized the treasure that lay in the fur trade of British America, there would have been no honors or titles too great for the Cabots.

Much obscurity prevails concerning the Cabots and their voyages. John gave a "description of the world in a chart, and also in a solid globe, which he has made, and he shows where he landed."[10] In 1512, Sebastian was living in Sevilla, engaged in revising the maps and charts of the Spanish King. In 1517 he accompanied Sir Thomas Perte on another voyage to Spanish America, but the object of this voyage seems uncertain. In the following year we find him again in Spain, where he received the appointment of Pilot-major. After the conference of Badajos, in 1526, he headed a squadron to pursue Spanish discoveries along the Pacific, but owing to the disaffection of some of his officers, he put in to La Plata and sailed up this river some 350 miles. He next pushed his explorations some distance into Paraguay. Weakened by the continuous attacks of the natives and failing to receive the aid he solicited, he found himself obliged to return to Spain. He did not remain here long, but returned to England and finally settled in Bristol. Edward VI. conferred honors and a pension upon him. Hakluyt says that the office of Grand Pilot of England was created for him. He is supposed to have died in London in about the eightieth year of his age, and sixty-one years after the date of his first commission from Henry VII. Few lives exhibit such activity in the pursuit of an idea.

In 1499 Alonzo de Ojeda, a companion of Columbus on his first expedition, sailing under the patronage of some Portuguese merchants, cruised along the coast of South America and discovered the

[10] "Letter of Abbe Raimondo, Envoy of the Duke of Milan to the Court of Henry VII."

continent at Paria.[11] He was accompanied by Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine gentleman, who on his return published such a glowing account of his voyage as to convey the idea that he was the first discoverer. He was the first to publish in Europe that the lands discovered by Columbus were not a part of Asia, but a new continent.[12]

The honor of giving a name to the continent, which should have been given to Columbus, was accordingly bestowed on him. It was in 1507 that the first suggestion of the name of America for the New World appeared in a little treatise by Martin Waldseemüller, published at St. Dié. "But," says Waldseemüller, "these parts (Europe, Asia, Africa) have been extensively explored, and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius, wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from naming it Amerigo or America, *i. e.,* the land of Americus, after its discoverer, Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women. Its situation and the manners and customs of its people will be clearly understood from the twice two voyages of Americus which follows." These reasons may satisfy the author of the treatise above quoted, but they will hardly satisfy the world at large. Notwithstanding the fact that even the fame of Columbus has been attacked as well as his person, his glory has in no way been diminished thereby.

The King of Portugal now woke up and thought it was about time for his little kingdom to derive some benefit from the discoveries to be made in the New World, and in 1501 he fitted out a vessel under the command of Gaspar Corte Real. This navigator explored the northeastern coast of America, visited Labrador and Canada, penetrating to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He undertook a second voyage the following year with the object of finding a passage to the north of America, but disappeared and was never heard of again, nor was his brother, Miguel de Corte Real, who sailed in 1502 in search of him.[13] On his first voyage Gaspar carried off with him more than fifty Indians and sold them as slaves in Portugal.

In 1500 Pedro Alvarez Cabral, another Portuguese commander, was directed by the King of Portugal to follow the course of Vasco da Gama in the East. He was driven by adverse winds so far out of his course that he reached the coast of Brazil on April 24. On Good Friday he cast anchor in Porto Seguro, and on Easter Sunday an altar was erected and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered

[11] Paria—an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of Venezuela.
[12] "Compendio de America y de Chile," por el Presbitero Esteban Muñoz Donoso.
[13] "Os Estados Unidos," Esboço Historico—Por Antonio da Cunha Pereira de Soto Maior. Lisboa, 1877.

up in the presence of the astonished natives. The country was declared an appendage to Portugal and a stone Cross was erected to commemorate the event. Cabral sent a small vessel to Lisbon to announce the discovery, and without forming any settlement he started for India on May 3.

Another famous explorer during the life of Columbus was Vasco da Gama, and he was the first European who found his way to India around the Cape of Good Hope. He was born of an ancient and noble family of Portugal, at the small seaport town of Sines, about the year 1469 (the exact day is unknown). He sailed from Lisbon on July 8, 1497, with a squadron of three small vessels and sixty men, and after a stormy voyage dropped anchor before Calicut, on the coast of Malabar (Hindostan). He gained the good will of the native prince, convinced him of the advantages of commercial relations with the Portuguese, and returned to his native land in September, 1499, with his ships loaded with pepper and spices, rubies and emeralds, silks and satins, ivory and bronzes. Spain and Portugal and other nations of Europe were wild with excitement over the treasures da Gama had found, and honors were bestowed upon him with no stinted hand.

This voyage is a remarkable epoch in geography, history and commerce, for it added wonderfully to the people's knowledge of the globe, diverted the trade of the East from the overland routes in which it had run to the almost exclusive benefit of Italy for many centuries, and led to the building up of a vast Portuguese empire on the coast of Africa, in India and about the Straits of Malacca.

A second voyage, having more the character of a naval expedition, was conducted by da Gama with the object of punishing some previous outrages perpetrated on the Portuguese, and also of making a permanent settlement in Hindostan. He returned to Lisbon in 1503, where new honors and emoluments awaited him. In 1524 he was appointed Viceroy of India, and was the first man to hold that high office, which has since passed to men of another nation.

Vasco da Gama died shortly after his arrival at his post, in December, 1525. His remains were taken back to Portugal some thirteen years after his death (1538), and a superb monument was erected to his memory by King John III. in the Church of Nossa Senhora das Reliquias (Our Lady of the Relics), then attached to the subsequently suppressed convent of Discalced Carmelites, outside of the town of Vidigueira, from which he derived his title. They were removed in 1880 across the Tagus to the monastery of Belem.

Vasco da Gama was a brave soldier, a skilful navigator and a man of piety and learning. He was the champion of the faith among the

Saracens and Hindoos, and paved the way for the triumph of Albuquerque, and the missionary success of the great St. Francis Xavier. Da Gama is the hero of the celebrated national epic of Portugal, the *Lusiaa* of Camoëns. He is also the hero of Verdi's popular opera, "L'Africaine."

But perhaps the greatest navigator of the Columbian period was Fernando Magalhaens, or as he is better known to English readers, Magellan. He was one of the most distinguished explorers of his age, and as a discoverer was hardly second to Columbus himself. He was born at Oporto, in Portugal, in 1470. After serving in the Portuguese navy for some time, he tendered his services to Spain, and revived the idea of Columbus of sailing to China and Japan by a westerly course. He was convinced that the American continent could be turned by going far enough south. A fleet of vessels, the Trinidad, the San Antonio, the Concepcion and the Victoria, manned by 236 men, was soon fitted out for the expedition and Magellan set sail on September 29, 1519. He discovered and sailed through the strait that now bears his name, and on November 27, 1526, he entered that ocean which he (as well as Balboa) called the "Pacific," on account of the delightful weather and fair winds that wafted him along its peaceful bosom.

On March 6, 1521, after untold hardships, Magellan came upon a large group of islands, the natives of which possessed no end of thievish habits, and on this account he named the islands the "Ladrones." Soon after he sighted another extensive group, which, in honor of the Spanish sovereign, Philip II., he named Filipinas, or Philippines. After cruising through this group of islands, on the feast of St. Lazarus, he became aware of their great extent, and in honor of St. Lazarus he gave his name to the archipelago.

Filled with the religious zeal of the great navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Magellan had his chaplains preach the Gospel to the natives wherever it was possible to do so, and it was not long before their idols disappeared, and the consolation was allowed him, shortly before the close of his life, of witnessing the conversion to Catholicity of the king, or principal chief of Zebu (or Cebu), who was baptized with all his court and a multitude of his subjects after a Solemn High Mass celebrated under a tent erected on the seashore.[14]

Shortly after his conversion the chief of Cebu made war on the chief of the islands of Matano, and Magellan went with him to that island. They were met on the seashore by overwhelming numbers,

[14] This was in 1521. In 1595 Cebu was erected into an episcopal see by Pope Clement VIII. and Monseñor Piedro de Agurto became its first Bishop. The first American Bishop was the lamented and Right Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, D. D., formerly of St. Bernard's Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

and Magellan, anxious to protect his men, remained too long after their retreat to their boats, had his arm disabled by a spear-thrust, a moment later he was felled to the ground, and the Chevalier Pegafalta tells us that "the Indians threw themselves upon him with iron-pointed bamboo spears and scimiters, and every weapon they had and ran him through—our mirror, our light, our comforter, our guide—until they killed him."[15] With his last breath he expressed his happiness at being permitted to "die on a Saturday," because of the devotion he had to the Blessed Virgin. This was on April 27, 1521.

John Fiske, in his "Discovery of America," tells us, exultingly, that after his defeat and that of his Spanish allies, in whom he had placed the greatest confidence, the chief of Cebu gave up Christianity and relapsed into his former paganism. I have not seen this statement corroborated by any other writer.

After the tragic death of the fearless Magellan, the command of the Victoria was given to Espinosa, and the pilot Carranallo was made captain-general. He did not come up to the requirements of the position, and the command devolved upon Juan Sebastian de Elcano. (The name is sometimes given as Delcano).

It may not be out of place to mention here that it was during these voyages along the coast of Brazil that the Spaniards first became acquainted with celery, pineapples, the sweet potato (patata) and the cochearia, or sea-grass.

Juan Sebastian de Elcano belonged to an intrepid race, known as the Basques, of the north of Spain. He was born at Guateria, in the province of Guipuzcoa. He has been accused of being one of the mutineers against Magellan; be that as it may, he became reconciled with his chief, and when called upon to succeed him, he was able to bring back all that remained of Magellan's expedition in the circumnavigation of the globe. De Elcano was a man more up in practical seamanship than in the theory of navigation, and was endowed with piety and firmness of character. He went out on this expedition as sailing master or pilot of one of the vessels, but, as we have seen, on the death of his commander he became by universal consent his successor in the supreme command.

After a long voyage the unfortunate Victoria headed for Spain with such supplies as her crew could get, and reached San Lucas on September 6, 1522. Of the sixty men who sailed on the Victoria from Molucas, only eighteen survived the terrible voyage, and these were all sick. Of the other forty-two some had deserted at Timor, some had been condemned for crimes and the rest were dead. The Emperor, Charles V., received De Elcano with great distinction

[15] Guillemard's "Magellan," p. 252.

and gave him a life pension of 500 ducats. He could not ennoble him because every son of Biscaya "is a hidalgo by birth," and so recognized in every part of Spain, but he conferred upon him a new coat-of-arms—a terrestrial globe with significant inscription: *"Primus circumdedisti me."* Some authors claim that this coat-of-arms and inscription should have gone to Magellan. Very likely it would, but when the expedition returned to Spain Magellan was dead and De Elcano had been the pilot who carried the fleet through all its perils and brought what was left of it back to Spain. De Elcano died at sea during a second expedition, on August 14, 1526. Nearly three hundred years later a statue was erected to his memory in his native town. Around its base are inscriptions in Spanish, Latin and Basque. The glory of the services of De Elcano, though somewhat dimmed, as they necessarily were by the more illustrious name of Magellan, has had new light shed upon it by the great work completed some years ago by the Spanish Government, entitled "Coleccion de Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España."

Another of the intrepid navigators of the fifteenth century was Vicente Yanez Pinzon, brother of Martin Alonso Pinzon, and commander of the Niña during the first voyage of Columbus. He put to sea in December, 1499, in four caravels, fitted out in his native city of Palos, and after passing the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, and after a turbulent voyage covering some 240 leagues, having crossed the equatorial line—being the first European to do so in America—reached a point on the coast of Brazil, now known as St. Augustine, but to which he gave the name of "Santa Maria de la Consolacion," in memory of the consolation he experienced at sight of it. Pinzon landed and took possession of it in the name of the crown of Castile. The hostile attitude of the natives warned him that it would not be prudent to expose his little band to their attacks, and reëmbarking, he steered northwest and again attempted to land near the mouth of a small river, but the natives again proved hostile and after a severe encounter, he was compelled to withdraw, losing one of his boats with its entire crew.

This was the roughest reception that Europeans had yet met with in the New World. The natives did not relish the idea of the King of Castile taking possession of their land and they did not hesitate to emphasize the fact. Pinzon, however, discovered and partially explored the river now known as the Amazon. Not meeting with much encouragement to pursue further explorations and loading his vessels with Brazil wood, he returned to Spain by way of the Gulf of Paria, Hispaniola and the Bahamas and reached his destination sometime in the early fall of the year 1500.

It will be remembered that, in common with the officers and men

of the three caravels of Columbus, on his first voyage of discovery, Pinzon was sorely puzzled over the variations of the magnetic needle. His first voyage to the South American coast was attended with no less trying phenomena unknown to the navigators of that period. After crossing the equator the caravels of Pinzon lost sight of the north star, encountered terrible tempests and were sorely alarmed at the aspect of the heavens. In vain did they scan the southern heavens for some polar star that would guide them on their way, and imagined that a bulge in the globe hid it from their eyes. They knew nothing as yet of the firmament of that hemisphere, nor of that beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, but expected to find a guiding star at the opposite pole similar to the "cynosure of the north." On his homeward journey, when again in the vicinity of the equatorial line, he met with no end of surprises. "The water of the sea was so fresh that he was enabled to replenish his casks with it," but he soon found that the islands through which he was sailing lay in the mouth of the Amazon, a river thirty leagues in breadth and which forced its waters forty leagues into the sea. After encountering tremendous disturbances of the sea in these latitudes, he sailed north and was soon rejoiced by again seeing the polar star.

To-day the navigator is no longer puzzled over the physical features of the equatorial phenomena that disturbed the peace of mind of even so experienced a navigator as Pinzon. To-day the navigator knows that the current of the Amazon is perceived 200 miles at sea, while the tide is felt 400 miles up the channel. The Southern Cross, too, and its significance is well known to those who sail in the southern hemisphere.

The singular cruise of the brave but credulous old cavalier, Juan Ponce de Leon,[16] who fell upon the coast of Florida in his search after an imaginary fountain of youth, only to meet the arrow of death, may not be undeserving of brief mention in these pages. In his boyhood he had been page to Nuñez de Guzman, Señor of Toral.[17] From his earliest childhood he had been accustomed to the clash of arms, and he had done good service against the Moors of Granada. We know that he accompanied Columbus on his second voyage in 1493, and subsequently joined in Roldan's rebellion against the admiral. He fought the Indians and gained quite a reputation for sagacity and courage, and in time he rose to the command of the province of Heguey, as lieutenant of Governor Ovando, of Hispaniola (Hayti). Yearning to distinguish himself in some way, he obtained the permission of his superior to under-

[16] Incas. Garcilaso de la Vega, Hist. Florida, Vol. IV., p. 37.

[17] Ponce de Leon was born at San Servas, in the province of Leon, in Spain, about the year 1460.

take an expedition to the island of Borinquen, or Porto Rico. He found the island richly wooded and prevailed upon the cacique to lead him to the gold fields of his island. Gathering up specimens of the gold found, he returned to Hispaniola to report to the Governor. The ore, after careful tests, proving satisfactory, the subjugation of the island was decided upon and the enterprise was confided to Juan Ponce de Leon.

The gentle disposition of the inhabitants made the conquest easy, and hoping to gain the governorship, Ponce returned to Hispaniola to solicit the gratification of his ambition at the hands of Ovando. But during his absence some changes had taken place at Hispaniola. Ovando had been replaced by Diego Columbus, son of the great discoverer, and Cristobal Sotomayon had already arrived from Spain with full power from the King to form a settlement and build a fort upon the island of Porto Rico. Now, Don Diego was in no mood to recognize the appointment of Sotomayon, which had been made without consultation with him, as viceroy, and still less was he disposed to favor one who had been disloyal to his father by joining the forces of Roldan. In the meantime Ovando had arrived in Spain, reported favorably upon the merits of Ponce, and upon his services in exploring Porto Rico, and secured a royal mandate to Don Diego not to interfere with him in the discharge of his duties as Governor of Porto Rico.

But the rule of Ponce de Leon, which began in 1509, was not characterized by that prudence which his years and experience should have dictated. He quarreled with his countrymen, and the cacique, Aguaybana, gave him no end of trouble, and finally, though the cacique fell in battle in defense of his home and country, it was not until after he had inflicted heavy losses upon the invader. To add to his troubles, his transient dignity suffered overthrow by the home government. King Ferdinand realized that in appointing Ponce de Leon as Governor of Porto Rico he had infringed upon the rights of Don Diego Columbus, and now found it to be to his interest to retract that appointment. Ponce laid down his dignities without regret, but the ardor of his ambition was not in the least allayed. If the genius of Christopher Columbus had conceived the existence of a new world which his indomitable perseverance succeeded in discovering, why could there not be a third world to be discovered, and if so, why could not Ponce de Leon be the discoverer of that world and thus attain a name equal to that of Columbus?

With the wealth he had accumulated in the various positions he had held, he sailed from Porto Rico in 1512, with three vessels fitted out at his own expense. Deluded by the stories told him by some

Indians, and ever on the alert for novelties, he set out on an expedition in quest of a fountain which was said to possess virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its streams, or give a perpetuity of youth to the happy man who should drink of its ever-flowing waters. This elixir of life was to flow from a perpetual fountain in the new world and in a country glittering with gems of gold. It was to discover this fountain that Ponce, whose brow was now furrowed by age and exposure and hard service, was making this voyage. On the way to his imaginary goal, he discovered new islands in the vicinity of Porto Rico, and there was not a river or lake upon them that he did not explore in the hope of finding his much coveted fountain. His voyage was not entirely fruitless, however, for in time he discovered Florida, and landed upon the coast a short distance above where St. Augustine is now situated. Later on (in 1521) he undertook a second expedition to "the island of Florida,"[18] as he imagined it to be even to the day of his death.

The object of this expedition seems to have been to form a permanent settlement, for he took with him priests to minister to his own people and to establish missions among the Indians. He also took cattle, horses, etc., to provide for the immediate needs of the colonists. Hardly had he attempted to build houses for his people when he was set upon by the natives. While resisting their attack he was severely wounded by an arrow. Finding it impossible to plant a colony in Florida, he sailed with all his belongings for Cuba, where he soon after died of his wound.[19] Thus, instead of finding the fountain of youth in the beautiful land of flowers, he found only the arrow of death. His death occurred in 1521, his life, however, was hardly to be measured by length of years as by the hardships through which he had passed.

We cannot speak of the "land of flowers" without associating with it the name of Hernando de Soto. It is a name familiar to every schoolboy as identified with the discovery and exploration of the Father of Waters, the great North American river, the Mississippi.[20] He is beyond doubt one of the most remarkable of the Eldorado adventurers of the sixteenth century. He was born at Xerez, in Spain, about the year 1496,[21] and was the son of an

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[18] So called in his letter to Charles V., February 10, 1521.

[19] Herrera, Decade III., Lib. 1.

[20] "Whether his crossing the Mississippi on the lower Chickasaw Bluff makes De Soto the discoverer, or whether Caboza de Vaca's account of his wanderings is to be interpreted as bringing him first of Europeans to its banks, when on the 30th of October, 1528, he crossed one of its mouths, is a question in dispute, even if we do not accept the view that Alonzo de Piñceda found its mouth in 1519, and called it Rio del Espiritu Santo." Navarete, III., 64. The arguments pro and con are examined by Rye in the Hackluyt Society's volume. Note in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical Hist. N. A.," Vol. II., p. 292.

[21] Some authorities give the date of De Soto's birth as 1500.

esquire. He was indebted to Pedro Arias de Avila, better known as Pedrarias, for his education at a university. In 1519 he began his active life under his patron, whom he joined in the latter's second expedition to Darien, and he here earned some distinction by his ability and independence of manner. Nine years later we find him exploring the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan, and in 1532, at the head of 300 volunteers, he went to the assistance of Pizarro, in Peru. He was instrumental in the discovery of the pass through the mountains of Cuzco, and also in the capture of that unfortunate city, and he took part in other important and brilliant engagements.

After the conquest of Peru, De Soto, who had landed in the New World with "nothing of his own save his sword and his target" (shield) returned to his native land "with a fortune of an hundred and fourscore thousand duckets."[22] His wealth facilitated his suit for the hand of the daughter of Pedrarias, and enabled him to maintain "all the state that the house of a nobleman requireth." His pecuniary services to the Emperor, Charles V.,[23] gained for him the governorship of the island of Cuba, and the title of Adelantado of Florida, which was in those days regarded as little less than another Peru. We may add that in consenting to the marriage of his daughter, Isabella, to De Soto, now that he had become a man of wealth, Don Pedro manifested his faith in the value of the "almighty dollar." When the young man first applied for the hand of the fair Isabella he was met with a scornful reply, and all intercourse between the young couple was emphatically forbidden, and during the expedition to America the treacherous hidalgo planned the undoing of De Soto. The young lady, at a private interview with her lover, warned him against impending danger. "Fernando," she said, "remember that one treacherous friend is far more dangerous than a thousand enemies." Accompanying the Darien expedition was a noted duelist, a certain Captain Perez. In the hope of effecting an encounter between him and De Soto, Don Pedro, shortly after their arrival at Darien, sent Captain Perez with an order to De Soto to set out for a certain Indian village and destroy it, and to

[22] The ducat is a gold coin formerly much used throughout the currency of Europe. It derives its name from the legend found on the first pieces of the kind, which were coined in Sicily, during the twelfth century. The legend runs: "Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis, Duactus." After the twelfth century the issue of ducats increased largely in Italy. Venetian ducats were called "lecchini," from Lecca, where they were coined. In 1550 Germany adopted the ducat into its currency, and shortly afterwards its use spread over the whole north of Europe. The ducat varies in quality and weight. The ordinary ducat which is current in Russia, Austria Hamburg, etc., weighs fifty-four grains troy and has a value of about $2.33.

[23] Asiento y capitulacion hecho por el capitan Hernando de Soto, con el emperador Carlos V., para la Conquista y Poblacion de la Provincia de la Florida y encomienda de la Gobernacion de la Isla de Cuba, 1537.—"Narrative of the Gentleman of Elvas."

spare neither man, woman nor child. De Soto, shocked, replied: "Tell Don Pedro, the governor, that my life and service are always at his disposal when the duty to be performed is such as may be performed by a Christian and a gentleman. But, in the present case, I think the governor would have shown more discretion by entrusting you, Captain Perez, with this commission, instead of sending you with the order to me." Needless to say, the duel took place, but the result was not as anticipated. The victor was De Soto and not the indomitable Perez.

In 1538 De Soto set sail with an enthusiastic and richly equipped company of 600 of the nobles of Castile, who flocked to his standard. These men, in the prime of life, in the glittering array of polished armor, and with brilliant hopes, set out with their intrepid leader for the land of promise. His grant included lands previously conceded to Navarrate and Ayllon. One of the conditions of the grant made by the Spanish sovereign was that De Soto should take with him "the religious and priests who shall be appointed by us, for the instruction of the natives of that province in our holy Catholic faith, to whom you are to give and pay the passage, stores and the other necessary subsistence for them according to this condition, all at your cost, receiving nothing from them during the entire voyage, with which matter we gravely charge you do and comply, as a theory for the service of God and our own, and everything otherwise we shall deem contrary to our service."

Of the twelve priests, eight ecclesiastics and four religious who are reported as accompanying the expedition, which sailed from San Lucas in April, 1538, amid the flourish of trumpets and the roar of artillery, the name of only one, Father Juan de Gallegos, has come down to us, and beyond the fact of his name, no record has been preserved of their doings except that most of them perished during long marches through the wilderness. It is but reasonable to suppose that Mass was celebrated in the camp during the trying journey of De Soto and his companions, until the terrible battle of Manila, when "vestments, church plate, wheat, flour and bread-irons were consumed in the general conflagration, October, 1540."[24] After this Mass prayers were said, Garcilaso de la Vega tells us, in vestments made of dressed skins.

The expedition which left Spain under such promising auspices arrived safely in Cuba, where De Soto was received with all the honors due to his exalted rank. In 1539 he set out for the Land of Flowers, and on the feast of Pentecost, May 23, he entered a bay which, in honor of the feast, he named Bahia del Espiritu Santo. Fearing that his men might be tempted to return to Cuba, he sent

[24] "Catholic Church in Colonial Days," John Gilmary Shea.

his ships back to that island and pushed boldly into the heart of the wilderness.

The marvelous adventures of Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, the air of mystery assumed by him as to the countries they had seen, fired the imagination of Spanish adventurers, and De Soto and his brilliantly arrayed followers, now that they had landed upon the shores of his predecessor's exploits, directed their march towards the first town he had gained information of, not forgetting, however, at once to take possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, the King of Spain. The town was ruled by the chief Ucita, who received the strangers with kindness, but who in so doing aroused the ire of the chiefs of the adjacent tribes, who soon attacked him.

De Soto established a garrison in the vicinity of Espiritu Santo Bay, and began his march into the interior, as already stated. His guide and interpreter was a Spaniard named Ortiz, who had been a member of the Narvaez expedition, and whose long captivity among the Indians made him a valuable acquisition to De Soto. After wandering for five months through the wilderness, exposed to hardships and dangers, and an almost unbroken warfare with natives, whose enmity had been excited by the continued cruelties of De Soto, for as Oviedo tells us, "the governor was very fond of killing Indians," and after the loss of some of his men, the party arrived, on November 6, 1539, in the more fertile land of the Apallachians, east of the Flint River and a few leagues north of the Apallachian Bay, where he resolved to spend the winter.

From this place an exploring expedition, under Juan de Anasco, discovered the ocean, in the very place where the unfortunate Narvaez had embarked, which fact was attested by the ruins of his forges and the remains of his horses. De Soto next sent thirty horsemen to Espiritu Santo with orders to the garrison to join the main body at their winter quarters. The horsemen reached their destination, losing but two of their number and the garrison rejoined De Soto, but only after a hard march and several desperate encounters with the natives. Two small caravels that had been detained at Espiritu Santo reached the Bay of Apallachee. Before Anasco's return, however, the town of Anaica Apallachee, of which De Soto had taken possession, had been burned by the Indians.[25] By the aid of the two caravels, the coast was further explored during the winter (1539-40), and the harbor of Pensacola was discovered.

The Spaniards remained in winter quarters for five months at Apallachee, during which time they supplied themselves with the

[25] "Relaçao Verdadeira dos Trabalhos que ho Gobernador don Fernando de Souto y certos Hidalgos Portugueses passaron no d'scobrimento da provinça da Florida. Agora nouamente feita por ho Hidalgo Deluas." 8vo. Evora, 1557, Cap. xl.

necessaries of life by preying upon the natives, but they, in turn, were kept constantly on the alert by the never-ceasing stratagems and assaults which their cruelty and avarice brought upon them.

On March 13 they broke up camp and started in quest of a region to the northeast, which they had learned was governed by a woman —the Princess Cofitachiti, and which abounded in gold and silver. The princess came forth to meet De Soto, borne upon a litter by her subjects. She crossed the river in a canoe, in which she was seated under a canopy, and, on reaching the Spanish leader, presented him with shawls and skins, and placed her necklace of pearls around his neck. She was rewarded for this generosity by being made a prisoner so soon as her cruel captor discovered that her great wealth had been exaggerated, and that the fancied gold proved to be copper and the silver nothing but mica. The town is supposed to have been Silver Bluff,[26] on the Savannah River, where De Soto discovered evidences of prior Spanish occupation. The natives brought him a dagger and a rosary, which were supposed to have belonged to the members of the expedition of Ayllon.

De Soto now turned north to the headwaters of the Savannah and the Chattahoochee, whence he crossed a branch of the Appalachian chain which runs through the northern part of Georgia and reached the land of the Cherokees. Hearing that gold abounded further north, he sent two horsemen and Indian guides to explore the country. Their journey was a fruitless one, for after wandering across rugged and precipitous mountains, the band returned to camp bringing with them some specimens of copper, but no gold or silver.

For months the Spaniards wandered through the valleys of Alabama, forcing the chiefs through whose territory they passed to go with them as hostages for their good conduct and taking a number of Indians with them to act as beasts of burden. De Soto was unsuccessful in his demand for thirty women as slaves. On October 28, 1540, the Spaniards arrived at Mauville (whence Mobile derives its name), a fortified town near the junction of the Alabama and the Tombeeckbee (now the Tombigbee) and about one hundred miles north of the Bay of Pensacola. Here was fought one of the most bloody battles known in Indian warfare. During a severe contest of nine hours the Indians lost between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men and their village was reduced to ashes. Indeed, when night came on there were but three Indians left. Two of them fell later on in the night, while the third, in sheer despair, hanged himself. The Spanish loss was also very

[26] "Relacion de Luys Hernandez de Biedma."

heavy. Many fell in battle, others died of their wounds,[27] they lost many of their horses and their baggage was consumed in the flames. The situation of De Soto and his men after the battle was deplorable indeed, for nearly all were suffering from wounds, their leader included, and with their baggage they lost their supply of food and medicine, their bread-irons, as stated above; their vestments, their altar wine, so that after the disaster it was for a long time impossible for the priests to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. It is also reported that one of the friars and a lay Brother remained prisoners in the hands of the Indians. This report is open to dispute, inasmuch as the Indian power had been so completely broken that they were no longer able to give the Spaniards any further molestation. The unfortunate red man, a savage, it is true, knew, as well as the white man, how to fight and die for his home and country. White civilization did not hesitate to despoil him of both and killed him for defending them. His "gifts" may have been cruel, but his despoilers were no less so in many cases.

While at Mauville De Soto learned that Francisco Maldonado, with the ships he had ordered, had arrived at Ichuse or Ochuse, now Pensacola, only six days' march from him, and was awaiting his orders. But fearing that his worn-out and disheartened soldiers would desert him at the first opportunity of leaving a country in which they had suffered so much and gained so little, and, moreover, mortified at his losses, he determined to send no tidings of himself to Cuba until he had crowned his enterprise with the success of newly discovered regions and the acquisition of wealth. He therefore concealed from his men the information he had received and again advanced towards the interior. His companions, accustomed to implicit obedience, obeyed the command of their leader. The following winter was spent in the land of the Chickasas, possibly on the western bank of the Yazoo, where the Spaniards encamped, and occupied an Indian village which had been deserted at their approach. But this abandonment of their homes on the part of the Indians seems only to have been a ruse on their part, for they fell upon the Spaniards one night in the dead of winter and set the village on fire, and though repulsed by the whites it was not without some loss of life, which they were now in no condition to suffer. Nor was this all; many of their horses, most of their swine and the few remaining clothes they had saved from the flames at Mauville were likewise lost. During the remainder of the winter they suffered intensely from cold and were constantly harassed by the Indians. But despite all this they made every effort to repair their

[27] The Portuguese chronicler estimates the entire loss of the Spaniards up to their leaving Mauville, or Manila, to have been 102 by disease, accident and Indian fighting.—Relaçao Verdadeira.

losses. They set up forges with which to temper their swords and improve such arms as they could, and wove the tall grass into material to be used as blankets and cloaks. They also manufactured rude saddles and lances from the wood of the ash tree.

On the return of spring De Soto resumed his march to the northwest, until he came to the Mississippi, which he crossed, probably at the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, one of the old crossing places, between the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. This was the long sought Rio del Espiritu Santo, of which he had already heard. It was discovered and named by Camargo, an officer sent out in 1520 by Francisco Garay and who explored the country (then called Amichel) from Pensacola Bay to Tampico. De Soto was no longer in doubt. The "Gentlemen of Elva" describes it as follows:

"The river was almost half a league broad; if a man stood still on the other side, it would not be discovered whether he was a man or no. The river was of great depth and of a strong current; the water was always muddy; there came down the river continually many trees and timber which the force of the water brought down. . . . The cacique came with two hundred canoes full of Indians with their bows and arrows, painted, with great plumes of white and many colored feathers, with shields in their hands, wherewith they defended the rivers on both sides, and the men of war struck from the head to the stern with their bows and arrows in their hands. The canoe wherein the cacique sat had a canopy over the stern, and he sat under it, and so were the other canoes of the principal Indians. And from under the canopy where the chief man sat, he commanded the other people."[28]

Thus it came to pass that in April, 1541, De Soto, as little aware of the magnitude of his discovery as was Columbus when he discovered the New World, stood upon the banks of the famous Mississippi and contemplated with delight the grandeur of the "Father of Waters." As yet he had failed to find the gold and silver mines he had sought with such unflagging perseverance in the imaginary Eldorado reported to be hidden in the wilds of Florida, but it is a question whether their discovery would have placed his name

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[28] "Who was the Gentleman of Elvas? When the enthusiasm for the expedition of De Soto was at its height and the flower of Spanish chivalry was hieing to the little port of San Lucar of Barrameda, many Portuguese of good estate sought to enroll themselves beneath its banners. Among these, eight hidalgos sallied forth from the warlike little town of Elvas (Evora), in the province of Alemtejo. Fourteen years after the disastrous close of the undertaking, one of their number published anonymously, in his native tongue, the first printed account of it. Now, which it was will ever remain a mystery. . . . Owing to this uncertainty, it is usually referred to as the 'Portuguese Gentleman's Narrative,' or the 'Relation of the Gentleman of Elvas.'"—Note in the "Floridian Peninsula," by Daniel G. Brinton, M. D., Philadelphia.

higher on the roll of honor than the discovery of this mighty river has done. The effect of the discovery upon the Spaniards was most encouraging; their hopes seemed to revive. They spent a month in the construction of flatboats for the transportation of their men and horses, and when this was effected they crossed the river and came to the Indian village of Casqui, on the west side. The natives, who were worshippers of the sun, regarded the white men as a superior order of beings, whose God was more powerful than theirs and they brought their sick and their blind to be healed by those "sons of light." Cabeza de Vaca and Cartier, it will be remembered, had the same experience with Indians in sections of country widely separated from each other. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever you need," said the Christian leader of the Spaniards; "we are only poor sinful men, nevertheless we will pray to our God for you."

A large tree was felled and made into a Cross, and the few remaining priests and religious, followed by the weary Spaniards, formed a procession and marched around the symbol of salvation, chanting litanies on the way. On reaching it the clergy kissed the Cross, and kneeling beside it offered up prayers of thanksgiving for their own preservation and for the recovery of the poor Indians. These latter, touched by the impressiveness of the ceremonies, imitated the actions of the white men. After the recitation of these prayers the procession returned to camp, singing the "Te Deum" on the way. This was, perhaps, the first act of Christian worship ever performed in this section of the American wilderness. The still unsatisfied search for gold urged De Soto onward to the northwest, and, after crossing the country, during the summer, for a distance of two or three hundred miles west of the Mississippi, and still meeting with hardship and disappointment, he turned south and was obliged to halt for the winter (1541-42) on the banks of the Washita. De Soto was now anxious to reach the sea, and in March, 1542, he passed down that river to the Mississippi. Repeated discouragements, suffering and hardships and the decimation of his once brilliant army had, by this time, told upon him and thrown him into a wasting melancholy. His wanderings through dense forests, impassable canebrakes and wide bayous had weakened his body as well as his mind, and he was now consumed by a malignant fever. Feeling that his life work was now drawing to a close he called his faithful followers around him, thanked them for their devotion to him and appointed his lieutenant, Don Luis de Muscoco, as his successor. He died on May 21, 1542.

Thus died Fernando de Soto, the associate of Pizarro, the Adelantado of Florida, the discoverer of the Mississippi, who set

out from San Lucor in 1538, with six hundred men, the flower of the Castilian nobility, and who hoped to gather untold wealth in that "Land of Flowers" in which Ponce de Leon had vainly sought for the Fountain of Youth. After all his hardships and bitter sufferings he left to his successor less than half his army, five Indian slaves, three horses and a herd of swine. Anxious to conceal the fact of his death from the Indians his body was kept for some days in a house and was then buried in the village. But fearing that the Indians would discover his resting place and disinter the remains they were taken up, "wrapped in a mantle and in the stillness of midnight were silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold and found nothing so remarkable as his resting place. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over the remains the first requiem that was ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi."[29]

Muscoco now took command of the expedition, but he lacked the indomitable energy of De Soto, and then, too, he was like his men, worn out with fatigue. Induced by a rumor that Mexico was not far off and that many of his countrymen were making fortunes there he directed his course to the west, but after a weary march of some five hundred miles, passing through the buffalo prairies and the hunting grounds of the Comanches, nearly famished and disheartened at the prospect before him, he turned back to the Mississippi, and ascending above Guachoya, where De Soto died, stopped at Aminaya, December, 1542. The Spaniards now set to work to build vessels that were to take them back to their countrymen and to civilization. Every available scrap of iron, chains, etc., was wrought up into nails, and by the following July they had constructed seven "brigantines," or frail crafts, in which they descended to the Gulf of Mexico in seventeen days. Following the coast for fifty days more they arrived at the Panuco River, in Mexico, in September, 1543. Muscoco's followers numbered three hundred, among whom were three friars and one French priest, the only survivors of the ecclesiastics who started out with De Soto five years before.

Such is a brief summary of the wanderings of De Soto and his successor, Muscoco, in their exploration of the Mississippi River—a sad ending for an expedition that set out so full of hope and promise. The expedition of De Soto has been of very little advantage to the world, as no record has come down to us either of the physical geography of the country through which it passed, or of

[29] See Bancroft's "History of U. S."

the character, manners and customs and language of the various tribes it encountered. The only positive information acquired proves that the country bordering along the Gulf of Mexico was as destitute of gold and silver as it was of the youth-giving waters that Ponce de Leon so eagerly sought for, and that it offered little inducements for colonization. But if there was neither gold nor silver, nor a fountain of youth in Florida, there were souls to save, and the good sons of St. Dominic, who had labored so heroically at Hispaniola and elsewhere for the freedom and the conversion of the Indians, now turned their eyes upon the mainland, and Florida was the field selected for their labors. The first voyage to this coast of a purely missionary character, and we might add to any part of the American continent north of Mexico, was undertaken by that noble Dominican, Fra Luis Cancer de Balbastro, who, in 1547, petitioned Charles V. of Spain to fit out an armament for the conversion of Florida. His proposal met with favor, and two years later, in the spring of 1547, a vessel sailed from the port of Vera Cruz under the command of Juan Arana. On this vessel were the Dominicans, Luis Cancer, Juan Garcia, Diego de Tolosa and Gregorio Beteta. Their story is both brief and sad. Fra Cancer was full of the spirit of Montesinos and Las Casas. By his gentleness and devotion he had conciliated the tribes in Central America, whose conquest by force the Spaniards would have hesitated to attempt. His Cross and his rosary were more potent than the sword of the soldier. These he proposed to carry into Florida and undo the harm done by the whites to the unoffending Indians. It was his mission to break the chains of slavery, as he and his brothers, Montesinos and Las Casas, had done elsewhere. Fra Cancer entered upon his work full of courage and also fully alive to the dangers that lay in his path.

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In due time he anchored near Tampa Bay. He knew that the Indians had little reason to look upon the arrival of the whites with much favor and he was anxious to ascertain which of the tribes would be least hostile, but the captain of the vessel had other views and was unwilling to risk his men among a people who had been enslaved and ill-treated by men calling themselves Christians. The good friars, anxious to repair the harm done by their countrymen and to show Christianity in its true light and win souls to God, disembarked, but hardly had they reached a neighboring hill-top, where some native cabins were visible, when their fate stared them in the face. Good Father Cancer, realizing the situation, knelt in prayer, and while in this position received his death-blow at the hands of the Indians. His companions shared his martyrdom, while the sailors in the boat were driven from the shore with a

shower of arrows.[30] In 1559 Don Tristan de Luna y Anellano made an attempt to found a colony at Santa Maria de Filipina,[31] near the Pensacola of to-day. His attempt was unsuccessful and he seems to have made little or no impression upon the natives as a conqueror. The only victory attributed to him, and it was a great one, was over himself. Dissensions and quarrels were not unfrequent among his followers, and were the source of great sorrow to the good Dominican Fathers. Father Domingo de la Asuncion was greatly disturbed over Don Tristan's refusal to be reconciled to his officers, and he resolved to make a supreme effort to restore peace among the members of his flock. On Palm Sunday, when the Governor and his officers were at Mass, Father Domingo, after the *Agnus Dei,* took the Blessed Sacrament in his hand, as if about to give Holy Communion, and called upon Don Tristan to approach the altar. Startled at so strange and unexpected a summons, the Governor came forward and fell upon his knees. With a voice full of emotion, Father Domingo asked: "Do you believe that the consecrated Host I hold in my hand is the body of Jesus Christ, true God and true man?" "Yes, father, I do." "Do you believe that this same God will one day come to judge the living and the dead, to reward the just and punish the impenitent with eternal pain?" "I firmly believe it," exclaimed the Governor, now completely awed by this solemn appeal.

"If you believe it," continued the missionary, "why do you tremble at the fearful account you will have to give for the crimes and misfortunes you may be justly charged with having caused? Why will you not be reconciled with your officers, who deplore the offense they have given? Why do you not remove the animosities that are a scandal to religion and that will soon reduce our colony to starvation? If you will not heed the voice of man, listen, at least, to the voice of God. In His name I command you to be reconciled with your officers, restore peace and endeavor with them to bring relief to your suffering people. Promise this to God and vessels will surely come to our relief; refuse, and the vengeance of God will come upon you."

The Governor was silent, overcome by his remorse; the priest turned to the altar and finished the Mass amid the sobs of the congregation. When the last blessing had been pronounced, the Governor turned and besought all present to join him in humble supplication to heaven to avert the punishment they deserved.

A hearty reconciliation followed; Christian charity triumphed over human jealousies, and three days later Father Domingo's

[30] Barera: Ensayo "Cronologico."

[31] Sometimes known as Santa Cruz de Pensacola.

promise was realized, the vessels promised by the good missionary came in sight and the colony found the relief it so much needed. Father Domingo died in Mexico, on March 14, 1591, after a long life devoted very largely to the conversion of the Indians, by whom he was revered as a saint.[82]

The incidents related in this article are not new. I have simply endeavored to gather them together in convenient form for the convenience of future writers.

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[82] This account of Tristan de Luna is given by Dr. John Gilmary Shea in his great "History of the Catholic Church in the U. S."

ROVING AMONG THE FLOWERS.

THE BRAMBLE BROTHERS.

"Caught among the blackberry vines,
Feeding on the Ethiops sweet,
Pleasant fancies overtook me.
I said, 'What influence me preferred,
Elect, to dreams thus beautiful?'
The vines replied, 'And didst thou deem
No wisdom from our berries went?'"

—*Ralph W. Emerson.*

OF the bramble brothers, who constitute the genus *rubus* of the rose family, botanists have described nearly two hundred species, although they have left some of them nameless, naturally. The leading member of the tribe, however, is *rubus fruticosus,* the common English blackberry, or bramble, overrunning the hedges and thickets everywhere and universally beloved by bird, child and poet:

"Now blackberries
Redden amid the tangled bramble-canes,
Whose juicy stores, ungrudgingly, afford
A banquet for the blackbird and for me."

—*Anon.* ("September").

Some of the various brothers have been given common names of their own, such as high blackberry *(rubus nigrobaccus)* of the United States, from which comes many of the cultivated varieties; but since it is mainly the fruit, juicy and fresh, which attracts attention and praise, the specific name of the bush, or even its common name, is considered unimportant. When "the highland blackberry on the wooded steeps wears its ripe berries of enameled jet," when "row on row, the blackberries hang dark with fruit," and when

"The blackberry vine bends with its weight
Of fruit down in the lane,
And adds its testimony, too,
That August's here again"

—*Helen M. Winslow* ("August").

who cares on what sort of species the fruit grows, just so they be, as Keats calls them, "swart blackberries"?

The blackberry, or the various blackberries, rather, are universally

diffused over the mountainous and temperate regions of the Old and the New Worlds. They grow so luxuriantly in Cornwall that John Wesley, preaching to the poor people of that country and having to subsist largely on the fruit he gathered along the roadside, remarked: "We ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best county I ever saw for getting a stomach and the worst I ever saw for getting food." In describing Asolo, Italy, one poet speaks of the whole countryside "by the luscious blackberry o'ergrown quite without stint or check." And we all know how from Canada to the West Indies are thickets

"Where deep blackberries spread miles of fruit;
A wildwood feast, that stayed the plowboy's foot."
—*Madison Cawein.*

"And o'er the heated pasture pours
The blackberries in honeyed stores."
—*Isaac McClellan.*

Any barefoot boy can spy out the places where "the straggling blackberries glisten jet," as Alfred Austin describes them, or Madison Cawein's "old rails where the blackberries are reddening ripe," and exulting declare that

"For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone."
—*J. G. Whittier* ("The Barefoot Boy").

According to the old tale of "The Babes in the Wood," these poor innocents fed on the berries while wandering lost and deserted:

"Their pretty lippes, with black-berries
Were all besmear'd and dyed."

But by its very commonness, the fruit becomes subject to some slight disparagement. Thus Falstaff exclaims: "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion" (I. "King Henry IV.," Act II., scene 4), and in "Troilus and Cressida" occurs the comparison: "the policy of those crafty swearing rascals . . . is not proved worth a blackberry" (Act V., scene 4). Caroline B. Southey, with taste impaired either by too much hothouse fruit or the cares of life, remembers how once upon a time, "blackberries, so mawkish now, were finely flavored then." But Walt Whitman never lost his zest for things out-of-doors, and in considering "This Compost" of an old earth with all its ages of dying and burying, exclaims in reverent admiration:

"What chemistry!
That blackberries are so flavorous and juicy."

In fact, we find the blackberry quite fond of certain sites which are favorable to its well-being:

"The neglected bramble high
Offers its berries to the schoolboy's hand
In vain—they grow too near the dead."
—*W. C. Bryant* ("The Burial Place").

"Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath."
—*J. G. Whittier* ("The Old Burying-Ground").

"From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry vines,
Wipe the moss from off the headstones and retouch the faded lines."
—*Whittier* ("The Garrison of Cape Ann").

It is noticeable that in speaking of the fruit, the term *blackberry* is usually employed, though the vine and its blossoms are as often referred to as *bramble*. In this the poets are botanically correct, since the blackberry was originally the fruit of the bramble, or, as Alfred Austin puts it, "The blackberry that was the bramble-born." Wordsworth states it similarly when he says "the gadding bramble hangs her purple fruit."

The white blossoms have won their mead of praise from the poets, both because of their beauty and because of the promise they hold forth. One observes how "leans the blackberry vine with white sprays caressingly," another tells us that "from tufted blackberries drift a snow of blossoms, scenting with their breath the summer air"; and other tributes to the bramble in bloom are:

"Sweetest of sweets and fairest of flowers
Among wealth of delicate blossoming,
The blackberry bramble creeps and hides, or towers
Above the budding shrubs, with clasp and cling
Bowering the realm of spring."
—*Elizabeth Akers Allen* ("Briar-Bloom").

"Blackberry blossoms swing and sway
To and fro
Along our way,
Like ocean spray on a breezy day."
—*Madison Cawein* ("In Solitary Places").

"Long sunny lane and pike, white, delicate,
The blackberry blossoms are ablow, ablow,
Hiding the rough-hewn rails 'neath drift of snow,
Fresh-fallen, late."
—*Lizette Woodworth Reese* ("Blackberry Blossoms").

"The blossoms on the blackberry stalks,
Thee shall enchant as thou dost pass,
Till they drop gold upon thy walks
And diamonds in the dewy grass."
—*Owen Meredith* ("The Artist").

"Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake,
So, put thou forth thy small white rose,
I love it for his sake;
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow,
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers."
—*Ebenezer Elliott* ("The Bramble Flower").

"Pale she was as the bramble blooms
That fill the long fields with their faint perfumes."
—*Owen Meredith* ("The Earl's Return").

"The bramble in its lavish bloom a fruitful future pledges," says one, and hints the folk saying that "a bramble blooming early in June foretells an early harvest"—at least of blackberries.

Even the vine itself has a decorative beauty which appeals to the nature lover. Walt Whitman indeed ranks it high, since he says "the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven." As a bit of Mother Earth's adornment, one will find forest-springs encircled with "brambles, berry-blue"—both food and water close at hand, as it were; a summer stream described by Frances Ridley Havergal is edged with "the dark-leaved bramble vine." At the touch of frost, the vine takes on a glowing beauty quite equal to its spring foliage, its summer bloom, or its crown of swarthy fruit:

"The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves."
—*Lowell* ("An Indian Summer Reverie").

"One mass of sunshine glows the beech;
Great oaks, in scarlet drapery, reach
Across the crimson blackberry vine,
Toward purple ash and sombre pine."
—*Lucy Larcom* ("October").

In the winter, when other plants are robed in ermine,

"The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold."
—*J. T. Trowbridge* ("Midwinter").

although I have seen them decorated with their white stoles as gorgeously as any. And in early spring, it is among the first of plants to lose the cramp and ache from its limbs, until

> "The trailing bramble hath not yet a sprout;
> Yet harshly to the wind the wanton prates."
> —*Ebenezer Elliott* ("The Village Patriarch").

Though since it is waving in time to the distant echo of spring's footsteps and prating of her coming, its actions are quite excusable.

From its manner of growth, the bramble has been chosen as the type of Lowliness, and "from the fierceness with which it grasps the passer-by with its straggling, prickly stems, it is also an emblem of Remorse":

> "The bramble that clutches and won't take nay."
> —*Alfred Austin* ("A Country Nosegay").

There is an amusing legend based on these characteristics: "The bramble was once a wool merchant, in partnership with the cormorant and the bat. They freighted a large ship with wool, but it was lost and the firm became bankrupt. Since that disaster the bat skulks about till midnight to avoid his creditors, the cormorant is forever diving deep into the sea to discover the foundered vessel, while the bramble seizes hold of every passing sheep to make up his loss by gathering a lock here and another one there."

Did you ever hear the story of Princess Olwen, the fair daughter of a dark, sour man, and twin of a dark and bitter woman who in nature was her father over again? Between the two girls there was no quarrel, however, until the king's son stopped at their door to beg a cup of milk, for it was Olwen, the fair, who gave it, while it was dark and jealous Gertha who had hoped to serve him. In order to leave the field to Gertha, the father sent Olwen away to be cared for by a witch. When the prince returned in a day or two for another cup of milk, he was so visibly sad when Gertha poured it for him that she hated her good sister more than ever. The prince soon learned where Olwen had been sent, and went to see her. But he was told that she had died and that a blackberry, blooming across the way, marked her grave. The witch had turned the girl into the bush, but released her back to her human form when the prince had gone, not realizing that a wizard's wit is as good as a witch's, and that the prince had an adviser at his court who was skilled in white magic. This man of science put the prince into the form of a chough, that he might fly to the witch's hut and learn what was happening; there the young man saw Olwen, released her from her bush, and quite willing, so she said, to go with him to the ends of the earth—

when he was a man again. They were discovered by the witch, however, who ended the meeting by changing the girl to her bramble form.

"Put the form of a bramble on Olwen forever," shouted the father, when he learned how the prince had outwitted him, "and make her fruit green and black by turns, and sour, and give her thorny stems that none may love her." But the court wizard advised the young prince: "Go to Olwen, and kiss the blossoms she puts forth and when the berry is sweetest, bring it to me." So, when Olwen's first ripe berry was black and shining and full of sweetness, the prince carried it to the wizard, who undid the spell of the witch and restored Olwen to her own fair form.

Perhaps it is because of this signal defeat that his Satanic Majesty has such a grudge against this fruit, coupled with his defeat by St. Michael, whose festival day falls on September 29 (new style), when blackberries are still sweet and plentiful. For, so they say in Somersetshire, Sussex, and many other counties in England, as well as in Ireland, "At Michaelmas the devil puts his foot on the blackberries." Hence, after this date it is considered unlucky to gather them for the remainder of the season. Another version is that on October 10, "old Michaelmas Day," he goes round the country spitting on the bramble-bushes. A certain Sussex woman who makes a large quantity of blackberry jam every year found one day that less fruit than she wished was on hand; she said to her charwoman, "I wish you would send some of your children to gather me three or four pints more." "Ma'am," exclaimed the charwoman, "don't you know that this is the 11th of October?" "Yes." "Bless me, ma'am, and you ask me to let my children go out blackberrying! Why, I thought everybody knew that the devil went round on the 10th of October and spat on all the blackberries, and that if any person were to eat one on the 11th, they or some one belonging to them would die or fall into great trouble before the year was out. No, nothing would persuade me to let any child of mine go blackberrying on the 11th of October." In Scotland the devil is said to throw his cloak over the blackberries and render them unwholesome, while in Ireland he is said to stamp on them. In Devonshire, although no mention is made of St. Michael's Day, it is held that late in the autumn the devil throws his club over the blackberries and renders them poisonous, or at least unwholesome; indeed, more than one boy claims to have been surprised to see the club come thundering among the brambles where he has been feasting and put an end to his blackberrying. In some places the date is extended to October 28, which is St. Simon's Day, and after the fiend has stamped among the blackberry patches that day, not a berry appears

thereafter for the year; in addition to this he puts his cloak over them to wither what are already on the bushes. In Ireland this evildoing is sometimes credited to Phooka, one of his imps.

In folk-medicine, bramble leaves are prescribed for many ills. If you have loose teeth, rheumatism, pop eyes that hang out and a few other ailments, eat the leaves as a salad; if you burn or scald yourself, apply nine leaves wet with spring water, saying, "There came three angels out of the East. One brought fire and two brought frost. Out fire and in frost. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen." It is a Cornish belief that the first blackberry seen will banish warts, if rubbed on them; this fruit is also a cure for snake bites—a much more agreeable remedy than most folk-lore prescriptions. In Devonshire we hear of people who are affected with boils, blackheads or pinsoles, as they are frequently called, creep on all fours through or under a bramble three times from east to west. The bramble must be of peculiar growth: it must form an arch, having roots at both ends, and if the two ends should be found on land belonging to two different persons, so much the better, for the boils will then surely die away soon after the ceremony has been duly gone through. Drayton tells us that a "bramble which at both ends was rooted deep" was in magic much availing, and in Sussex ailing children are still sometimes cured by being passed nine times through at sunrise on nine successive mornings.

As a dream-plant, the bramble is full of meaning. "To dream of passing through places covered with brambles portends troubles; if they prick you, secret enemies will do you an injury with your friends; if they draw blood, expect heavy losses in trade." (If the dreamer should be a wool merchant, all the more unlucky he.) But to dream of passing through brambles unhurt denotes a triumph over enemies.

This is one of the plants said to have furnished the crown of thorns; it is also said to be the "burning bush" in which the Lord appeared to Moses:

> "Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God,
> But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
> The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."
>
> —*Mrs. Browning* ("Aurora Leigh").

One of the popular forms of the family is the dewberry, certain species with fruit having a glaucus bloom, and according to Jane Barlow, having a most tempting fruit, particularly the European species *rubus cæsius:*

"and the briars trailed o'er many a stone
Dropping dewberries, black-ripe and soft, fit to melt into
Juice in your hold."

—*Jane Barlow* ("By the Bog-Hole").

Several different American blackberries with large, sweet fruit are called dewberries.

Of the raspberries there are several species, the one common in Europe being *rubus idæus,* a native of Europe and of Mount Ida, in Crete, whence its specific name. The wild red raspberry *(r. strigosus)* of America closely resembles the European species; the black raspberry *(rubus occidentalis)* of North America is called thimbleberry, scotch cap and blackcap. Most of the numerous garden varieties, with fruit red, black, white or yellow, have been derived from these three species. The loganberry, originated by Judge J. H. Logan, of California, is a hybrid rasp-blackberry, a combination of the

"Blackberries jet and lava,
Raspberries ruby red."

—*E. C. Stedman* ("Monmouth").

By the old poets, such as Drayton, Herrick and William Browne, the raspberry is called "respas," "raspasse" and "the sweet raspisberry," the more primitive form of its name. It is also the "arnberry," from *raun,* the roe, and hindberrye, because deer were supposed to be fond of them. This may not be the favorite berry, but "the cooling breath of respasses" has won much praise—"raspberry tendrils hung with scarlet fruit," the "raspberry bending her bows of bloomy blue" (Lloyd Mifflin), "the blackcap hiding the heap of stones," "blackcaps sweetening in the shade" (John Burroughs) and

"Amid the gorse the raspberry red for the gatherer springs."

—*Francis Thompson* ("Daisy")

"Where wild raspberries branch big blue veins
O'er the face of the rock."

—*Madison Cawein.*

In the Western States grows the salmonberry, with red blossoms and salmon-colored fruit; the purple-flowered raspberry *(rubus odoratus)* is common in the Northern States, and is conspicuous for its large showy blossoms, which makes it a fine ornamental shrub for the garden. *Rubus chamæmorus,* with large white flowers like wild white roses, and edible, amber-colored fruit, is called by the pretty name of cloudberry, and being a native of north temperate zones, is found even in Lapland.

WESTON COLLEGE
PATTEE RARE BOOK
CHESTNUT HILL MASS.

"Nay, touch it not, 'tis the cloudberry bloom,
My friend, you and I have found,
On this fair height; 'mid the soft June winds
Pale white, on the mossy ground.
O rarely 'tis seen by the eye of man;
By us let it not be soiled,
The sprites linger long on the mists of the morn
To watch it ope on the wild."

—*J. Veitch* ("The Cloudberry").

"and sip the creamy wine
From the lush clusters of cloudberries won."

—*Calder Campbell* ("A Poet's Morning").

"LADY ANEMONE."

"Beneath soft snows harsh winter lingering
Takes stand, betimes, against th' advancing spring
To find itself betrayed before its flight—
Within their midst that daintiest eremite,
Th' anemone, dear April's solacing."

—*John J. Holden* ("My Lady Anemone.")

Though "the lowly windflower gaudier plants eclipse," it has many characteristics which endear it to peasant and poet alike, and so is frequently met both in folklore and in poetry. The English name is merely a translation of the Latin name, which is in turn derived from the Greek word for "wind," because, according to both Pliny and the botanist Asa Gray, "the flower was thought to open only when the wind blows," or even "because it blossoms only at the wind's bidding," and particularly at command of the first mild breezes of the spring.

"The coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

—*Herbert Smith.*

"And dainty white anemones that bear
An eastern name, and eastern beauty wear."—

—*Alfred Austin.*

"'Why have I come here?' the Wind-flower said:
'Why?' and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals; 'Perhaps to show you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;
The first melting snowdrifts brought life to my veins;

The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;
I am here with the Wind—because I am his child!'"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

But, although many authorities agree that the buds will not spread their petals or sepals rather until the winds of March begin to blow, others maintain that the name was given the flower because it is too fragile to endure the wind's rude caresses:

"The winds forbid the flowers to flourish long
Which owe to winds their name in Grecian song."

—*Anon.*

"Lodged in sunny clefts
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little windflower, whose just-opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

—*William Cullen Bryant* ("A Winter Piece").

"Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the wind,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

* * * * * * * * * * *

To-night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone;
Surely the wind is but the wind,
And I a broken waif thereon."

—*Bliss Carman* ("A Windflower").

Because the sepals are so quickly shed in the wind, and because when gathered the blossoms soon fade and droop, the windflower is considered the emblem of brevity. "I twist them in a crown to-day and to-night they die," Christina Rossetti says of them.

"Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays."

—*Anon.*

The delicacy of the little blossom is one of its chief claims to beauty and to fame, and wherever "sway fragile white anemones, windtost," the poet observing them is inspired to song:

"I saw their violet petals shine—
For ruthless hand too frailly fair;

I could not brook that hand were mine.
I knelt and touched—and left them there."
—*Margaret Ashmum* ("Mountain Anemones").

"Who would have thought a thing so slight,
So frail a birth of warmth and light,
A thing so weak as fear or shame,
Bearing thy weakness in thy name—
Who would have thought of seeing thee,
Thou delicate anemone!"

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

"The windflower with its modest cheek," Ebenezer Elliott terms it, and Lucy Larcom repeats the thought in the lines: "And, sweetly shy as flowers can be, white windflowers hung their heads." "Themulous anemones," one poet describes them, and to another they are "Starry anemones, whose fragrance coy close at the heart like a young maiden's hope," or "meekly the wood-anemone glints to see if heaven be blue."

"Then the starry, fragile windflower,
Poised above in airy grace,
Virgin white, suffused with blushes,
Shyly droops her lovely face."

—*Elaine Goodale.*

"And all the vagrant winds that pass
Stoop down to brush with kisses free
The virgin, coy anemone."

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Being so timid and modest, the "shade-loving white windflower, half-hid," is in the poet's eyes the embodiment of purity:

"The pale anemones are here,
Nor snow seems chaster, nor the plume
Of yonder swan."

—*Wilfred C. Thorley.*

"Teach me the secret of thy innocence,
That in simplicity I may grow wise,
Asking from Art no other recompense
Than the approval of her own just eyes;
So may I rise to some fair eminence,
Though less than thine, O cousin of the skies.
—*Madison Cawein* ("To a Windflower").

"O palest of pale blossom borne
On timid April's virgin breast,

Hast thou no flush of passion worn,
No mortal bond confessed?"

—*Elaine Goodale.*

The frailty of the anemone has led to its being taken as the symbol of sickness. Pliny tells us that the magicians and wise men in olden times attributed wonderful powers to this plant, and ordered that every person should gather the first windflower he saw in the year, repeating at the same time the words: "I gather thee for a remedy against disease." It was then placed in a scarlet cloth, and kept undisturbed, unless the gatherer became indisposed, when it was tied either around the neck or under the arm. It was regarded as a preventative of fever, which belief is incorporated in the lines:

"The first spring-blown anemone she in his doublet wove,
To keep him safe from pestilence wherever he should rove."

—*F. R. MacDonald* ("Maid Barbara").

On the other hand, in some countries there is a very strong prejudice against this flower, the air being said "to be so tainted by the blossom that they who inhale it often incur severe sickness. To the Chinese, they are flowers of death, hence there is a wide association of them with grief and suffering, and much use of them as grave flowers. In Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" one is found dead "'is face doon i' the woild 'enemies." In Europe, the idea of immortality seems to have long pertained to this flower, and it is still known in France as "paques" from its Easter blooming, which explains why the species so widely naturalized on our Western praries, and which has been adopted by South Dakota for its State flower, is called "pasque-flower."

"Sweet, silver-stemmed anemone,
Fair delicate transparency,
Thy pale empurpled cup is filled
With nectar Hebe's trembling hand
From her now useless cup has spilled."

—*C. E. Banks* ("The Rocky Mountain Anemone").

In the language of flowers, the anemone means "expectation," and hence, in "Love's Autumn:"

"The hopes are long since dead and cold
That hushed the windflowers' white."

—*John Payne.*

"Expectation" seems a fitting interpretation of the anemone's message, since, according to Shelley, "windflowers . . . which yet join not scent to hue crown the pale year weak and new," or,

as Emerson puts it: "The untaught spring is wise in . . . anemonies." Indeed, in its early blooming, the anemone itself is wise, since it comes early enough to escape competition with more gaily colored blossoms.

"When the foothill loosens her cloak of snow
And bares her breast to the warm Chinook,
There by her rude brown foot, we know
We shall find if we but look
Cradled in furs from throat to toe,
A baby anemone sleeping low."
—*Mary A. Stokes* ("The Anemone of the Rockies").

"Anemones, from the soft wing of vernal breezes shed," enumerates James Thomson in hsi well-known poem, "The Seasons"; "the windflowers in the hollows open starry eyes", announces Charles G. D. Roberts, "There shivers, in rose-tinted white, the pale anemone," reports Lucy Larcom; Celia Thaxter records how "Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May and sets the first windflower trembling on its stem"; Lowell gives May "her handful of anemones, herself as shivery;" on such good authority as John Burroughs we learn that "In May" he finds "young anemones in flocks at the foot of mossy boles"; Elizabeth Johnstone predicts spring's early arrival since "The windflower has lent her sails of snow"; Henry Newbolt describes "Anemones like stars that shake in a green twilight pool."

"And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil."
—*Sir Aubrey de Vere* ("Spring").

"On the slopes that were brown and barren
As at touch of the rod of Aaron
The windflowers sway and nod."
—*Clinton Scollard* ("Song for Easter Morning").

"Where the last ridges of the dingy snow
Lie till the windflower blooms unstained below."
—*O. W. Holmes.*

"Besides a fading bank of snow,
A lovely anemone grew,
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow,
Its leaves of heaven's serenest hue."
—*J. G. Percival.*

"Courageous windflower, loveliest of the frail," Ebenezer Elliott

praises it, and other poets have been quick to ascribe this same characteristic to the delicate early-blooming blossom. "Anemone is not afraid, although she trembles in her place," John Burroughs says, and

> " 'Have courage,' anemone sings
> ' From the cold and snow of winter
> The beauty of summer springs.' "
>
> —*Helen I. Moorhouse.*

But, although their arrival is hailed with rapture, their departure is not so noticeable, since "The pale anemone glides on her way with scarcely a good night," and

> "In April's rosy palms it shrinks,
> And still while skylarks newly sing,
> It blooms and fades, and fondly thinks
> That spring is ever spring."
>
> —*Anon.* ("Anemone").

Lord Lytton misses them, for he says, "The white anemones constellation, set, had left the earth dark as a starless night," while Ebenezer Elliott enjoys while he may one certain

> "Last windflower! knew'st thou April? Infant June
> Sees thee, and reddens at thy modest smile;
> And o'er thee still May's chaffinch sings his tune,
> Well-pleased thy musing idlesse to beguile,
> Where two streams meet beneath thy lonely isle."

Strictly speaking, the windflower has no petals, the "blossom" being the colored sepals which surround the golden stamens. The species found in the temperate zone are delicate in color, as though their early blooming had blanched their cheeks. The poets have used many dainty terms to describe these lovely pastel shades: "The lilac windflowers gleam," "that faint, pink smile, so sweet, so cold, of a wood anemone, closed below the shade of an ilex root," "snow-white showers of anemones," "white windflowers lift up their starry faces from the green clustering leaves where pink buds hide;" "on the tender grass a snow of wood-anemones," and

> "Anemone flakes of a veined snow
> Lie over the sunny herbs below,
> Lie over the brown bents, woven and wet."
>
> —*Hon. Roden Noel.*

About sixty species are cultivated on account of their beauty, the colors predominating in the following order: white, yellow, blue, reddish-white, purple, red, striped, whitish, creamy violet. Shelley,

quite appropriately in two different poems, calls them "pied windflowers," Robert Bridges writes of "countless anemones, white, red and blue, in the bright glade beneath the straight trunks of airy trees," the Marquis of Lorne in his poem on the "Riviera" says that

"And round the stems, within the dusky shade,
The red anemones their home have made."

To another poet they are "the dark anemones, whose purples fill the peasant's plot. Tennyson, in his "Dream of Fair Women," finds in that enchanted wood a spot where "at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd the red anemone." It is difficult to understand how the blossoms described here by Meredith could be "unbeholden," since they are so gorgeous of color and set in gold:

"The corn, too
Grows each day from green to golden;
The large-eyed windflowers forlorn too
Blow among it, unbeholden;
Some white, some crimson, others
Purple blackening to the heart.
From the deep wheat-sea, which smothers
Their bright globes up, how they start!
—*Owen Meredith* ("An Evening in Tuscany").

"As, touching my chaliced anemones,
I pluck their leaves with dusty sheen,
So sure where the golden bees have been."
—*Anon.*

"Whence do the lovely strangers come
To dazzle in the northern home?
O'er leagues of far fair foreign lands
And tossing waves and rocky strands,
Gathered where sister blossoms twine,
And roses blend with jessamine,
And lemon groves perfume the breeze,
The brilliant red anemones."
—*Anon.* ("From Cannes").

Indeed, the colors taken by the cultivated anemone fairly upset that almost fixed principle in botany that blossoms showing two of the primary colors will not enlarge into the third:

"And a world of bright anemones,
That over the terrace grew,

Blue and orange and purple,
Rosy and yellow and white,
Rising in rainbow bubbles,
Streaking the lawns with light."
—*Harriet B. Stowe* ("A Day in the Pamfilip Doria").

Bible students now quite generally believe that the "lily of the field" used metaphorically by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew vi., 28-29) is the *anemone coronaria,* a native of Asia Minor, a gorgeous blossom growing freely in cultivated fields. This belief has been hinted in a certain beautiful poem to the wind-flower:

"Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharmed, though winter stands uncertain by,
Eying with jealous glance each opening grade.
Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith arrayed
More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king."
—*Jones Very.*

The anemone has long had a prominent place in Greek mythology, because of its connection with the story of Venus and Adonis. For when the young hunter fell, pierced by the fangs of the boar he was pursuing, Venus shed countless tears over his bleeding body, with the following result:

"As many drops as from Adonis bled
So many tears the sorrowing Venus shed;
For every drop on earth a flower there grows:
Anemones for tears; for blood the rose."
—*Bion.*

"Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead—
She wept tear after tear with the blood which was shed,
And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close,
Her tears to the windflower, his blood to the rose."
—*Mrs. Browning* ("A Lament for Adonis").

"And the anemones that April brings
Make purple pools, as if Adonis came
Just there to die, and Florence scrolls his name
In every blossom Primavera flings."
—*Eugene Lee Hamilton.*

"He is dead,
The fair Adonis! And for him the tears

Of Paphia gush as fast as from his wound
The crimson life drops that, with touch of earth
Transmuted, rise in flowers. From these the rose
Hath birth, anemone from Venus' tears!"

—*Henry King* ("The Lament for Adonis").

In other versions, the tears and blood were blended to form the flower, accounting for its "pied" markings. Gerarde, that quaint old herbalist, comments whimsically that "doubtless Bion was mistaken in the plant, considering the fragility of the flower, and the matter whereof it sprung, that is a woman's tears, which last not long, as this flower." Perhaps it is a hint of the blossom's legendary birth which makes one poet term it "meek-faced anemone, drooping and sad," and another sees in it still greater woe:

"Then came the windflower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden pale
With purple streaks of woe
When the battle has rolled by
Wanders to and fro,
So tottered she
Disheveled in the wind."

—*Sydney Dobell* ("Balder").

In another legend, Anemone was a maid loved by Zephyrus, the west wind, who before he abandoned the gentle creature turned her into the flower which bears his name. However, it is not always a sad flower. For although generally associated with Venus and her woe, it has also by some been made a fairy plant, the elves having been credited with the work of painting the crimson veins in its petals—"penciling the wood anemone," according to Mrs. Hemans. The flower a natural barometer, and indicates the approach of evening or of a shower by curling over its petals into a tent-like position. This was formerly supposed to be done by the fairies, who nestled inside the tent of delicate leaves and pulled the curtains closely about them.

"Fairy windflower, wood anemones,
Delicate company under the trees."

—*Hon. Roden Noel.*

"And pale anemones, whose airy heads,
As to some fairy rhyme
All day shall nod in delicate time."

—*Madison J. Cawein* ("Wind and Cloud").

"And fairy windflowers pink and pearl
That swing with every breeze."
—*Augusta Hancock.*

And since they are fairy property, the flowers are not one whit sad, but among the gayest and most light-hearted blossoms known:

"Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks." —*Bryant.*

"And dancing in the breeze,
Virgin anemones." —*Oliver Grey.*

"And flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees."
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Harriette Wilbur.

Duluth, Minn.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN POETRY.

ECCLESIASTICAL Latin has ever been a bugbear to classical scholars, but it has had, as it deserves to have, some admirable defenders.

It was to classical Latin what modern colloquial English is to the prose of Dr. Johnson or Burke or Macaulay. It was the tongue in which all the courts of mediæval Europe conversed, the medium of speech between all educated men, between Bishops and abbots, priests and monks, which carried the traveler from one end of Europe to the other when the French language was still in the melting-pot, and the other romance languages yet in course of formation.

Hello said of it that "St. Jerome created the magnificent idiom which he spoke so divinely." It was and is contained in the Latin text of the Vulgate. A modern French writer, Rémi de Gourmont, author of the work which we propose to examine here,[1] says of it: "It is to classical Latin what Notre Dame is to the Parthenon; it is what a poem of stones and tears is to an ode of Pindar; what Calvary is to the Pythic games; what Mary is to Diana."

It was the outcome of Christianity, which created a new language, born in the fifth century and enduring as a spoken language till the end of the thirteenth, and in the schools and monasteries till much later, for Latin is not yet a dead language, but a living tongue, differing from classical Latin as a spoken language differs from a written one.

The hymns of the Breviary, the sequences, the proses, the litanies, all the various poems dedicated to Our Lady, though following none of the rules of Latin verse, have their own beauty if they have also the defects with which they have been reproached, such as alliteration, assonances and an utter disregard of classical metres.

The early ecclesiastical poets, such as Commodius of Gaza, were too fond of writing acrostics and using various kinds of verbal artifice.

In this book, "Le Latin Mystique," the author takes us as it were through a portrait gallery of mediæval writers; we meet not only with the saints, such as St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventura, St. Thomas Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis and St. Hildegarde, but we also recognize Roswitha, the Saxon nun and dramatist; Notker, the monk of St. Gall, with Marbod, Bishop of Rennes, a symbolical poet, celebrated for his work on precious stones; with Adam of St. Victor, Jacopone de Todi, who wrote most of the "Stabat Mater" as it now stands, with Thomas of Celano, to whom the "Dies Iræ"

[1] "Le Latin Mystique," par Rémi de Gourmont." Paris, 1913.

is attributed, and others with whom we can claim at least a bowing acquaintance.

A less known liturgical poet in this country was Hilaire de Poitiers, who wrote one of the very earliest Latin Noels, still sung in some provincial churches in France. It begins as follows:

"Jesus refulsit omnium
"Pius Redemptor gentium:
"Totum genus fidelium
"Laudes celebret dramatum."

St. Ambrose, who has been called the Christian Cicero, and to whom the "Te Deum" is attributed, together with St. Augustine, wrote some lovely hymns: especially we may mention the

"Jesu corona virginum
Qui pascis inter lilia,"

in the Breviary. He also edited the short hymns for each of the canonical hours, recited daily by those bound to the divine office, those beautiful symbolical hymns which caused an old Swedish monk to hail the author as "a vase of love, a vase full of celestial dew."

"Salve sancti vas Amoris,
Vas celestis plenum roris."[2]

One of the most remarkable poets of the fifth century was Claudius Mamertus, who wrote the noble hymn on the triumph of the Cross, beginning

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi prelium certaminis,"

the three first words of which St. Thomas Aquinas borrowed for one of his hymns on the Blessed Sacrament. The authorship of this hymn is sometimes attributed to Mamertus and sometimes to Fortunatus, the undoubted author of the "Vexilla Regis."

Claudius Mamertus[3] was brother to St. Mamertus, the Archbishop of Vienne, and shared with his brother the government of the Church there. He composed the office for the rogation days: he was a great lover of literature, and although he wrote many peoms his most celebrated work was a "Treatise on the Nature of the Soul." He was considered one of the best writers of his time and died about 471.

Fortunatus was Bishop of Poitiers; he was born in Italy, near Treviso, he was considered one of the best poets of his time, and died about 609. He gave up a life of travel to become chaplain to the nuns in the convent at Poitiers founded by St. Radegonde, wife of Clotaire I. He wrote the life of St. Radegonde. He was the

[2] "Le Latin Mystique," p. 38.
[3] "Dictionnaire Historique," Bouillet.

author also of the lovely hymn to Our Lady in the "Little Office of Our Lady" beginning: "Quem terra, pontus, aethera," to which was added

"O gloriosa Domina
Excelsa super sidera."

He also wrote many other verses, liturgical and otherwise: he was at his best in lyrical pieces and short odes. His long poem on St. Martin is considered inferior to his hymns. One of the most beautiful of these last is the "Salve, festa dies," which was formerly sung at Easter.

In the sixth century he celebrated Antiphonary of Bangor (Ireland) was composed, chiefly by St. Columban, who was educated at Bangor, and afterwards founded the monastery of Luxeuil, in France, and later that of Bobbio, in Italy. Bangor was founded by St. Comgill, in the middle of the sixth century. The Bangor monks loved alliteration, as the hymns in the Antiphonary, which were sung in the canonical hours in the monastery, show. They were little more than Latinized versions of ancient Greek hymns; often very short verses were employed in imitation of Sappho, as St. Columban himself confessed in some verses.[4] A great simplicity also characterized the Bangor Antiphonary.

The Antiphonary of St. Gall, of which that of Bangor was the parent, is still preserved in the library of the old monastery there: the hymns were composed by a monk named Tutilo, who died in 915. He was a musician, an architect and an artist, as well as a poet. One of the earliest specimens of ivory-carving in Germany was the cover of a book carved by him. His hymns are obscure in meaning and difficult to translate.[5]

The author of the hymn in the Missal sung in procession on Palm Sunday, "Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit, Rex Christe Redemptor," was the monk Theodolphus, a Spaniard, a pupil of St. Columban. He, like the English monk, Alcuin, was a great classical scholar, and chose to write in the metre of Virgil and Ovid, scorning the rhymes, assonances and alliteration of the mediæval poets, and thereby losing much of their charm.

Another English monastic poet in the eighth century was Adhelm, abbot of Malmesbury; he also wrote in classical metre. His principal theme was the praise of virginity, although he did not speak disdainfully of marriage.

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[4] Trojugenarium
Inclyta vates
Nomine Sapho
Versibus istis
Dulce solebat
Edere carmen.

[5] "Heimbueher", "Die Orden und Kongregationen der Katholischen Kirche, 1907.

It seems strange that the authors of so many of our ecclesiastical poems are so little known; for instance, one would have thought that the author of the "Veni Creator Spiritus" would have earned world-wide renown, and yet how many people have heard of Rabanus Maur? He was Abbot of Fulda and Bishop of Mayence. The Church has declared him blessed, for he was a saintly man, who after he became Bishop never dined without a hundred poor people dining with him. The school which he opened in Fulda was the most celebrated in Germany. He lived in the ninth century, but this hymn will live for all time.

A special form of Latin poetry, namely the sequence, was developed in the tenth and eleventh centuries, beginning with Notker Balbulus and ending with St. Hildegarde. The origin of the sequence appears to have been a desire on the part of the monks of those days, particularly those of St. Gall, to lengthen the service on feast days in abbeys and conventual churches by interpolations in the text of the Mass. This was frequently done in the "kyrie eleison," where a long line or phrase preceded each of the supplications. The length of the sequences varied from ten to thirty lines, and alliterations, rhymes and assonances both final and intermediate characterized them. The origin of the name sequence is doubtful; it is supposed to have been taken from the rubric which follows the gradual, "Sequentia Sancti Evangelii." Sequences were also called then as they are now, proses. Notker's sequences were nearly always original odes, but rarely lyrics; they were very simple and always restrained in feeling. He said himself that they were suggested to him because as a child he found the prolonged melodies of the long-drawn-out Alleluias without the support of words used to weary him and make it difficult for him to keep his attention.

Notker Balbulus was a monk of St. Gall; he was brought up from a child in the abbey and never knew anything of the world: he was of royal race and became a very learned doctor. Pope Nicolas the Great put his sequences into the Mass and ordered that they should be sung throughout the Universal Church. Notker Balbulus lived from 840 to 912. He was a friend of Tutilo, the creator of the trope. Balbulus was a nickname given him apparently because he stammered.[6]

He wrote sequences for all the seasons; one of the most beautiful was for the Nativity of Our Lord, which is very simple and very compact. It begins: "Natus ante saecula Dei filius, invisibilis, interminus."

Another monk named Ekkehard, who lived in the tenth century, wrote sequences or proses on the saints. He was guilty of a pun

[6] "Heimbucher."

when he dealt with St. Columban: "Hic Columbanus nomine columbinae vitae fuit." He is not to be confounded with another monk of the same name, Ekkehard the Paladin, who died in 990. He amused himself with writing enigmatic sequences in praise of the saints, in which all the words began with the same letter. His sequence on St. Peter was composed with every word beginning with the letter P.[7]

The Paschal sequence, the "Victimae paschali laudes," was composed by another abbot of St. Gall, also named Notker, who was a musician as well as a poet, and wrote the music as well as the words. It has sometimes been ascribed to Alcuin, but most critics now consider Wipo Notker the author.

There used formerly to be a sequence for every Sunday in the year, but as some of them were very carelessly written, it was decided at the Council of Cologne, in 1536, to exclude all but the five which are still retained, and this decision was confirmed by the Council of Rheims in 1564.[8] The lovely sequence for Whitsunday, the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," is believed to have been written by a monk named Hermannus Contractus, so-called because he was lame, and all his limbs were contracted, who was also the author of two of the most beautiful anthems to Our Lady, the "Alma Redemptoris Mater" and the "Salve Regina." There is a beautiful legend about this monk, who was a very remarkable man. He was sent to the monastery of St. Gall when only a boy of fourteen, and besides being lame and deformed he was so slow to learn that he made little progress in his studies. His novice-master, observing that this was a great grief to him, told him to ask Our Blessed Lady to help him. The boy did so and one night while he was asleep, Our Lady appeared to him and offered him one of two things—either to be cured of his physical deformities or to become master in all the sciences. Herman chose the latter, and became so clever that he excelled all the other monks in philosophy, music, rhetoric, astronomy, theology and poetry, in fact, in all the subjects of a mediæval course of study. He was the author of many prose works as well as of other poems, besides those mentioned above, among which we may note the "Avex praeclara Maris Stella."[9]

St. Hildegarde, abbess of Rupertsberg, the visionary, prophetess, mystic, the counsellor of Popes and Emperors, and one of the most remarkable women of her own or any other time, also wrote a great many of these irregular sequences, the two best of which were the "De Sancta Maria" and "De Sancto Spiritu." Her sequences are very mystical, like her visions. Of the regular sequences, of which

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[7] "Le Latin Mystique."
[8] "History of the Mass." Rev. John O'Brien, p. 223.
[9] O'Brien.

that of Hermannus, "Veni Sancte Spiritus," is one, the "Ave Maris Stella" is one of the earliest and was probably written in the tenth century, or perhaps even earlier. Liturgically it is a hymn, but because the traditional metre is not followed it is called a prose or regular sequence and should be sung as the Benedictines sing it, with the stress on the alternate syllables, the first, third and fifth.[10]

St. Peter Damien wrote a beautiful sequence which he called "Rythmus de sanctissima Virgine," the mystical meaning of which is rather abstruse. The two first verses are as follows:

"Quis est hic qui pulsat ad hostium
"Noctis rumpens somnium?
"Me vocat o virginum pulcherrima,
"Soror conjux, gemma splendissima:
"Cito surgens aperi, dulcissima.

"Ego sum summi Regis Filius
"Primus et novissimus,
"Qui de coelis in has veni tenebras,
"Liberare captivorum animas
"Passus mortem et multas injurias."

We seem to hear an echo of this in the hymn, "The Dark Night of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross, and itself echoes the Canticle of Canticles. St. Peter Damien wrote one of these regular sequences, so called because each line contains the same number of syllables. On the "Last Judgment," the first line is singularly appropriate to the present day:

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigelemus;"

the second verse warns of the coming of the Supreme Judge,

"Ecce minaciter, imminet arbiter, ille supremus."

He proceeds to lament the coming end of the world, and then gives a rather quaint description of Paradise, in which there are to be no tears or fears or tragedies, only peace and calm and the sweet music of the blessed souls.

"Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva medulla,
Nulla molestia, nulla tragœdia, lacryma nulla,
O sancta potio, sacra refectio, pax animarum.
O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus, hymnus earum."

A more conventional description of Paradise is given in a sequence by another poet and theologian, Alphanus, first a monk in the abbey of Monte Casino (1055), then abbot there and then (1085) Archbishop of Salerno.[11] He describes Paradise as a beautiful garden,

[10] Gourmont.
[11] "Heimbucher," Band I.

in which bloomed purple roses, lilies, violets, the amaranthus, thyme and balsam, where amid incense the choirs of angels, Apostles and martyrs sing hymns and canticles, and virgins strike the cymbals.

One of the most ancient forms of prayer was the litanies, of which there were a great number; some, as in the Mozarabian liturgy, were very long, others, like the "Anima Christi"—considered a type of the litany-sequence—were quite short. Some which emanated from St. Gall were versified and contained interpolations of Greek words. Again some of the hymns of St. Bernard are considered true litanies, as this one to Our Lady:

"O beata
Miserata
Preces nostras suscipe.
Et de malis
Universis
Nos clementer eripe."

The litanies were rarely liturgical prayers (except the Litany of the Saints), although parts of the Mass, as the "Gloria in excelsis," evidently belonged to the litanies and the liturgy of Rheims contains a unique form of a litany-dialogue, sung between the canons and the choir:

Canonici: "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat."
Pueri: "Lux, via et vita nostra."
Canonici: "Christus vincit, Christus imperat."
Pueri: "Rex regum."
Canonici: "Christe audi nos."
Pueri: "Kyrie eleison."
Canonici: "Christe eleison."
Pueri: "Kyrie eleison."

The Raccolta contains the whole of this beautiful prayer, which is specially suitable for troubled times such as ours.

The Litanies of Our Lady were some of the most beautiful as well as the most numerous and popular. She appears in them under every kind of metaphor; she was the spiritual garden in which all kinds of flowers typical of herself flourished; her clients, mostly monks, never wearied of discovering types emblematical of her beauty and glory.

The late Mr. Edmond Bishop, in his book, "Liturgica Historica," has something to say on the sequence, which he tells us was originally a popular devotion chronicling the acts and miracles of the saint to which they were dedicated, and intended to be sung by the congregation, not by the choir only. This was especially the case till recent times throughout France, where in almost every village church

on the feast day of the local saint the sequence recording, in anything but classical Latin, the principal events of his life was sung with great fervor by the congregation, who understood what they were saying, if they could not have translated the Latin word for word. The story of the saint was probably recorded on the painted glass windows of their church, as well as in the sequence, and was certainly handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. One great feature of the sequence was that the music was exactly suited to the words, and the rhythmical melody with its joyful strains stirred the hearts of these French peasants, who joined joyfully and lustily in singing the praises of their saint, even if as sometimes the verses were mere doggerel. The point was that they were metrical and rhythmical, and as old Richard Rolle has pointed out, there is a subtle connection between rhythm and devotional warmth, described by him as "canor" and "calor" respectively. The ecstacy of the saint and ecstacy of the poet are not so far apart as they may seem, but are closely related to each other, and the sequence as formerly sung in these French churches is perhaps a connecting link between the two. The modern French "cantiques" of Mary sung in the month of May have supplanted the old sequences, but they have not replaced them as a means of keeping in mind the acts of the saints. The earliest and simplest form of Litany was the "Kyrie eleison."

The "Anima Christi," usually ascribed to St. Thomas Aquinas, is said by M. de Gourmont to have been found in an ancient volume of "Hours" of the Franciscans. Marbod, the holy Bishop of Rheims, who resigned his see towards the close of his long life to die in peace in the Benedictine monastery of St. Aubin, at Angers, was a symbolical poet; his most celebrated work, "The Book of Gems," is entirely symbolical and very mystical. It was translated into French by a contemporary French poet. It is very interesting to compare this book of Marbod's with St. Hildegarde's "Treatise on Precious Stones." Marbod died in 1125, at the age of ninety. He was not only mystical and emblematical, but also superstitious, as his book of gems shows. For instance, he says of the emerald that it is thought it can ward off tempests: "Et tempestates avertur posse putatur," and that it signifies a very complete faith, which knows never to fail in good works.

"Smaragdus virens nimium
"Dat lumen oleaginum:
"Est fides integerrima
"Ad omne bonum patula
"Quae nunquam scit deficere
"A pietatis opere."

Of the sapphire, he says that it can cure ulcers and complaints of the eyes, but that he would partake of these benefits must live very chastely. "Sed quis gestat eum castissimus esse jubetur." The cornelian mitigates anger and signifies a very sound faith. The topaz is rarer and more precious, and signifies the immovable solidity of the contemplative life:

"Contemplativae solidum
"Vitae praestat officium."

Another poet who lived at the end of the eleventh century was Hildebert de Lavardin, Bishop of La Mans, and afterwards Archbishop of Tours, who lived at the end of the eleventh century. His prose works consisted of a good many sermons, several lives of the saints and treatises on ecclesiastical discipline. His poems covered a wide range. Some were on the liturgy; some on natural history and physiology, on Mahomet and, strange subject for a poem, on mathematics. He was not free from superstitious beliefs in griffins, dragons, winged sirens, unicorns, etc., to which he ascribed symbolical meanings.[12] The following lines from one of his hymns on Paradise show him at a happy moment:

"Me receptet Sion illa,
"Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
"Cujus faber auctor lucis,
"Cujus portae lignum crucic,
"Cujus claves lingua Petri,
"Cujus cives semper laeti,
"Cujus muri lapis vivus,
"Cujus custos Rex festivus."[13]

A rather later writer, a great mystic and a scholastic poet, was Alain de l'Isle, the learned Bishop of Auxerre, sometimes called the universal doctor, who became a Cistercian monk at the close of his life: he died in 1203. He, too, wrote on the symbolism of precious stones, and a dialogue in verse between himself and Nature, in which he asks pertinent questions, to which Nature returned evasive answers, more cryptic than the questions.

In the twelfth century flourished the greatest of all these mediæval Latin poets, St. Bernard, whose hymn on the Holy Name, "Jesu, dulcis memoria," is of worldwide fame, and will last as long as time endures. Less well known are his hymns in honor of Our Lady, containing some variations on the Canticle of Canticles, beginning

"Tu praeclarus
"Es thesaurus

[12] Bouillet: "Dictionnaire Biographique."
[13] Gourmont.

"Omnium charismatum.
"Sane plenus
"Et amoenus
"Hortus es aromatum."

A beautiful rhythmical prayer to all the suffering members of the crucified Christ is attributed to St. Bernard, though some critics have doubted whether he was the author. To him also must be attributed the "Salve Caput cruentatum," a long prayer in forty verses, of which there are many versions, and to which a large indulgence has been attached by one of the Popes. St. Bernard also wrote a rhymed rule for his monks.

St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a series of hymns on Our Lady, and turned into verse her Office and wrote a song on "The Contempt of the World" in Latin hexameters. In this he shows a great contempt for women, whose character he depicts in very unflattering terms, and evinces a great deal of pity for married men. He wrote a beautiful rhymed paraphrase of the "Ave Maria," beginning

"Ave virgo singularis,
"Pacens aula virginalis,"

in which he bestows some lovely and original titles upon her, as "Terra Benedicta," "Stella Virginalis," "Gemma Singularis," "Vellus Puritatis." He also wrote a beautiful hymn to the Holy Spirit, beginning

"Veni, fortitudo fragilium."

Being a classical scholar, he preferred the metre of Ovid, though he did not always employ it. In this respect Peter Abelard, the learned but heretical theologian, the lover of Heloise, was another of these twelfth-century poets. He resembled the Archbishop, for he, too, employed classical metres frequently, although he preferred rhymes and rhythmical assonances. He wrote some beautiful verses on "The Nativity of Our Lord," and also some on "Spiritual Marriage" and on "The Resurrection of Christ," which he happily compared to the resurrection of nature in spring. In some decasyllabic lines, in which, as was usual with him, the penultimate is short, he uses an extraordinary simile, comparing St. Paul to a rhinoceros, which, attached to a plough, ploughs the field of the Lord:

"Ut rhinoceros est indomitus,
"Quem ad aratrum ligans Dominus,
"Glebus vallium frangit protinus."

Peter the Venerable, abbot of Cluny, although not a great poet, wrote some excellent verses in praise of St. Benedict. About the

same time lived Peter of Blois in England, and Peter the Deacon, a monk of Monte Cassino, both of whom sung of the sins of the clergy who dishonored the Church.

In the twelfth century, so rich in poets, also lived Adam of St. Victor, canon regular of that celebrated abbey: he was a musician as well as an excellent poet, sometimes said to be the best poet of the Middle Ages. He had many of the gifts of the true poet, but he was wanting in original thought, and he was too fond of playing on words and verbal gymnastics, but his verses are so musical that he seems to have had an almost magical command of language.[14] He wrote three beautiful hymns to the Holy Spirit, one of which is inferior only to the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" and the "Veni Creator Spiritus," two verses of which we cannot refrain from quoting. They occur in the middle.

"Consolator alme veni,
"Linguas rege, corda leni,
"Nihil fellis aut veneni
"Sub tua praesentia.

"Nil jucundum, nil amœnum,
"Nil salubre, nil serenum,
"Nihil dulce, nihil plenum
"Nisi tua gratia."[15]

He also wrote the lovely prose on the Assumption, "Salve Mater Salvateris," and another equally fine for the Sunday within the octave of Christmas, "Splendor Patris et Figura."[16] He lived at the same time as Hugh of St. Victor, who died in 1147. He was one of the greatest writers of regular sequences: one on the renovation of the world was written in seven stanzas of seven lines, each line containing seven syllables. The date of his death is uncertain. Great poet as he, the so-called "poor and miserable Adam" was, his disciple, St. Thomas Aquinas, was a greater. The author of the "Pange Lingua" and the "Lauda Sion" and the hymn "Verbum Supernum Prodiens," if he had not been the great philosopher and saint and doctor that he was, these hymns would have made his fame worldwide.

Those who are familiar with the Latin version of the "Imitation of Christ" and believe the holy Canon of Windesheim to be the author thereof, will not be surprised to find Thomas à Kempis included among Latin mediæval poets, for many regular sequences are set like jewels in that immortal work, which was written in the

[14] Migne.: Pat. Lat. t. cxcvii.
[15] "Le Latin Mystique."
[16] Migne.

original Latin in verse. Often the verses are rhymed, as in Book I., chapter xxiii.:

"Melius est peccata cavere
"Quam mortem fugere."

("It is better to avoid sins than to flee death").

A less known work on the lilies of the valley ("De Vallis Liliorum") also contains sequences, with both final and internal rhymes. In his prose called "A Soliloquy of the Soul" occurs another double rhymed sequence beginning

"O vitam pauperem et miserabilem,
"Vitam fragilem et lamentabilem
"Quam boni magis patiuntur quam diligunt."

("O life of poverty and misery, life of frailty and lamentation, which the good suffer rather than love.")

In a prose treatise entitled "Pious Prayers," there occurs a beautiful sequence or hymn to St. Agnes: but one of his most beautiful sequences is a short one which reminds us irresistibly of St. Bernard, in its passionate expression of love to Our Lord. We quote this little gem in full:

"O dulcissime Jesu,
"Qui de coelo descendisti
"Et vitam mundo contulisti,
"Legam de Te, scribam de Te,
"Quaeram de Te, cantem de Te,
"Jesu puer dulcissime.
"Nam suavis es et mitis
"Humilus plenusque virtutibus,
"Fili Dei altissime."

One of the greatest of Popes, Innocent III., was another mediæval Latin poet. Among other things he wrote the beautiful prose for the feast of the Assumption beginning:

"Ave, plena gratia.
"Ave, mundi spes, Maria,
"Ave, mitis, ave, pia,

A favorite form of verse of the early Middle Ages was one called the Clock of the Passion. They were verses in which each of the canonical hours was taken as symbolical of some phase in the Passion of Our Lord, as for example for Prime:

"Hora prima ductus est Jesus ad Pilatum;"

for Terce,

"'Crucifice' clamitant hora tertiarum."

These Clocks of the Passion were probably the origin of the Way of the Cross.

St. Bonaventura, who died in 1274, elaborates one of these clocks in his poem entitled "Philomena" into the mystical history of a soul whose life reproduces phases in the life of Our Lord. Thus, Prime represents or rather corresponds to the Incarnation, Terce to the public life of Christ, Sext to the Passion, None to the death of Our Lord and Vespers to His burial. Later on in the "Philomena," the poet falls into ecstacy, and has a vision in which the dying Saviour excites him to desire death and to abandon every other desire. The metre then changes and the poet, no longer caring for this life, but in love with suffering, wishes to find his pleasure at the feet of Christ.:

"Recordare sanctae Crucis
"Qui perfectam vitam ducis
"Delectare jugiter."

("You who lead the perfect life remember to delight continually in the holy Cross.")

He then drops into the praise of the Cross, multiplying emblems of it. Thus the Cross is a ship, the Cross is the gate, the Cross is a garden of delights in which all things flourish, the Cross is a beautiful tree consecrated by the blood of Christ, full of all fruits:

"Crux est navis, crux est portus,
"Crux deliciarum hortus
"In quo florent omnia.
"Crux est arbor decorata,
"Christi sanguine sacrata,
"Cunctis plena fructibus."

The "Adeste Fideles" is sometimes attributed to St. Bonaventura, but the author of "Le Latin Mystique" considers it was a much later work. "The Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary" is rightly attributed to the seraphic doctor. It is a little book of Hours, in imitation of the Psalter of David, celebrating the praises of Our Lady in prose poems, the first sentence of each verse being taken from one of the Psalms.

No human being has inspired more poetry than Our Blessed Lady, and the number of anonymous mediæval poets who have written of her is very great. There was a very beautiful sequence for the feast of the Assumption, which has now disappeared from the Missal: it was written by one of the monks of St. Victor:

"Ave virgo singularis,
"Mater nostra salutaris,
"Quae vocaris stella maris"

were the opening lines.

The "Inviolata es Maria" is another anonymous liturgical work. Some of these poems are more curious than beautiful, some containing puns and plays on words: one sequence of eleven lines has every line except the first, which ends in gratia, ending in Maria, and is a sort of litany.

The original author[17] of "Dies Irae," which has been much modified during the centuries which have elapsed since it was first written, was a Friar Minor and companion of St. Francis, Brother Thomas of Celano. One of the sources from which Thomas of Celano derived his matter was the "Libera me Domine de morte eterna," as is evident by comparing them: the "Libera me" dates from the early years of the eleventh century; another strophe is taken almost word for word from St. Matthew; other verses are borrowed from a treatise of St. Anselm's "De similitudine mundi."

The prose of Montpelier, which is less ancient than the "Libera" contributed to the fourth stanza of the "Dies Irae," thus:

"Dies illa tam amara, tam tremenda,
"Heu miseri."

Again in the "Prose of the Dead of St. Martin of Limoges," we read

"Finis seculi venire
"Dies irae, dies illa,
"Dies nebulae et caliginis."

("The end of the world comes, day of wrath, that day of clouds and darkness.")

The Sibylline prophecies, considered at the end of the eleventh century as equal in authority to the Holy Scriptures, also contributed to it, as Thomas of Celano acknowledged in the first stanza:

"Teste David cum Sibylla."

The last stanza but one is found in the Mozarabic Office for the Dead.

M. Remy de Gourmont points out that the origin of the "Dies Irae" and also of the "Libera me" is anterior to Christianity in its essential ideas, and is found in the prophecy of Sophonias, the ninth of the Minor Prophets, in Chapter i., verse 15: "That day is a day of wrath, a day of tribulation and distress, a day of calamity and misery, a day of darkness and obscurity, a day of clouds and whirlwinds." But the sources of "Dies Irae" are so numerous that a treatise might be written upon it. Equally complicated is the history of the "Stabat Mater": the reputed author, Jacopone de Todi, did not compose the whole: he borrowed, adapted and arranged it in its present form. The nucleus of it seems to be a Notkerian

[17] Some critics consider the Dominican Cardinal Malabranca was the author. Father O'Brien is of this opinion. M. de Gourmont ascribes it to Thomas of Celano.

sequence on the "Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary," dating about the eleventh century. The second stanza,

"O quam tristis et afflicta
"Fuit illa benedicta
"Mater Unigeniti."

with the three following lines, was taken bodily from the Notkerian ode. Jacopone[18] was a native of Todi, in Italy. He began life as a lawyer, but having lost his wife, he entered the Congregation of Friars Minor, and wrote a volume of ascetic poems, called "Spiritual Songs," in which was included the "Stabat Mater." He was born in the middle of the thirteenth century and died in 1306. Another source from which Jacopone derived some of his verses was a long sequence, rather later than Notker's, entitled the "Lament of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and several other sequences contributed to it. Before he wrote this Latin masterpiece of Christian poetry, Jacopone wrote a dialogue in Italian verse on the Passion of Our Lord and the sorrows of His Blessed Mother.[19]

Of the hymns in the Roman Breviary, St. Ambrose wrote no less than twenty-one, if we include the "Te Deum": among these are the lovely "O lux beata Trinitas," "Jesu corona virginum," "Lucis Creator optime," "Rector potens, verax Deus," "Aurora lucis rutilat," "Te lucis ante terminum," etc. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote six: the "Adoro te devoto," the "Ave verum," the "Lauda Sion salvatorem," the "Pange lingua," "Sacris solemnia" and the "Verbum supernum prodiens nec Patris." St. Bonaventura wrote the "Adeste fideles" and the "Sub tuum praesidium," Adam of St. Victor wrote three: "Gaude prole Graecia," "Genovefae solemnitas," for the feast of St. Génèviève, and "Jerusalem et Sion filiae." Raban Maur wrote three: the "Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum," the "Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris" and the "Veni, creator Spiritus." Hermannus Contractus wrote the three gems, the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," the "Salve Regina" and the "Alma Redemptoris Mater." Several of the later hymns were written by the learned Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmin, who was very nearly elected Pope and died in 1621. The "Custodes hominum psallimus angelos," for the feast of the guardian angels, is attributed to him. He wrote the "Pater superni luminis." Cardinal Bellarmin was one of the commission under Clement VIII. to correct the Breviary, especially the hymns and proses, by endeavoring to make them conform to the classical metre.

Mediæval poets were addicted to the literary vice of punning sometimes, particularly on the word "Ave" and its reverse, "Eva,"

[18] Bouillet.
[19] "Heimbucher."

as in the second stanza of the "Ave maris stella." This was a favorite play on words, the fact that Eve meant woe accommodating the poet. We quote a fragment of verse signifying that Eve signified woe, but also hail:

"Triste fuit in Eva ave
"Sed ex Eva format ave
"Versa vice, sed non prave."

The exquisite liturgical prose, sung at Complin on Saturdays in all Dominican chapels and churches, beginning

"Inviolata, intacta et casta es Maria,"

is anonymous, like so many poems in honor of Our Lady by mediæval Latin poets, whose names have been lost to us in the course of the ages. In many of them it seems as if the author could not find sufficiently beautiful symbols wherein to express his devotion: again, some of the epithets used are very quaint, as in a poem by a German poet of the fifteenth century, one Ulrich Stocklin de Rottach, wherein Our Lady is invoked as the umbrella or parasol of the poor, thus

"Vitae pabulum,
"Pauperis umbraculum."

Annother strange epithet used by Rottach was the almost untranslatable "Triclinium," but it is a very ancient image of Our Lady. The "triclinium," of course, was a reclining seat which had three sides on which the guests reposed at a feast. Rottach calls Our Blessed Lady the "Triclinium" of the highest King and the "Triclinium of the Trinity." Another simile used by Rottach, but not exclusively by him, for Our Lady in two hymns to her, was that of the celestial vine from which the grape, the wine of the chalice, was expressed in the winepress of the Cross: thus:

"Qui botrus exprimitur
"In crucis torculari,
"Quo vinum conficitur
"Calicis praeclari."

St. Peter Damien had the same idea expressed in almost the same words in a hymn addressed to Our Lady: "From thee came forth the Grape which was pressed in the winepress of the Cross":

"Ex te botrus egreditur
"Qui crucis prelo pressus."

This Rottach, whose name was Ulrich Stocklin von Rottach, was one of the most prolific rhyming Latin poets of the Middle Ages: he was abbot of Wessobrunn from 1438 till 1443, when he died.[20]

[20] "Heimbucher."

The various similes and epithets applied to Our Lady by these mediæval Latin poets are innumerable, occurring in the numerous gardens, rosaries, chaplets and rings that were dedicated to her. Some are very poetical, some far-fetched, some very quaint. We will mention a few: "Crystal gate," "royal court," "lantern of the world," "Virgin dove," "lantern of absolution," "shell filled with the celestial dew of grace," "noble and rare gem," "mirror of the Trinity," "more precious than fine gold," "window of heaven," etc. Among the numerous sequences dedicated to Mary was a lovely one for the feast of the Assumption, which used to be in the Roman Breviary, but has been removed from it. This was written by a monk of St. Victor whose name has not come down to us. We quote the four first lines:

"Ave virgo singularis,
"Mater nostri salutaris,
"Quae vocaris stella maris,
"Stella non erratica."

Paraphrases of the "Ave Maria" were another favorite form of verse; a twelfth century paraphrase of the salutation was as follows:

"Ave Maria gratia plena
"Dominus tecum, virgo serena."

Uncertain as to date and uncertain as to author is the following little gem in praise of Mary, with which we will close this article:

"Ave virgo gratiosa,
"Mater Dei gloriosa
"Favo mellis dulcior,
"Rubicunda plus quam rosa
"Lilio candidior."

DARLEY DALE.

RESPONSIBILITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

ARE men responsible for their actions or is human conduct determined necessarily by the environment to which each individual happens to be subjected? Such is, in brief, the question to which we address ourselves. It is not so far removed from practical application as it may at first appear. True, the answer seems obvious enough. The man on the street would, no doubt, give it off-hand and correctly. "Men are responsible," he would say, "unless they are physically forced to act against their will." This common-sense judgment is at the foundation of every system of municipal law; for all law seeks to control human conduct without antecedent physical constraint—that is by imposing obligations. Of course it would be unnecessary and futile to require certain acts and prohibit others by law if men were not capable, normally, of complying, and it would be senseless to punish non-compliance if it were the necessary result of environment and not the free determination of the individual.

But this answer to our question, obvious as it is, necessary as it is to the social life of mankind and accepted as it is by the generality of men, is still not accepted; nay, is vigorously denied by a certain school of advanced philosophers and sociologists. According to them, the belief that man is endowed with free will is a "vulgar illusion." Every man seems to himself to be free (so much they admit), but he is in reality not free; he is in reality entirely determined by his environment, and that with the most rigid necessity, regardless of his own choice. Thus the philosophers and the sociologists translate the doctrine into practice. Since environment necessarily determines conduct, they say, violators of law are not blameworthy, but simply unfortunate in that they happened to be placed in circumstances that absolutely necessitated such conduct. So, instead of penitentiaries and punishment for crime, we should everywhere substitute sanitariums and a healing environment.

Speculation as to the effect of such a policy on the efficiency of law as a deterrent from crime may well cause one to pause; but we are at present concerned in the first place with the logical basis for the view it represents. We do not take the position that nothing can be said in its favor. Like every fallacy, it contains a grain of truth. This paper is an effort to uncover that grain of truth, while at the same time insisting on the scholastic and common-sense doctrine which holds the freedom of the will and the normal responsibility of the individual. In order to do so, we must begin with a fuller statement of our position on free will, remarking in passing

that is coincides with the common-sense views of the man in the street and with the mature conclusions of some of the greatest thinkers of the world.

We hold that the will is free. More than the absence of physical constraint is implied. No one, of course, supposes that physical agents as such can compel the will. You may drag a man at a rope's end, but this will not make him want to accompany you. The class of agents that touch the will directly we usually call motives, *i. e.,* whatever moves the will to a definite choice or tends to move it to such a choice. Is the force of motives a conpelling force? It is precisely here that the full meaning of freedom of the will becomes apparent; for we hold that the will is free even from this non-physical kind of constraint or compulsion. Motives may induce, but they cannot force a choice upon the will. It remains free to do or not to do, to do this or that, even in the presence of the strongest motives. In other words these motives do not ultimately determine it; it determines itself. This is what is called the "liberty of indifference," and the scholastic doctrine on this point is very frequently misunderstood, or at least misstated. It does not mean that the will can act without a motive. It means that, in the presence of opposing and contrary motives, the will can determine itself by volitional effort, and is not inexorably swayed in the direction of the preponderant attraction. It need not necessarily follow the "line of least resistance"; though, of course, in ordinary actions, where no great issue is at stake, men commonly do just that. In such cases we may say that we have free will, but that we do not use it.

Yet, even in such cases, every man is conscious that he can determine his conduct for himself by simply centering his attention upon the choice before him and then, by an effort of the will, choosing one alternative and rejecting the other. As you sit at table, for instance, you do not hesitate and debate with yourself as to the performance of each act involved in the process of eating. Instinct or, at the most, unconscious preference, guides you even in the selection of dishes. But when once you have focused your attention on your actions you will find yourself free to eat or not; to choose this or that dish, and just so much of each; to take a second cup of coffee or be content with one. True, we do not commonly deliberate over such things, but when we do it becomes irresistibly certain that we are using our free will and not following a blind course inexorably fixed by circumstances.

In the more momentous choices of daily life we constantly suppose that the decision rests with ourselves. If a man has a sum

of money he desires to invest, he will consider the matter well before acting. What dividends will it pay? Is it safe? Is it readily convertible into cash? He consults others, deliberates and finally chooses a certain investment. His whole conduct shows that he thinks he is free in the matter; nay, he is certain that he is facing an issue the decision of which rests with himself.

But the most convincing internal evidence of the freedom of the will is presented in the act of conscious resistance to the allurements of temptation. Is there any one who has not at times felt the inner struggle between the voice of conscience and the pressing invitation to consent to what is known to be morally wrong? At such times it is indeed easy to yield to the greater attraction, but that it is also possible for the will to resist there is no one who can deny, and every one who has had that experience must be conscious that, in order to carry off the palm, there is required a sustained and vigorous effort on the part of the will. I have resolved, for example, not to show open signs of resentment against a person who may have done me an injury. He accosts me unexpectedly on the street, and at the first sight of him the memory of his act in all its meanness rushes upon me. I feel a tremendous impulse to knock him down; but the remembrance of my resolution and the thought that unrestrained anger is a sin cause me to check myself. It is only with an effort that I greet him civilly, and then the victory is not yet won. His smiling unconcern is a fresh excitant to my passion. Again and again I am forced to apply the severest restraint to avoid an explosion. I sigh and tremble as he finally takes himself off. Now, if I should succeed in carrying off such a victory over myself, will any one dare tell me that I did so only because I could not help myself? Did I simply act with necessity, in obedience to the motive that happened to be the stronger? Surely not. The motive of doing right turned out, indeed, to be the stronger motive; but I know that this was only because I made it so. It was the stronger, after the fact, simply in the sense that it actually prevailed. But the same motive, with only a little less heroic effort on my part, would have been overwhelmingly defeated—a fact of which I was painfully conscious during every instant of the struggle.

Another way in which consciousness reveals the fact of self-determination is in disclosing the noteworthy difference in our mental attitude towards our deliberate and towards our non-deliberate acts, after their occurrence. There is, in this regard, a very great difference between two actions whose external qualities and material consequences may be identical. A man who has killed another by the accidental discharge of a weapon in his hand feels

that his act, however deplorable, is radically different from an act of premeditated murder. The one is looked upon with poignant regret; the other would inevitably arouse the consciousness of guilt, because it was freely chosen.

Each of these causes of introspection is conclusive in the testimony it bears to the freedom of the will, but we rely especially on the conscious resistance to evil impulse. Of this case, Michael Maher says:

"The motive of doing right undoubtedly attracts me, but the assertion that the cognition of the rightness of resistance converts such resistance into the pleasantest course or constitutes a motive of such force as to draw me inevitably to the side of virtue is extravagantly untrue. It is I myself who, by continuous painful effort of volitional attention, keep this evanescent idea of duty before my mind and give it what power it possesses. Moral conduct of this kind is, as Professor James truly says, 'Action in the line of greatest resistance.' It is not merely one original momentary act of choice against what seemed to be the strongest motive; it is a series of volitions in opposition to what consciousness continually assures me is the strongest motive. But according to the determininst, not only the original decision, but each subsequent volition was inexorably determined by the preponderant attraction, and no other alternative was ever possible to me."[1]

M. Piat says of similar cases:

"It is by an effort of my own, by a tension of my own energy, that I incline to the side of duty against the incitement of passion."[2]

Now, we appeal to the inner consciousness of every man whether he does not experience in such cases that he himself is exercising conative power; that his will is exercising its power of self-determination. Every sane man without exception is endowed with free will and every sane man without exception knows it beyond a doubt. As to the insane, it is not the power of free will that is lacking, but rather the conditions for its exercise. To explain away the universal consciousness of free will by calling it a vulgar illusion is certainly far from convincing. "If ugly facts are to be got rid by calling them illusions, no psychological or metaphysical hypothesis, however absurd, could be effectually disproved."[3]

That the belief of mankind in the freedom of the will is really universal, is clear from the fact we adverted to at the beginning, viz., that it is at the foundation of all Law, which seeks to control

[1] "Psychology: Empirical and Rational," by Michael Maher, p. 412. (Fifth Edition).
[2] "La Liberté," by M. Piat, vol. 2, p. 94.
[3] Maher, "Psych.," p. 413.

human conduct and punishes non-compliance with its precepts. Not only law, but all ethical notions are necessarily based on free will. "The notions and sentiments which constitute the moral consciousness of mankind and are embodied in the laws and literatures of all nations, and in the ethical terms of all languages, imply the freedom of the will."[4]

These fundamental concepts—and they are co-extensive with the history of the human race—all, with one voice, contradict the gratuitous assumption of the determinist, that human conduct is determined with iron necessity by environment. If this were true, all these world-old concepts would be utterly deprived of their meaning. We are speaikng, of course, of the meaning they actually have in the common acceptation of mankind. The determinist may indeed, as he does, weave from the magic skein of his monistic theories other meanings for all these concepts, and he may write these fanciful meanings as definitions of justice, right, law, obligation, etc., into the volumes expounding his dogma. He may tell us, for instance, as the school of moral positivism does tell us, that moral right and wrong depend only on positive law; that murder would not be wrong if it were not forbidden by statute, and that lying would be a morally good act if the Legislature passed a law approving the practise.[5] Or he may tell us that moral obligation means simply what is in accordance with custom or with variable standards of education. We are quite willing to let the theorists evolve their own views in regard to these things. At this moment we are not precisely concerned with the correctness of these views. We only wish to emphasize the fact that the understanding of these ethical terms by the determinist differs "toto coelo" from the understanding of them by mankind in general. What we are looking at here is not the scientifically correct meaning of these terms, but rather some explanation of the palpable fact that all mankind, except a special school of psychologists, has come to use them in a sense which implies universal belief in free will.

What, then, do common men everywhere mean and what have they, since the beginning of history everywhere meant by the term "obligation"? "I ought." It implies a certain necessity—not physical indeed, but moral. This very separation of physical from moral necessity in common parlance gives the lie to determinism. If my future conduct in every detail is fixed with physical necessity and beyond the possibility of my altering it, what is the meaning and sense of this innate feeling I have of moral constraint? For I feel

[4] Maher, "Psych.," p. 405.

[5] "The Encyclopœdia Americana," articles "Free Will" and "Ethics," explicitly inculcate this doctrine of moral positivism.

obliged to do what is thus presented to me under the aspect of duty, even in the face of physical obstacles, and in spite of grave deterrent motives; even if it involve the loss of fortune, reputation, or life itself. I may refuse to heed the call, but the call is there. Of what use is it if I am absolutely incapable in any measure of determining my own conduct?

The ordinary concept of "Right," also supposes free will. It involves something more than mere possession or physical power of reducing to possession. It implies a certain title, not in the physical, but in the moral order, and a moral necessity or obligation on the part of others to respect that title.

These fundamental relations, right and obligation, are the subject matter of the whole science of municipal law, and it may be useful to recall the manner in which law deals with them. The first fact worthy of attention in any system of jurisprudence is that positive or statute law does not pretend to define every right and every corresponding obligation that exists. Certain rights and obligations are recognized to have their foundations much further back than the enactment of positive statutes, and they are therefore taken for granted. One would look in vain in the Revised Statutes of the United States or in the laws of the several States for an express declaration of every man's right to live. It is indeed mentioned in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, but it was entirely unnecessary. The system of jurisprudence in this country, in each of the States, with the exception of Louisiana, is built on the foundation of what is called the Common Law of England, which means that whole system of rights and obligations, both substantial and remedial, which existed in England by the custom of the realm at the time of the separation of the Colonies from the mother country. These customs themselves go back to the time of Magna Charta and beyond, and some of them, of course, are based on the very natural law itself. They are, as we have said, co-extensive with history; built into the very nature of man. Such is, for example, the principle of the inviolability of contracts on a lawful subject matter, freely made between two minds capable of contracting with each other. This goes back to the moral duty of speaking no falsehood, a part of that natural law which the great Roman statesman and philosopher described as "Lex ad quam non docti, sed facti; non instituti, sed nati sumus." And if we go still further back into history we find this same fundamental law formulated in the Decalogue received by Moses on the mountain. So ancient is the concept of moral necessity which all men feel to be the essence of obligation imposed by law.

Let us now consider the concept of Responsibility. The notion

of responsibility for an act necessarily includes the power to perform or to abstain from performing it. If this power is absent there is felt to be no true responsibility, and neither the civil nor the criminal law holds persons to account for events really beyond their control. But even if positive law should do so in a particular case, we know that this would be unjust. We instinctively feel the difference between acts for which we may justly be held responsible and those for which we may not be so held, and the difference is that the former are our acts in the full sense, while the latter are not. A child when threatened with punishment for some disorder will plead as its first natural defense, "I couldn't help it," and if it really believes this it will rightly feel that the punishment is unjust.

It is clear that so far in our argument we have dealt simply with facts—facts of inner consciousness and of common experience. We claim that these facts prove with absolute certainty the existence of free will. We have asserted that every man is endowed with free will, and that he must be conscious of this power. We have shown that an unmistakably free act of the will may be observed at the very time it is being elicited; first, in the experiment of deliberately choosing between things of little moment, such as to take or abstain from a second cup of coffee; secondly, in the deliberate decision of important matters after consultation and reflection, and thirdly, in the strenuous and painful exertion of actively resisting the incitements of temptation to evil, and thus determining our conduct "in the line of greatest resistance." We have further shown that consciousness reveals freedom through the analysis of our mental state before our actions, since in some cases we deliberate, consult and form resolutions, whereas in other cases we act without attention or effort at self-determination. Finally, we have seen that after our actions we are fully conscious of a distinction between some of them, for which, because performed with attention and deliberation, we feel responsible, and others which, because wanting in this character, we regard as not imputable to us. All these phases of a free act are clearly disclosed by consciousness to every man: such is our argument. And to sustain the claim that the estimate of such acts as really free is a universal estimate, we have briefly examined some fundamental ethical concepts, Right, Obligation, Law, Responsibility, and have shown that these terms, as they are and have always been commonly understood by mankind, necessarily suppose the fact that men are free to determine their conduct by choice. Therefore the belief in free will attested by consciousness, is really universal.

If the ground beneath our feet is solid thus far, there is only one position for the determinist to take, the one which in fact he

does take. It is to say that the universal belief in free will is an illusion. That determinism should be driven to such a resort shows the logical strength of our position. Unless men are universally deceived by their very nature, free will must exist. But what reason can be given for doubting the testimony of consciousness in this matter? None that does not equally impugn its veracity in every other respect, for instance in regard to the fact of my own existence, that I am a person distinct from Napoleon Bonaparte, etc. The logic of determinism against the reliability of consciousness in the matter of free will is extremely vague. Free will is universally believed in by men, true. But the fact that it is believed in does not make it so. After all, mankind learns but slowly. Modern thought has revealed truths undreamed of by the ancients, and the researches of science in the twentieth century have shattered many a superstition that was regarded as unshakable in the twelfth. May not "free will" be one of these illusions?

Here we touch the very bedrock of skepticism, or rather the bedrock of all knowledge, which is precisely what skepticism lacks, and the foundation for the want of which it falls to pieces. If we are going to doubt about the truth of internal facts directly perceived by the mind as taking place within us; if we are to doubt whether the mind be really capable of perceiving this kind of evident truth, then we are eliminating one of the fundamental conditions without which no knowledge or science of any kind is possible, and all argument, or even language, on such a basis, is a simple absurdity. Mankind has indeed been deceived regarding some facts, but it has never yet universally adopteed a belief without evidence in its favor, nor has it ever abandoned a universal belief without evidence of its falsity. Now the evidence adduced by the opponents of free will when they voice the suspicion against the veracity of universal consciousness, is of the kind that is not admitted in a court of law. It is pure opinion, and that not by experts, but by persons who expressly impugn the reliability of the science in which they profess to enlighten the jury. In such a case, the court is wont to "instruct" the verdict, that is, to advise the jury that the legal evidence is all on one side, and that there is no course open to them but to return a verdict in favor of the defendant.

We therefore submit that the scholastic doctrine of free will stands on the strictest and most solid logical grounds, the fundamental truth that consciousness is a reliable source of knowledge as to present internal facts. We wish, however, to present another argument in its favor from a purely practical standpoint. We have already briefly noticed the ethical concepts of right, obligation, law, responsibility, and have shown that in their common acceptance

they suppose freedom, and therefore logically prove the universality of belief in freedom. Let us now consider what the practical result would be if by the successful elimination of belief in free will, these ethical notions were twisted from their present meaning to some such significance as the determinists insist on giving them. In other words let us reflect on the moral consequences of denying free will.

These consequences would, of course, be most marked in the case of the young, whose characters are pliable and unformed. Take a boy of fifteen or sixteen, for example, well beyond the age at which a normal youth first comes to distinguish between right and wrong. Let us suppose that he has, until now, received careful training and instruction, and is well grounded in the fundamentals of Christian morals. Every one knows that sooner or later in the course of life there comes, in one form or another, the strong appeal to the lower appetites—an appeal the more impetuous and powerful, as it is founded in animal nature, and the more dangerous as it must be controled by reason if it is not to wreck the moral character of rational man. Let us suppose this young man to be confronted for the first time in his life by such a temptation. He knows it is wrong to consent. But the attack is powerful. Will he resist? If in his training and education he has learned not only the fundamentals of what is right and wrong, but also that he is himself responsible for his conduct, that it depends on him by self-determination to do the right and avoid the wrong; in other words, if emphasis has been laid on the certainty and value of free will and the immense importance of a correct use of it; then, with the grace of God, he will resist the wrong, and by so doing will lay the foundation of character. But suppose the contrary to be the case. Suppose that the determinist theory has been practically applied to the boy's training in the school and in the home, and that he has become imbued with the belief that men, like brutes, are without power of self-determination, but are by nature designed to follow the line of least resistance. Suppose he knows that the same principles are practically applied in the administration of the State, and that violators of law are regarded as blameless victims of circumstances. What will happen in that case? Of course he will make no struggle to resist, since he has been taught that struggle would be useless, and of course he will be carried away by passion and will lay the foundation for habits of vice.

Whether the temptation be a violent one inciting to positive immoral action, such as impurity, anger, excessive drinking or gaming, or whether it take the subtler but scarcely less dangerous form of timidity, cowardice or sloth, tending to deter nature from

the performance of recognized but painful or difficult duty, the result will be the same, for the moral law does not coincide at all times with the inclinations of nature. On the contrary, it imposes all along the line restraints and obligations that are, at first, severe and disagreeable, however beautiful and attractive they may reveal themselves to be after long practice. As Léon Noël puts it:

"Moral well doing does not present itself to us by way of an ideal, rousing us to action only when there is awakened in us a sufficiently powerful attraction towards it. It presents itself under the austere guise of duty, imposing upon us the law, to be fulfilled at all times, be our leanings and our dispositions what they may."[6]

That all mankind must become slaves of one form of vice or another, and delinquents to the call of high obligations, is inevitably certain, if they apply in practice the theory of determinism. But, of course, the contemplation even of the moral wrecking of the universe must fail to cause abhorrence if the determinist theory be fully accepted, for then right and wrong, virtue and vice, contain no intrinsic opposition; all moral concepts as commonly understood, are distorted, and nothing makes or can make any difference. Mankind simply must drift anyhow in the iron grip of necessary evolution.

We need not dwell long on this phase of the subject. It present an argument for free will which to the practical mind may be more compelling even than irresistible logic. If the world is to be morally "safe for democracy," we must insist on the right of common men, everywhere, to keep their primitive, common-sense, bedrock notions of right and wrong, law and responsibility, untrammeled by the perversions of monistic and deterministic dogma, and those primitive notions now depend, as in the time of Cicero and in the time of Moses and beyond, they were known to depend on free will. Free will is only a certainty, it is also a necessity.

Having thus "anchored," so to speak, the first part of our subject by placing beyond doubt the fact of the existence of free will in the common-sense and scholastic acceptation, and by showing that if this is abandoned, all social order must be despaired of, let us now approach the second part and inquire into the effect of environment. If all that group of surrounding circumstances we call environment does not determine human conduct entirely and with absolute necessity, how and to what extent does it influence it? It will be necessary at the outset to present the extreme claims made for environment, in the form of an argument drawn from moral statistics.

It is a well-known fact that there exists a certain regularity in the recorded cases of certain classes of crime. This regularity may show itself by way of uniformity or periodic fluctuation. For

[6] "La Conscience et le Libre Arbitre," by Léon Noël, p. 165.

example, there were recorded in the police court records for a certain district in the city of Chicago, in a certain year, 2,000 cases of drunkenness. For three succeeding years, there having been in the meantime no notable change either in the number of the population of the districts or in the "environment," the number remained at about the same level, fluctuating not more than 100 above or below the 2,000 mark. In the fifth year there occurs a change in the environment. A well-planned "high license law" goes into effect, and is strictly enforced throughout the city. In that year only 600 cases occur in that district. The example is an arbitrary one, but may serve to illustrate the argument. The general conclusion drawn is that since a definite change of environment (in this case, a physical reduction in the number of saloons), produces a definite change in human conduct, it is environment and not free will that actually determines conduct. The theorist may classify the cases and compare the figures in an endless variety of ways. Among the original 2,000 cases, for instance, he finds that there are 1,800 men and 200 women, and of the men 1,200 are single and 600 married. Of the former he finds 800 who have received no education beyond the primary grades. He also notes that three times as many cases are recorded in November as in June. Besides, he is able to show that the same general proportion is maintained from year to year, not, indeed, exactly, but in a sufficiently marked degree to indicate an apparent relation of effect to cause, and the cause, he points out, is always some external condition, past or present, which comes under the head of environment.

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Now, if such students of figures contented themselves with pointing out that men are more frequently arrested for drunkenness than women; single men than married men; men of little education than men of greater schooling; that such arrests are more frequent in autumn than in summer; in other words, if they limited themselves to the general statement that environment has a decided influence, along definite lines, on human conduct, no more would be asserted than we will readily admit, supposing the figures in question to be verified. This kind of study, if done with accuracy, may undoubtedly do much to expose the social conditions that tend to produce the "atmosphere of crime." Nevertheless, the regularity of recorded cases of crime under similar surroundings cannot be accorded any force as an argument against free will. Four answers to the argument are well presented by Hubert Gruender. After pointing out that moral statistics record only the exterior act; that they are too limited in accuracy and extent to yield reliable conclusions, and that they do not, after all, show more than an approximate and variable proportion between environment and conduct, whereas the theory

of strict determinism would require mathematical exactness, he states his fourth and most telling objection in these words:

"Fourthly, that regularity which moral statistics really exhibit is quite compatible with freedom. An action for which a man has no motive will not be performed, and if a whole class of people should, on account of their social conditions, have no motive to perform such an action, that action will not be performed by any one of them. Vice versa, if social conditions are such as to offer inducements to a whole class of people for the performance of a certain action, many will most probably perform that action. This accounts for many regularities in the actions of men, without in the least infringing on their liberty."[7] And his final conclusion is:

"Moral statistics, then, in their last analysis, show nothing that can reasonably be considered a valid proof against free will. At best, they emphasize the limitations of free will."[8]

The general subject of the influence of environment is far too vast and many-sided to be adequately treated here, and we must therefore define the scope of our inquiry into it. We shall indicate only in the most general way, but we hope with sufficient clearness, the nature of this influence on moral conduct, and shall treat in some detail its workings in the development of habit.

In the first place, since man is a composite substance made up of two distinct principles, a material body and a spiritual soul, most intimately united to form the individual person, obviously, everything that affects the development, health and general welfare of the body, must affect to some extent the development, health and general welfare of the whole man, body and soul together. Though we reject the now exploded materialistic view that thought is a mere secretion of the brain, as well as the more subtle materialism which regards it as merely another aspect of cerebral processes, we hold, in accordance with modern physiological science, that a healthy brain is a necessary condition to the normal exercise of the spiritual faculties of the soul as long as the soul is united to the body. Keeping this principle in mind, it is easy to imagine many ways in which physical condition, the effect of pyhsical environment, entirely aside from moral influences, might so affect the brain, either directly or by reaction from effects produced in other parts of the living organism, as to interfere with the operations of the soul. There is no end to the inquiries and investigations that have been conducted in recent years to try to ascertain the effect of various physical ailments and of various classes of

[7] "Free Will: The Greatest of the Seven World Riddles," by Hubert Gruender, p. 78.

[8] Ibid., p. 80.

physical surroundings on brain conditions. While no doubt a large part of the matter that has been published on these subejcts is ill-digested and unreliable, and many false and hasty conclusions have been drawn from insufficient evidence, still these researches are along sound lines and may be used by the psychologist. We may well leave the details of this branch of the science to the physiologists and nerve specialists, agreeing to accept discoveries made within that sphere, when duly authenticated, in accordance with the principle that the intimate union of body and soul makes the latter dependent on a healthy brain as a condition of normal spiritual activity, while this union lasts. We are far from denying this extrinsic dependence; neither can we allow it to be exaggerated. Not every case of hook-worm, for example, entirely paralyzes the brain, and not every affection, even of the brain, entirely paralyzes the soul or deprives the individual of his normal responsibility.

Education is a still more potent factor in environment to influence moral conduct. The will is free, but every act of free will requires as a condition precedent a judgment of the intellect presenting an object as good and therefore desirable. The freedom of the will consists in its ability to act or not, to choose or reject, when an object of choice is presented. It can only act on the objects presented to it by the intellect. It is dependent on the intellect just as a sculptor is dependent on the quarry-owner who supplies him the marble on which he works. If a growing child is kept in such surroundings that his mind remains dark and undeveloped or if his education is seriously one-sided or biased the material provided for the operations of free will will be sadly limited in extent or faulty in quality. His will remains free, but its moral output is scanty or perverted. Child labor on the one hand and Godless schools on the other are two social conditions which furnish ample food for thought in this connection. But the limits of our subject forbid us to amplify these and other factors of environment, which may affect moral conduct, through the intellect, without disparagement to the freedom of the will.

These two factors, physical surroundings and intellectual equipment, are the chief determinants of the motives acting upon the will. These cannot compel it; at most they only supply the material upon which it may work, but if the same material is constantly at hand the workman will often end by finding it attractive under one aspect or another and so choosing it. Thus even a man who has not acquired a passion for gambling is more likely to "take a chance" if his surroundings include a large number of gaming

houses than otherwise, especially if he is not informed of the danger. Nearly all the vices of which man is capable result from the unrestrained exercise of tendencies which, rightly exercised, supply a natural want. The more replete his surroundings are with occasions or objects appealing to these tendencies, and the more acutely his whole make-up, in its surroundings, is attuned to feel the drawing power of those appeals, the more likely he will be to follow them. Whether he will keep them under the control of reason demanded by the moral law will depend partly, of course, on the drawing power of the motive, partly also on the accuracy and clearness with which his intellect understands the law; but chiefly, and in the last resort, on the practical efficiency of his will power to determine his conduct according to that law.

We have now, therefore, to consider some effects of environment on the power of the will itself. The most important purpose of education is to so train and strengthen the will that it may regularly resist motives contrary to the moral law and act in response to motives agreeing with it. This is nothing less than the development of character; and so, if the term environment be understood to include the complex aggregate of influences which contribute to this moral training, then the potency of environment may be said to be truly incalculable. "Character," says Ernest R. Hull, "is life dominated by principles, and the ultimate aim of character training in youth is so firmly to establish the habit of acting according to sound principles that it will last for life." It is therefore in the formation of habits that environment exerts its profoundest influence. Again, however, we must insist that this influence is purely external. Exterior circumstances cannot produce a habit. It is the will itself that must do that. The most that environment can do is to furnish the material for a succession of choices and the conditions under which they are to be made. All real training is self-training. What then is a habit?

Habit, broadly speaking, is any stable and permanent, acquired facility of action. Actions in which facility is acquired by habit may be purely mechanical. Some persons have a habit of raising their eye-brows when about to speak; others bite their nails, and I once knew a man who, under all circumstances, whether engaged in conservation or not, would periodically emit a loud and very startling "Bum." Such a purely automatic habit, if it is of an eccentric nature, is called by nerve specialists, I believe, a "tick." But many physiological habits are not eccentric. Every normal man performs countless normal actions daily by physiological habit. Habits of another class affect mental actions. A thought, once

entertained, more easily recurs, and a thought once joined to another in the mind will tend, when it recurs, to recall also that other. This is in accord with the well-known principle of association of ideas. The facility thus acquired is an intellecual habit. So, too, the will may acquire facility in its own proper sphere of action; and this is habit in the strict, moral sense, defined by Hull as "a facility in the will to say Yes or No according to a certain standard of conduct."[9] It is obvious that habit in this highest sense may depend on the two classes of habit already referred to. We may, therefore, speak of the psychological and the physiological basis of habit.

The psychological basis of habit is association of ideas. Let us illustrate by an example how this may play a part in the formation of a moral habit. If I have once yielded to anger as a result of a disagreeable experience connected with a certain person, the sight of that person will recall the circumstances of the experience, and will tend to reproduce in me the same feelings that were aroused on that occasion. If my will indulges those feelings, consents to them, makes them its own, the habit of ill humor will grow, but if, on the contrary, an effort is made to dissociate the two ideas, that of the person from that of the cause of resentment, and if some pleasant association be substituted in place of the disagreeable one, the habit will be weakened or broken.

The physiological basis of habit may be described as ruts or grooves in the nervous system, formed by the repeated occurrence of nervous processes along certain definite channels. When a certain physical stimulus is received by one of the end organs of sense, the touch of a hot iron on the finger, for example, an impulse, the exact nature of which is not clearly known, travels along the sensory nerve fibres inward, that is toward the brain, the centre of the nervous system. The passage to the brain is not direct, but is interrupted at intervals by "synapses," points at which one nerve fibre ends and connects with another. These synapses are the "resistance boxes" of the circuit. If the inward impulse is strong enough, it will pass through these resistance boxes and reach the brain, from which there will then arise a responsive motor impulse. This will travel outward from the brain along the motor fibres, and at the end of the circuit, where the fibre is intimately joined to some muscle tissue, will result in a muscular movement. The process just described is accompanied by sensation, produced when the impulse reaches the brain, and the movement produced may be voluntary.

But in many cases muscular movement may be produced without sensation and even without consciousness. If the stimulus is not

[9] "Formation of Character," by Ernest R. Hull, p. 61.

sufficiently vigorous it may not pass through the synapses to the brain. Instead, it will take a short circuit, connect with some one of the nerve cells or ganglia, a network of which underlies the whole body, and will thus begin to pass outward along the motor fibre without ever having reached the brain. Reaching the end of the outgoing nerve fibre, it will similarly produce muscular movement. Movements produced by either of these processes are called "motor-reflex." There is, however, an important difference between them. The unconscious movements, produced by the "short circuit" are entirely beyond the control of the will; in the other case, as soon as consciousness is aroused and mental attention evoked, the will may interfere and inhibit the continuance of the movement.

Now, when an impulse has traveled along a certain definite route in the nervous system, it will the more easily follow the same route a second time. By repeated passage it seems to open the way more and more, to deepen the grooves and to make that particular passage a permanent route for itself. Thus a particular movement comes to be the regular result of a particular stimulus. The stimulus resulting in movement may be external, and may proceed by the short circuit, without arousing consciousness, or by the long circuit through the brain, arousing consciousness and giving the opportunity of control, or it may be internal and initiated by the will itself, as in the case of the complicated movements of walking, speaking and other voluntary actions in which facility is acquired by practice.

It is easy now to see how self-control may be strengthened or weakened by habit. Most vices, being excessive indulgence of appetites which have a natural basis, tend to express themselves in some form of motor-reflex activity, and it becomes the chief office of the will to inhibit or repress the movement, thus preventing the deepening of the ruts in the nervous system which may form the physiological basis of a confirmed bad habit. An example may illustrate our meaning. Take the passion of anger, for instance. An insulting word, understood by a man to be addressed to himself, causes a series of movements which, at first, are purely physiological and reflex. His heart begins to beat at an increased rate; the blood pressure in his arteries increases; his breathing becomes more rapid; a whole series of motor-reflex activities are set in motion. If these are given full sway, their momentum will in a few moments become so strong that it will be very difficult for the higher faculties to interfere and quiet them. Hence it is extremely important to assert the inhibiting power of the will at the very first opportunity. In doing this, the value of a helpful association of ideas is apparent. For example, if a man, having determined to learn to control his anger, has established an association of ideas such that an insult

or contradiction to himself immediately recalls the insults and injuries offered to Christ, and the patience with which He bore them, obviously he will by that association become more prompt in applying the brake to the racing impetus of his passion. If, on the other hand, he delays to check it, and especially if he encourages it or adds to its vigor by angry words, threats or blows, then not only does this particular explosion increase in violence, but it opens wider the paths in the nervous system and makes it likely that the next similar stimulus will take the same course. The frequent repetition of such wilful repression or encouragement of evil impulse will produce good or bad moral habits. Since habits of vice are formed by the abuse of free will, a man is responsible for the acts done through such a habit, even though, by repeated indulgence, his self-control has been reduced to an almost negligible force.[10] And every one knows that through bad habits self-control may be almost annihilated. "Hence it is," says Hull,[11] "that people who have acquired some vicious practice in early life without restraint, and in later years wish to break it off, find themselves engaged in a struggle in which theoretically they are masters, but practically they are worsted again and again by the force of habit, which has by this time become practically motor-reflex and almost instinctive." "I will have one more throw," says the gambler, "and then I will never touch the cursed dice again," but every one knows that, in spite of his resolution, it is precisely this "one more throw" that makes it morally certain that it will not be the last.[12]

[10] It may be well to note that the criminal law does not recognize "irresistible temptations" as a defense in an accusation for crime. In order to free a person from the penalties of the law, if it is claimed, for instance, that he is the victim of "kleptomania," "dipsomania," or any of the other "manias" resulting from vicious habits, it must be shown not that his will had not the power of resisting the temptations of that class, but that his mind was so affected as to be incapable of appreciating the moral quality of crimes of that class. In other words, the legal irresponsibility of such "maniacs" is placed on exactly the same ground as that of other insane persons. They are legally responsible as long as they recognize the moral quality of their actions, and are regarded as insanely irresponsible only when they have lost this mental capacity of distinguishing between right and wrong. Alienists tell us that long indulgence, for example, in the habit of using pernicious drugs may produce such a mental state that the mind is dominated by a "fixed idea" to satisfy the craving of the abnormal appetite thus created. In such extreme cases the mental balance required for appreciating the moral quality of an act might be absent.

[11] "Formation of Character," by Ernest R. Hull, p. 75.

[12] While there may be vicious habits so inveterate that there is scarcely any probability that the unaided power of the will can succeed in reasserting its abdicated dominion, it is worth while to note, in this connection, the teaching of Catholic theology as to the efficacy of Divine Grace. It teaches that the grace received in the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, and especially in the Holy Eucharist, is a supernatural aid to the soul, of unlimited power to cure even inveterate habits of vice. It is a belief in the Church, borne out by repeated well-authenticatd cases, that the frequent worthy reception of the Sacred Body of Christ in the Holy Eucharist confers such supernatural aid, of power sufficient, if coöperated with by man's free will, to overthrow the dominion of the most deep-seated habits of vice and restore the lost sovereignty of the will.

But if bad habits grow inveterate by long continuance, it is equally true that good ones may be formed and daily strengthened by assidnous cultivation. Here again it is the effort of the will that counts. "To strengthen and perfect a habit," says Coffey,[13] "the acts must be performed with a growing degree of intensity and energy. Progress in virtue demands sustained and increasingly earnest efforts." The will thus makes or unmakes its own character in "trial by battle," though we must constantly remember that surroundings and especially moral and educational influences, contribute much to the first success or failure, the opening victory or defeat that counts so much. Professor James emphasizes the value of moral habits in the following maxims:

"1. Make your nervous system your ally instead of your enemy: make automaitc and habitual as early as possible as many useful actions as you can. 2. Seize the very first opportunity to act on every resolution you make. 3. Finally, keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test."[14]

Yet James is unable to find in his philosophy a scientific basis for free will, and asserted his belief in it only on moral grounds. We have seen that scholastic philosophy, while providing immensely higher moral grounds for it, goes further and furnishes adequate logical and philosophical grounds for the doctrine of free will, a doctrine which may be called the "Rock of Ages" in the philosophy of the schools.

We hope that the explanation we have attempted to give of the workings of habit have made one thing at least perfectly clear, namely, that moral habits are formed by the will itself, acting freely, and that environment, of whatever kind, can act only externally and indirectly on the will, and can in no case be looked upon as the necessary letermining cause of human conduct. The indirect and external influence of environment is incalculable, and we have certainly no disposition to minimize it. The recognition of this fact is the power behind modern social welfare work. We believe that the consistency of the two parts of our thesis, i. e., the perfect compatibility of the scholastic doctrine of free will with full recognition of the moral influence of environment, may be well exemplified by examining, by way of conclusion to our reflections, the traditional and present attitude of the Catholic Church towards social problems.

[13] "Ontology," by P. Coffey, Ph. D. (Louvain), p. 297.

[14] "Principles of Psychology," by William James, vol. 1, p. 126.

The Catholic Church has always insisted on the duty of the rich to alleviate the distress of the poor. In modern society this duty, which rests on every responsible citizen, presents the complex problem of so improving the environment of the downtrodden that they may have opportunity to live normal, healthy and moral lives. The Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., nearly thirty years ago,[15] pointed out the new aspects of the social problem. He then insisted on the rights of Labor and on the duty of employers to provide in all cases a "living wage." The reforms proposed by the Pope at that time are only now beginning to command the general attention and approval which makes their adoption possible.

The National Catholic War Council is living up to the Catholic tradition of leadership in social regeneration. This representative Catholic body has recently adopted a very progressive programme of social reconstruction, based almost entirely on the advanced views expressed thirty years ago in the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Speaking of the report of this body on Social Reconstruction, Mr. Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of United States Commission on Industrial Relations, says:

"The four Bishops who signed this pronouncement take for granted that the man who is physically brutalized by long hours of toil and a scant leisure spent amid squalid surroundings—the best that his wages will afford—is in no condition to respond to the spiritual appeals to which every healthy and normal man readily responds. If the basis of Christian society is the home, how can we expect a Christian society in a world where a large majority of wage-earners earn less than enough to maintain a family in health and decency? Can any well-informed person deny that many thousands of young men to-day refrain from marriage because they shrink from the hardship and privation which are almost certain to visit the family of the average wage-earner? It is not a question of fine clothes and amusements. It is a question of milk for the babies, of proper diet and nursing for the mother, of medical attention during sickness, of clean and sanitary homes, of a dentist for the children's teeth, of such minimum advantages and comforts as are absolutely necessary if little ones are to be given a fair chance in life. Low wages, long hours, uncertainty of employment—all the ills against which organized labor is successfully battling—these are the real enemies of home, Church and State."[16]

The force of environment is here put in very strong terms, but without the least exaggeration. The first task of regeneration cer-

[15] Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., "Rerum Novarum," on the Condition of Labor, 1891.

[16] "America," March 22, 1919.

tainly is the establishment of decent living conditions. We must not forget that after this foundation is laid there must be added the superstructure to the edifice of good environment. That superstructure consists of two parts: Education, especially in the fundamental truths of religion, that the young may learn more fully the beauty of the One True God, who is the supreme object of rational appetency and desire, and moral training resulting in the formation of good moral habits and the building of character by which life, under the sovereign direction of free will, shall be dominated by sound principle to the end that that supreme good be attained.

No part of the programme of social reconstruction, not even the very first step, can be accomplished nor can any social order in the world be maintained without entire recognition of the truth in defense of which this paper has been written, namely, the essential freedom of the will and the responsibility of human beings for their own conduct.

T. L. Bouscaren, S. J.

THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

PART II. (CON.)—THE PASSION OF CHRIST IN THE "LITTLE HOURS."

WEDNESDAY.

Prime. Ps. xxv.: "Judica me Domine"; li.: "Quid gloriaris"; lii.: "Dixit insipiens."

Terce. Ps. liii.: "Deus in nomine tuo"; liv.: "Exaudi Deus" (in two sections).

Sext. Ps. lv.: "Miserere mei Deus, quoniam"; lvi.: Miserere mei Deus, miserere"; lvii.: "Si vere utique."

None. Ps. lviii.: "Eripe me" (two sections); lix.: "Deus repulisti."

With the exception of the opening psalm at *Prime,* "Judica me Domine" (xxv.), the psalms at the Little Hours on Wednesday run without a break from li. to lix.; and in all without exception we shall find much to suggest thoughts of the Passion of Christ: sometimes the internal Passion, sometimes the physical sufferings of the Redeemer portrayed in vivid colorings, while every now and again we meet some phrase or passage recalling the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass, which was to commemorate the Passion for all time. This last is well exemplified in psalm xxv., with which the Little Hours open on Feria IV. The "Judica me Deus discerne causam meam de gente non sancta" finds almost an echo in the "Judica me Domine, quoniam ego in innocentia mea ingressus sum"—which of you shall convince Me of sin?—was the challenge of the great High Priest almost on the eve of His redeeming sacrifice, and those who share with Him in His eternal priesthood may well be reminded day after day of His sinlessness, that they, too, may take their official stand by the Cross of Christ as enemies of all iniquity; sitting "non cum concilio vanitatis * * * nec cum iniqua gerentibus"—"I have hated the assembly of the malignant, and with the wicked I will not sit." This idea is taken up and continued at verse 6: "Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas," words which convey much to the priest, whose hands were specially consecrated with the holy chrism for the exclusive privilege of touching and handling the "Lamb without spot." Thus will our psalm on the threshold of Wednesday's *Prime* lead us back to the altar, and from the altar back still further to the uplifted Cross on which the Innocent Victim hangs—the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. It is evidently a prayer made in time of affliction, a further consideration which will enable us to recall the Passion. The royal Psalmist appears before us as one enduring reproach, wearied and almost beaten by the buffetings of

fate and the injustice of men; it is not so much that He fears an approaching misery; already He is encompassed with it. The Cross is already on His shoulders and His prayer is one of confidence in a just Judge who will take cognizance of His innocence; though of necessity punishment and destruction must be meted out to the wicked. "Ne perdas cum impiis animam meam, et cum viris sanguinum vitam meam * * * Judica me" interpose to give me justice, deliver me from a condition in which, if it were to be regarded as permanent, it would be unjust to suffer me to remain. The psalm may owe its origin to the persecution of Saul, or, though less probably, it may refer to the time when David had to flee before the disloyal minions of Absalom; while a third conjecture has been advanced, namely, that it is David's protestation of innocence in regard to the murder of Isboseth—"Behold the head of Isboseth the son of Saul, thy enemy who sought thy life" (II. Kings iv.); but the devotional key which unlocks the hidden meaning of all these is the fact that the "sweet singer of Israel" was the type of the great Son of David, who though he was reviled did not revile, who had not where to lay His head, who in early infancy sought safety in flight, and who even in His public life of well-doing, "went out of the temple and hid Himself" away from the fury of enemies.

The protestations of personal innocence that occur in this psalm are of such a nature as to have suggested the conjecture on the part of some commentators that David had not so much himself before his mind when composing it as Christ. Certainly it stands out in striking contrast with "Peccatum meum contra me est semper" and similar confessions; but though historically one may take the claim to innocence to refer to the particular situation in which David finds himself for the moment, one cannot but feel that his avowal of conscious uprightness "solemnly made as in the sight of the Searcher of hearts, derives much of its intensity and almost impassioned force from the desire on the part of the singer to declare his entire separation from and aversion to the vain and evil men by whom he is surrounded" (Perrowne). In like manner the priest may make the words of this psalm his own, unworthy though he be, and for him there is the additional thought that he is officially incorporated into the priesthood of Christ, and must ever set himself to acquire a professional hatred of all sin by constant meditation at the foot of the Cross, through the merits of which he pleads with holy David, "Redime me et miserere mei * * * in Domino sperans non infirmabor * * * in quo est salus * * * in quo habemus redemptionam per sanguinem ejus, remissionem peccatorum" (Col. i., 14).

QUID GLORIARIS (LI)—SECOND SECTION OF PRIME.

An historical reference is given in the first verse of this psalm to I. Kings xxii., 9: "When Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul: 'David went to the house of Achimelech. * * * I saw the son of Isai in Nobe with Achimelech, the son of Achitob the priest, and he consulted the Lord for him, and gave him victuals, and gave him the sword of Goliath the Philistine.'" It was a false accusation, but led to a frightful massacre. Our psalm is the outspoken vehement expression of David's righteous anger: it is a torrent of indignation in which the psalmist condemns the calumny and foretells the destruction of the man who was guilty of it. The facts easily fit in by way of accommodation, and even of prophetic fulfilment, with the vicious and slanderous attacks on the part of the leaders of the people against the true Son of David. "All the day long thy tongue hath devised injustice; as a sharp razor thou hast wrought deceit": it was not the affair of a moment with this "chief of the servants of David"; he had been constantly turning over in mind how to frame and lodge the calumny; similarly with chief priest and scribe and Pharisee; the "tongue" brought forth what the heart had been hatching "all the day long": "tota die injustitiam cogitavit lingua tua"; then sharp and incisive as a razor, "novacula acuta," whetted by malice and guided by craft the cruel work was accomplished with accursed thoroughness and promptitude; elegantly contrasting the delay in forming the resolution with the celerity in putting it into execution. "Thou hast loved malice more than goodness: and iniquity rather than to speak righteousness. Thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." Certainly the calumny brought untold ruin in its train, for the king said to the messengers that stood about him: "Turn and kill the priests of the Lord * * * and when the king's servants would not * * * he said to Doeg: 'Turn thou and fall upon the priests.' And Doeg the Edomite turned and fell upon the priests and slew on that day eighty-five men that wore the linen ephod. And Nobe the city of the priests he smote with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children and sucklings and ox and ass and sheep with the edge of the sword" (I. Kings xxii). Here surely is a frightful picture—calumny, murder, massacre, sacrilege; and what is it but an anticipation of the horrors of Good Friday? Well may the psalmist follow on as he recalls the tragedy with what has been termed "one of the most powerful verses in the whole of Scripture"; "Therefore will God destroy thee forever: He will pluck thee out and remove thee from thy dwelling place; and thy root out of the land of the living," with which one feels almost compelled to connect

the searching sentence by Christ Himself on the deicide city: the appalling completeness of the punishment is an index of the magnitude of the crime.

Here we have four words denoting the utter vengeance that must assuredly befall the criminal: the first signifies to break utterly into pieces, the smallest fragments; to demolish and scatter the debris (destruet in finem); the second is to pluck up by twisting round, even as mighty trees in the grasp of a cyclonic whirlwind (evellet); then there is the concept of being utterly swept away like dust or chaff; swept away into exile without home or property or country (emigrabit te); and, fourthly, to be rooted out from the land of the living (radicem de terra viventium) implies that even your posterity will be eradicated, for children are like roots, shot out by the parent, which afterwards support and nourish him in turn. This is the fate of such as "make not God their helper, who trust in the abundance of riches and prevail in their vanity." But their wealth and strength notwithstanding, "Christ shall laugh at them"; whereas they will be rooted out of the land, He will be as a "fruitful olive tree" rooted in the house of God forever and ever; in gladsome contrast with the Idumean who was to be rooted out as a withered tree and rejected as a dry log. Even so with Christ who dieth now no more, whose death was victory, who led captivity captive and sealed a lasting triumph over all His enemies.

There is yet another way in which we can approach the Sacred Passion when reciting this psalm. The Fall and the Plentiful Redemption appear side by side: the curse and the promise. The words of condemnation addressed by David to the treacherous Edomite are but an accurate paraphrase of those other words: "And the Lord God said to the serpent: because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed * * *" Quid gloriaris? "Why dost thou glory in malice thou that art mighty in iniquity * * * thy tongue hath devised injustice * * * thou hast wrought deceit * * * thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." And as with Doeg, so with the subtle serpent; his craft was successful for the time; "ruin" came like an avalanche (speravit in multitudine divitiarum suarum), that is in cunning, in a natural propensity for lying, for is he not the father of lies? (et praevaluit in vanitate sua). But in the fulness of time, the fertilizing river of Redemption was to overflow copiously and irrigate the arid wilderness of the curse. The "laugh" was to be turned against him who thought to "prevail" in his vanity, for "the just shall see and fear, and shall laugh at him": the day will come when men shall see through his deceit and be horrified at the dire consequences that

supervened. This glorious rehabilitation should be effected through the merits of the Cross. That which was barren should be made fruitful; "Ego autem sicut oliva fructifera in domo Dei"; it is the startling, yet comforting contrast between the tree of disobedience and that other: "Crux fidelis inter omnes arbor una nobilis: nulla silva talem profert, fronde flore germine." The hot breath of the serpent had scorched up the flowers of Eden; even the land of exile had become a barren waste; everything had been blasted by the curse; but the breath of God the lifegiver will be felt once more; the wilderness shall blossom like the rose; fruitfulness shall return; hope, so long a-coming, so wan and feeble, will at length leap like the roe; vivifying streams will come dashing down from Calvary's heights, and whereas the tyrant "mighty in iniquity" shall be "plucked up," "rooted out," "swept away" by the onrush of the torrent, the "children about thy table shall be as olive plants," plentiful, fair, fruitful and beautiful (Jer. xi., 16); they shall be rooted in a new soil, they shall flourish in ever verdant vales and smiling medes, and theirs will be the song of praise: "I will praise Thee forever * * * yea, forever and ever * * * because Thou hast done it: and I will wait on Thy name, for it is good in the sight of Thy saints" (verse 11).

Psalm lii, which follows in the third section of *Prime,* is cast in a similar mould. It treats of the general corruption of man before the coming of Christ, and the Fathers find in the last verse a reference to the Redemption: "Who shall give out of Sion the salvation of Israel (Quis dabit ex Sion salutare Israel), when God shall bring back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice and Israel shall be glad." The day of salvation shall dawn after the long night of captivity; light will replace darkness; the midday gloom of Calvary will be chased away by the conquering splendors of Easter morn. The blessings which come to mankind from the redeeming blood of Christ are much accentuated in this psalm on account of the heavy shading of the other elements in the picture. A reference to the third chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans will show the truth of this. The Apostle is impressing on his hearers the universality of sin: "all have sinned and do need the glory of God. Being freely justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Whom God hath proposed to be a propitiation through faith in His blood * * * both Jews and Greeks, they are all under sin." Various testimonies from Holy Scripture are adduced to prove the truth of his teaching, and it is clear also that he had in mind the utter hopelessness of our corrupt nature and the depths of degradation from which it was delivered by the power of the Cross. It is as though he was paraphrasing and com-

menting on the second verse of our psalm, "they are corrupted and become abominable in iniquities; there is none that doth good"; or, as St. Paul quotes it, "There is not any man just. There is none that understandeth; there is none that seeketh after God. All have turned out of the way, they are become unprofitable together: there is none that doth good, there is not so much as one" (almost word for word with verses 3 and 4). The Apostle quotes several other passages, but we have here a sufficiently lively description of the melancholy results of concupiscence and sin in man. It robs him of justice—"there is not any man just"; it corrupts and obscures his reason and leads the will into crooked and perverse ways—"God looked down from heaven on the children of men to see if there were any that did understand or did seek God * * * no, not one." After all this, verse 7 is a welcome cry of deliverance. It trumpets forth the coming salvation—"Who will give out of Sion the salvation of Israel?" and the answer is echoed from pole to pole: the echo of that loud voice with which Jesus gave up His soul to His Father in heaven. The "captivity" was at an end; "joy and gladness" began to reign.

TERCE.—TWO PSALMS: LIII, "DEUS IN NOMINE TUO," AND LIV (IN TWO SECTIONS), "EXAUDI."

To the 53d psalm, as in the case of the 51st, we find an introduction: "When the men of Ziph had come and said to Saul: 'Is not David hidden with us?'" (I. Kings xxiii., 19). This circumstance gives the key to the mystical interpretation of the psalm, and in it we easily find reference to the Passion. David had taken refuge with 600 men in the fastnesses of Ceila: but fearing treachery from the men of Ceila, he arose and departing thence, wandered up and down uncertain where to stay. Eventually he abode in the desert in strongholds and "remained in a mountain of the desert of Ziph, in a woody hill." Here, however, he was very near falling into the hands of the Ziphites, who had already taken steps to betray him. Then follows the remarkable incident when David came upon Saul asleep in his tent; and sparing his life took the spear and the cup of water which was at Saul's head, and later said: "Wherefore doth my lord persecute his servant? What have I done, or what evil is there at my hand?" It is the story of the Passion in miniature. Which of you shall convince me of sin? * * * Are you come out as it were against a thief with swords and clubs? * * * and Pilate knew that it was for envy that they had given Him up." This is the burden of the verse, "Alieni insurrexerunt adversus me, etc." (introduced into the Good Friday Office in the Responsum of

the seventh lection). These Ziphites were not "aliens or strangers" in the ordinary sense of the word. The reproach has a subtle bitterness in it, inasmuch as these people really belonged to Judea: "they were seemingly neighbors, but their hearts were far from me and they rose up against me" (Bellarmine). David had never given them cause for offense; his danger consisted in the fact that he had unwittingly betaken himself to a nest of spies. If we take the "Alieni" to refer, as some do, to the men of Ceila, the treachery and especially ingratitude of the attempted betrayal are all the more striking; because David had on a previous occasion gone out of his way to rescue them when they were in great danger from the Philistines. One need only remark in passing that this was exactly the kind of requital that Our Divine Lord experienced at the hands of His persecutors; and more detail still is worked into the picture by the second part of the verse, "fortes quaesierunt animam meam"; *i. e.*, Saul, with a force in arms, sought to have my life. Saul's persecution was entirely grounded on his fears that David would at some future time come to the throne, and therefore sought to have his life at any risk; for though he knew him to be innocent, he was blinded by ambition and love of sovereignty to all sense of justice: "they have not set God before their eyes." So with the leaders of the Jewish people in regard to Christ's growing influence. It was with an undisguised feeling of alarm that they saw the crowds following Him; they knew that the people had made no secret of their desire to hail Him as their King, and the triumphant procession of Palm Sunday, with its hosannas and its unequivocal "Benedictus qui venit," only served as far as they were concerned to accelerate the accomplishment of their homicidal designs.

"Ecce enim Deus adjuvat me." There is no mistaking the force of this verse. The "ecce" implies a sudden light from God of assurance that His help would come without fail; and the prophet speaks in the present tense to mark his inward conviction of the fact, as if it had actually come to pass (Schouppe). And so also Christ with the utmost clearness sees His own speedy release from the enemies that compassed His destruction, and almost in the same glance, the searching judgment that was to recoil on their heads: for note the words immediately following: "Averte mala inimicis meis; et in veritate disperde illos," a prediction in the form of an imprecation. In David's case, this turning back of the evils upon his enemies was then and there fulfilled; for a messenger suddenly came to Saul to warn him that the Philistines were upon him. It was a dramatic turn of the tide. Saul the pursuer was now the pursued, and soon afterwards they were "cut off" in very truth when Saul and his army finally perished in the mountains of

Gelboe. The application to Christ is clear. He had often warned the Jews of the judgments awaiting them, and the present generation would live to see the truth of His words: "Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and for your children!" He sees the avenging hand of God stretched in fury over the "strong who sought His life." Ecce Deus adjuvat; with prophetic vision He views the armies of Titus, the fall of the Jewish nation and the dispersion of the remnant, "disperdet illos in veritate"; *i. e.*, "according to your promise or your justice by virtue of which you give unto every one according to their works" (Bellarmine). In the meantime we are reminded of Christ's willing acceptance of the arduous task confronting Him: "voluntarie sacrificabo tibi. * * * Therefore doth the Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me: but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to take it up again" (John x., 17). Hence the strong current of confidence that flows through this psalm: "ex *omni* tribulatione eripuisti me"; emerging from the dark waters of tribulation in security and triumph, I shall witness the final overthrow of all my adversaries and see them prostrate at my feet—"super inimicos meos despexit oculus meus": this final verse of the psalm being the divinely foreseen answer to the prayer with which it opens: "Deus in nomine tuo salvum me fac."

The next psalm, "Exaudi," is in two sections. It may almost be regarded as an expansion of the thoughts set out in the psalm just dealt with; as witness the explanatory title in the Vulgate: "David postulat inimicorum et fictorum amicorum confusionem"; and in the Douai: "A prayer of the just man under persecution from the wicked." It agrees to Christ persecuted by the Jews and betrayed by Judas, and so resembles in some of its features psalm xl. (Calmet). For devotional purposes it may be most useful to proceed on the conjecture that the "homo unanimis, dux meus et notus meus" of verse 14 refers to Achitophel, and consequently the psalm would refer to the time of Absalom's rebellion. Certainly the psalmist is going through more than he seems able to endure. Like a mighty oak, his strong and sturdy spirit is bending and almost breaking beneath the storm. At times he would appear to acknowledge himself beaten to the world, to be ready to throw down his weapons, to unbuckle his armor and flee for safety and peace. "Who will give me wings like a dove, and I will fly and be at rest?" (Quis mihi dabit pennas sicut columbae?) Absalom's conspiracy was bad enough; and now almost coincident with it is the defection of an able and trusted counselor; for "the counsel of Achitophel which he gave in those days was as if a man should consult God" (II. Kings xvi., 23). Yet this is the man who could say to Absalom:

"I will choose me twelve thousand men, and I will arise and pursue after David this night. And coming upon him (for he is now weary and weak-handed), I will defeat him: and when all the people is put to flight that is with him, I will kill the king, who will be left alone" (II. Kings xvii., 1).

David was a man of iron, but a man of deep feeling also, and still deeper piety. Our present psalm is like an analysis of the conflict. We behold the meeting of many troubled waters; they have burst their barriers and come surging and tearing on, till at length they lose themselves in the placid, sunlit lake. There they rest in the giant embrace of the mountains. Even so with the psalmist: "He shall redeem my soul in peace from them that draw near to me * * * I will trust in Thee, O Lord" (xix., 24). Quietly he casts anchor in the deep, still waters of God's Providence—"jacta super Dominum curam tuam * * * non dabit in aeternum fluctuationem justo." The mystical application of all this is clear. Ever and anon "the spiritual eye detects the true Son of David, the traitor and the chief priests appearing and disappearing on the glowing canvas of the psalm." No description of the agony in the Garden, for instance, could be more vivid than that contained in the first few verses. It is like a vivisection of the soul—every word like the incision of a surgeon's knife. God must hasten; exaudi, intende. The present, the future, all is dark. Fear, trembling, the fear and darkness even of death hang like a heavy pall over my soul—"contristatus in exercitatione, conturbatus; timor tremor formido mortis super me; contexerunt me tenebrae." Suddenly the scene is changed from the solitude and external calm of Gethsemane to scenes of violence and strife in the city. We have another pen-picture by a master-hand. Without a doubt we find ourselves at the very heart of the storm. Flashes of forked lightning follow one another in rapid succession, illumining the dark perfidy of a rebellious people and losing themselves again in the black night of ingratitude. "Vidi iniquitatem et contradictionem in cavitate * * * die ac nocte super muros * * * labor, injustitia, usura, dolus in plateis ejus * * * Praecipita Domine, divide linguas eorum. * * * Let death come upon them, let them go down alive into hell; for there is wickedness in their dwellings * * * they have not feared God; they have defiled his covenant." Again the scene is changed. There is an abrupt transition from the crowd to the individual; from the turbulent city to the traitor-friend. The psalmist proceeds from one point of his sorrow to another, wandering on like one in a maze, moved to the very depths of his soul. "If my enemy had reviled me, I would verily have borne with it. And if he that hated me had spoken great things against me, I would perhaps have hidden myself

from him. But thou, a man of one mind, my guide and my familiar, who didst take sweets together with me: in the house of God we walked with consent" (verses 12-14); and later (verse 21), "his words are smoother than oil, and the same are darts" (mollíti sunt sermones ejus super oleum: et ipsi sunt jacula).

Bellarmine comments: "As regards Judas, he is called a *guide*, having been appointed by Christ, with the other Apostles, over the people, according to psalm xliv: 'Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth.' He was also His 'familiar' and took sweetmeats with Him, as is well known. * * * By sweetmeats, St. Augustine says, the Blessed Eucharist is meant, the sweetest of all meats, and possessing the flavor of all. Finally, he was not only of one mind, and his guide and familiar, but of the same opinion, in regard to the sacred ceremonies; for 'in the house of God we walked with consent': there was no dissension between us in regard of anything concerned with the worship of God." He was treated as an equal, trusted as treasurer, and probably in that capacity often consulted. His very familiarity was the rock on which he split, for he knew his Master's movements intimately and was able to conduct the emissaries of the chief priests to the very spot where the betrayal should take place. The psalmist's agitation subsides before the close of his mournful theme. He leaves behind the portentous wickedness of which he is the victim; the golden sun breaks through the mists and leaves him buoyant with hope: "He will not suffer the just to waver forever * * * I will trust in Thee, O Lord."

Sext.—Here we have psalms lv. and lvi., both beginning with the words: "Miserere mei Deus," and psalm lvii., "Si vere utique."

There is a certain similarity between lv. and lvi. which will perhaps justify their being taken together: the former being a "prayer of David in danger and distress" when the "Philistines held him in Geth," the latter bearing the descriptive title: "The prophet prays in his affliction, and praises God for his delivery"; and reference is made in verse 1 to First Kings xxiv., "When David fled from Saul into the cave." Both these psalms are prophetically descriptive in parts of the Passion and are so applied by various commentators (cfr. Bell. and Migne, in loco); both open with the same cry to God for mercy; both are written in circumstances of no common peril; both are full of the same lofty trust in God and courage in the midst of danger, and of the same joy and thankfulness in the assurance of deliverance (Perrowne). The violence of Christ's enemies will readily be recalled in verses like the following: "My enemies have trodden on me all the day long; for they are many that make war against me * * * all the day long they detested my

words; all their thoughts were against me unto evil (applicable to the scribes and Pharisees calumniating and plotting against our Saviour—Bellarmine); * * * inhabitabunt et abscondent, *i. e.*, while they are living in one house with me as friends and companions, apparently on the best of terms with me, they will hide themselves, plotting and conspiring against me to trip me up ('calcaneum meum observabunt') and destroy me * * * the sons of men whose teeth are weapons and arrows and their tongues a sharp sword * * * they prepared a snare for my feet, and they bowed down my soul." The phrase "lingua eorum gladius acutus" recalls the sixth lection of Good Friday, in which St. Augustine comments on the words "exacuerunt tanquam gladium linguas suas." He says: "Non dicant Judaei, non occidimus Christum. Etenim propterea eum dederunt judici Pilato, ut quasi ipsi a morte ejus viderentur immunes * * * Quod fecit Pilatus * * * in comparatione illorum multò ipse innocentior. * * * Vos, O Judaei, occidistis. Unde occidistis? Gladio linguae: acuistis enim linguas vestras. Et quando percussistis, nisi quando clamastis: Crucifige, crucifige? The psalmist does not confine himself, however, to penciling the darker shades of the picture. He knows that iniquity must eventually be dashed in pieces against the granite rock of God's justice. "In ira populos confringes." Saul and his troops perished in the mountains of Gelboe; the Jews had their city ransacked by the Romans; and the cry, "his blood be upon us and upon our children, "has echoed ever since throughout the world, the awful vindication of God's justice. "They dug a pit before my face, and they are fallen into it"; probably a reference to the pits dug by hunters to entrap their prey. Saul hunted David, but David caught him more than once and might easily have slain him on the spot, as for instance on the famous occasion when Saul betook himself to the cave of Engaddi. Similarly with the persecutors of Christ, in the Garden of the Agony, they were stricken down at the words, "I am He," and in the end their evil devices only recoiled on their own heads. Hence the note of triumph that follows on in both these psalms. It is as though the inspired writer leaves the darkness of the cave and comes into the open sunshine: "a type of Christ, who, too, concealed in a cave, as He was while in the form of a servant" (cfr. Bell.) experienced His hours of darkness, who "slept troubled," *dormivi conturbatus,* conveying the idea of violent mental agitation, as a whirlwind shakes the branches of the firmly rooted oak and makes the leaves to quiver, but who, in spite of all this, could protest before God: "Non timebo quid faciat mihi caro" (verse 4); and again (verse 10), "In God have I hoped, I will not fear what man can do to me." Paratum cor meum, Deus, paratum cor

meum; ready to live, ready to die, ready to rule, ready to be trampled on, ready to take everything cheerfully from Thy hand; he is calm, firm, happy, resolute, and now he is ready with psaltery and harp: "I will sing and rehearse a psalm"; the gloomy caverns of Odollam shall ring with music: the dark places of the soul shall echo with joyous song"; Arise, then, O my glory—exurge psalterium et cithara: exurgam diluculo: confitebor tibi in populis." The storm clouds had gathered, now they are rolled away; the night had been long and dangers untold had lurked beneath the shadows, now at long last, the dawn and with it, security. "In the shadow of Thy wings will I hope" (verse 1). The dusky mantle of night will assuredly be rent in twain by the divine "fiat lux"; the seed-time of tears will be followed by a rich harvest of joys: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, my feet from falling: that I may please in the sight of God in the light of the living." Therefore, O God, and the repetition is noteworthy—"Be Thou exalted above the heavens, and Thy glory above all the earth" (verse 5, 11).

The third psalm at *Sext* is No. 57, "Si vere utique justitiam, etc."

It is a powerful invective against hypocrites, detractors and especially unrighteous judges; and though it refers primarily to the malevolent speeches of Saul's courtiers, it applies also to the proceedings of the Jews against Christ (St. Jer.). With Christ, as with David during this Sauline period to which the psalm refers, His judges were actuated by feelings of personal hatred, they were persecutors as well as judges, and the judicial proceedings were so ordered as to conceal the persecution behind the appearance of a righteous judgment: "In corde iniquitates operamini: in terra injustitias manus vestrae concinnant"; the heart full of malice and deceit, the hands "forging" injustice on the earth: a "generation of vipers," "an evil and adulterous generation" bent on destruction yet masking their hatred under cover of righteousness. Abner and the rest of Saul's princes judged David to be a rebel against the government; Annas and Caiphas and the rest of the deicide crowd threw justice to the winds and proclaimed their victim to be a rebel, a lawbreaker, a malefactor. It mattered little to them that the witnesses disagreed and "had spoken false things" (verse 3), for they were mad with rage and "their madness was according to the likeness of a serpent" (verse 4); there was not in their heart any shadow of a desire to know or hear the truth, they were "like the deaf asp that stoppeth her ears, which will not hear the voice of the charmers" (verse 5); and the serpents on which the "wizards that charm wisely" can make no impression are the most poisonous. Such were the enemies of

Christ, hardened transgressors, bold and cunning, "alienated from the womb" (verse 3), venomous and dangerous. What the ineffectual charms are in reference to the death-dealing serpent, such to the obstinate enemies of Christ were His constant instructions and pleadings, reinforced by repeated warnings. They had ears to hear and would not hear. "We have piped to you and you have not danced." Their culpable deafness could not be charmed away. "You stiff-necked and uncircumcised in hearts and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do you also" (Acts vii., 51). It always was so. David's representations to Saul and Jonathan's intercessions, both so persuasive, were fruitless; even so were "the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God," which led the first martyr, St. Stephen, to exclaim: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," for "they crying out with a loud voice, stopped their ears, and with one accord ran violently upon him" (vii., 56), like the "deaf asp that stoppeth her ears * * * not hearing the voice of the charmers." They had done it in the green wood, why not in the dry? "And they have slain them who foretold of the coming of the Just One; of whom you have been now the betrayers and the murderers" (lii.).

The first five verses of our psalm tell of the iniquity of these untamable miscreants; the next five describe what was going to happen when the cup of their iniquity should be full.. "God shall break in pieces their teeth in their mouth: the Lord shall break the grinders of the lions" (verse 6)—the first of a series of figures which leave no doubt as to the thoroughness with which God will eventually punish their guilt. "They shall come to nothing like water running down * * * like wax that melteth, they shall be taken away. * * * He swalloweth them up, as alive, in His wrath * * *" The "breaking of the teeth" may possibly refer to the practice of the snake-charmers who extract the fangs of the serpents and break their teeth; the force of the passage being that enemies who are too deaf to be "charmed," who possess no capacity for good should at any rate be deprived by God of their ability for evil, and whether the evil was to take the form of secret cunning or of open violence, the ultimate result would be the same. "They shall come to nothing like water" that leaps along with great force and velocity at first, yet leaves scarcely a trace behind; they shall succumb to the fire of God's anger even as "wax melteth away" under the action of the sun; they shall be cut down like thorns, which when young (priusquam intelligerent spinae vestrae rhamnum: before they grow to any age so as to get into timber—(Bellarmine) are easily lopped off; and finally "sicut viventes, sic in ira

absorbet eos," they will be swallowed up—annihilated as completely as if the earth opened and swallowed them up alive. Thus the psalmist leads up to his final outburst of confidence in the justice of God's judgments: "Utique est Deus judicans eos in terra—there is indeed a God that judgeth them on the earth." What a terrible reckoning therefore for all those "sons of men" who should have "spoken justice" and yet were responsible for the condemnation and death of the "Just One."

The Little Hours for Wednesday finish up with two psalms: "Eripe me" (lviii.) and "Deus repulisti" (lix.); the former in two sections. The title of the "Eripe me" refers us to I. Kings xix., when Saul, after his endeavor to nail David to the wall with his spear, "sent guards to David's house to watch him, that he might be killed in the morning." Calmet throws out a thought on this historical direction which will enable us to read this psalm, like so many others, in the light of the Passion: "Patres in Davide, missis a Saule satellitibus domi clauso; CHRISTUM contemplantur IN SEPULCHRO CONDITUM." Similarly the descriptive heading in the Douai: "It agrees to Christ and His enemies the Jews." The first verse is the "Offertorium" for the Wednesday in Passion Week; and all through Passiontide at Vespers and at Lauds (versicles) the Church takes up the same prayerful refrain: "Eripe me Domine ab homine malo et a viro iniquo eripe me. Eripe me de inimicis meis Deus meus; et ab insurgentibus in me libera me." It will not be difficult, therefore, when reciting this psalm, to bring to mind the introductory scenes of the Passion: "Collegerunt pontifices et pharisaei concilium adversus Jesum, et dicebant: Quid facimus, quia hic homo multa signa facit?" In a few dramatic words the psalmist tells the sequel to this "conciliabulum": "Irruerunt in me fortes (verse 3); ecce cepurunt animam meam." The following verse may be regarded as a testimony to the sinlessness of the Divine Victim: "Neither is it My iniquity, nor My sin, * * * without iniquity have I run and directed My steps," for He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; which assurance being given the psalmist returns to the persecutors, whose wanton rage he describes in a very striking metaphor: "Convertentur ad vesperam et famen patientur ut canes, etc.: they shall return at evening and shall suffer hunger like dogs, and shall go round about the city. Behold they shall speak with their mouth, and a sword is in their lips: for who, say they, hath heard us?" The description is short, but like a vivid flash of lightning. We see the crafty Pharisees foiled in the daytime, when "they took up stones to cast at Him, but Jesus hid Himself and went out of the temple"; and now they "return at

evening," hungry "like dogs," to perpetrate their black deeds in the more congenial darkness. The allusion is clear. David compares his enemies to "the gaunt, hungry, half-starved, half-wild dogs which to this day in the East prowl about the cities and villages" (Perrowne). Even so it was with the enemies of Christ, who on the eve of His Passion especially became like so many ravenous dogs in search of prey: "Judas having received a band of soldiers and servants from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons" (John xviii., 3): "circuibunt civitatem," like the jackals in quest of carrion and offal: a striking picture of the prowling, stealthy Pharisees, whose practice it was to "watch Him"; who followed Him that they might hear something treasonable or blasphemous; who time and again tried to "snare Him in His speech"; and who finally, with all the eagerness with which "hungry dogs" devour their meat—after scouring the city for some semblance at least of adverse evidence—closed with Satanic glee on the shameful offer of the traitor-apostle: "They shall speak with their mouth": and how true the words that follow! "A sword is in their lips," for who, say they, hath heard us?—a reminder that much of the plotting had to go on in secret for fear of the people, and even Judas "sought opportunity to betray Him in the absence of the multitude" (Luke). At verse 9 there is an abrupt change in the current of thought, being a declaration of supreme trust in God. Foes may be near, but God is not far away, and will laugh at them—"Deridebit eos. Deus susceptor meus; misericordia ejus praeveniet me." The following verses tell of the issue of the struggle and are seen reflected especially in the fate of the Jews, "for the sin of their mouth and the word of their lips * * * and for their cursing and lying." Bellarmine says: "The cursing consisted in that dreadful imprecation, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children," and the other expression, "We have no king but Cæsar" was a palpable lie and falsehood, for it is certain that they resisted paying tribute to him, and boasted that they were a free people, never subject to any one, which was a downright falsehood, for they were subject to Pharaoh in Egypt, to Nabuchodonozor in Babylon, to the Philistines in the land of promise, and at the very moment of their boasting to the Romans." There is a curious repetition of verse 7. "They shall return at evening, etc.," though now a different turn has to be given to the expression. It is not their conduct which the psalmist now has in mind, but their punishment. There is irony in the words now. After their discomfiture on the day of the Resurrection, "they went round about the city" indeed, but on a different errand. This time it was to cover up the traces of their defeat, and such indeed has been their restless

endeavor ever since; all through the ages it will continue, the mark of Cain is there; "they shall be scattered abroad to eat and shall murmur if they be not filled" (verse 15). They who once had been hungry with a ravenous hate, and had sated their hunger with the lacerated, torn flesh of the Lamb without spot, will hunger again; like a hungry pack they will be gathered together within the city walls, an encompassing enemy without; famine and starvation will stare them in the face: no bread, no hope, no mercy; true, "they shall return," but it will be at "evening," when it is too late, when the hour of mercy shall have passed. Their sin will have found them out, and will have become its own curse. And now the psalmist leaves them and turns to God. In the Person of Christ and His Church he gives expression to his joy and gladness. However furious the onslaughts made upon him, he always feels the nearness of God, who is his "strength, support, refuge, helper, defense." His experience is that God will reinforce his waning strength at every turn of the conflict: everything he knows about God is the antithesis of everything he knows about his enemies. With the sound still in his ear of hungry dogs yelping and snarling, he turns triumphantly to the restful music of psalmody: "Ego autem cantabo." He is not going to delay till "the evening," for mercy must be sought and extolled in the day—"exaltabo mane misericordiam tuam"; joy and exultation come on the wings of the rising sun. "Unto Thee, O My Helper, will I sing; for Thou art My God, My defense, My God, My mercy" (verses 16, 17).

The "Deus repulisti" is a very appropriate psalm with which to finish up the Little Hours. It is the last of the set we have been meditating on, and as our Wednesday *None* comes to an end, we find the whole economy of the Redemption beautifully epitomized in one short psalm: the anger of God, man's rejection, the curse, the promise, restoration, triumph. "Hora nona exclamavit Jesus voce magna dicens. * * * Deus meus ut quid dereliquisti me * * * et velum templi scissum est * * * et terra mota est." Sin had done its worst; it had gone to its last extremity in destroying the life of God in human nature. The psalmist had described it all in mystic strain: "Deus, iratus es * * * repulisti, * * * destruxisti * * * commovisti terram * * * conturbasti eam * * * ostendisti dura * * * potasti nos vino compunctionis * * *" But in this psalm he seems to be in no mood to dwell upon these lurid pages of the world's history; the opening wail of lamentation is soon over: "misertus est nobis"; he confidently regards God's merciful dealings in the past as a sure guarantee that "the beloved shall be delivered" quia "dedisti significationem * * * ut fugiant a facie arcus." Such a "significatio" was the Cross of Christ, as is

foretold by the prophet Isaias xi., 12. "He shall set up a standard unto the nations, and shall assemble the fugitives of Israel, and shall gather the dispersed of Juda, * * * they together shall spoil the children of the East; Edom and Moab shall be under the rule of their hand." There is no vestige of doubt in the psalmist's mind. The future is as certain to him as the promise is sure. "Deus locutus est." Not only does he see ultimate triumph; he even goes into detail in describing the division of the spoils of victory. Great joy is in store for him: "laetabor, et partibor Sichimam (Samaria)." Like a conqueror after victory he will rejoice in the extension of his territory. We have mention of Galaad, Manasses, Ephraim, Juda, Moab, Idumaea, a string of proper names which at first would appear to yield little in the way of piety; but in reality each of these stands prominent at the opening of its own avenue of devotional thought, and the key which unlocks the mysteries is not far away. The mystical inwardness of the passage consists in the future universal sway of the Cross, and points very plainly to that unity of government which was to characterize the future kingdom of Christ:

> Impleta sunt quae concinit
> David fideli carmine,
> Dicendo nationibus:
> Regnavit a ligno Deus.

And not in song only, but in figure also, was this reign foreshadowed. He will be King not merely of Juda; the tribes also of Israel must come under His jurisdiction, and Sichem, Galaad, Manasses and Ephraim are specially mentioned, because they belonged to the tribe of Joseph—the greatest tribe of all, and therefore made to stand for the whole kingdom of Israel; so that in spite of revolt and many serious defections among his own adherents, he confidently anticipates a joyful reunion. And this is not all. His rule must needs extend beyond the confines of his own territory. And so, having enumerated the provinces of his own kingdom, he now mentions those of the enemy become tributary to him, viz.: Moab, Edom, "alienigenae"; Moab olla spei mei: "like a pot full of meat, abounding in riches and plenty and giving me great hopes" (Bell.) Similarly, "in Idumaeam extendam calceamentum meum," *i. e.*, he will go from victory to victory. Part of his work has been already accomplished, for "mihi alienigenae subditi sunt"; but his final conquests have yet to be rounded off: "quis deducet me in civitatem munitam." The historical title to the psalm records the Edomite defeat in the "Vale of the Salt-pits," when twelve thousand of the enemy were slain; yet in verse 11 we have the words "quis deducet

me in Idumaeam." All these points have their correlatives in the triumph of the Cross. "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession. * * * Thou shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel" (Ps. ii., 8). Christ's desolation on the Cross was the last watch of the night of the former covenant, and at the same time the dawn of another day, during which "thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and shall inhabit the desolate cities. * * * For many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband" (Is. liv., 3). Those children will be gathered in or rather born from amongst the nations (the Alienigenae, Idumæa, Moab), and as the trusted Joab was the appointed leader in the campaign referred to in this psalm (see title), so will the Apostles go forth, armed with the King's commission and flying the Royal Ensign of the Cross, to make disciples "of the nations; them also I must bring and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." The spirit that breathes through this psalm, therefore, is that contained in the words:

"Et super Crucis trophaeo
Dic triumphum nobilem:
Qualiter Redemptor orbis
Immolatus vicerit."

Christ when He died
Deceived the Cross,
And on Death's side
Threw all the loss.
The captive world awaked and found
The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.
* * * * * * *
O strange, mysterious strife
Of open Death and hidden Life!
When on the Cross my King did bleed,
Life seemed to die, Death died indeed.

—*Richard Crashaw.*

END OF NONE FER. IV.

(To be continued: Fer. V., VI. Sobb.)

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THE CATHOLIC PILGRIM AND EXPLORER IN THE DAWN OF GEOGRAPHY.

"A true devoted pilgrim is not weary to measure kingdoms with his feeble steps."—Shakespeare.

"THE expansion of Europe in the way of geographical progress," writes Beazley on the opening page of his monumental work on that subject, "is commonly spoken of as if it affected only that modern world which the fifteenth century saw gradually evolved out of the mediæval. But few have troubled themselves to inquire how those forces that displayed themselves with such effect in the lifetime of Columbus were stored and matured in the long middle age of preparation, or how the great successes of the Columbian period were led up to by the futile ventures or partial triumphs of the thirty generations that lay between the two periods of European ascendancy."[1] It is of this neglected period of preparation for future attainment that we would here speak, and especially of that share in geographical progress wherein the Church bore a direct part through her religious and missionary activities; for, as another authority tells us, the main causes leading up to geographical exploration and discovery have been four: "Commercial intercourse between different countries; the operations of war; pilgrimages and missionary zeal, and in later times, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake,"[2] which the writer quoted considers the highest of all motives. While this religious factor in geographical progress has often found generous recognition among more eminent writers, it is not always made prominent in the ordinary textbook, nor perhaps adequately realized by Catholics themselves, since the records of our pilgrims, missionaries and other religious travelers have more often been studied in a spirit of simple devotion than with any thought of their scientific bearing. A little consideration, however, will make this bearing evident, while in no way lessening the spiritual value of their records, for, as will not be difficult to show, these same humble pilgrims and missionaries, although not primarily impelled by the motive just now designated as the "highest"—"the love of knowledge for its own sake"—but rather by a desire to glorify God and win souls for Him, were yet instrumental to no small extent in advancing the horizon of geographical knowledge. "During six centuries," to quote again from our former author, "these religious travels represented the most active enterprise of Latin Christendom": "the pilgrims were the pioneers of the growth of Europe and of Chris-

[1] Beazley: "Dawn of Geography," Vol. I. p. 1.

[2] Clements Markham, Sec. Roy. Geo. Soc.: "Brit. Ency.," "Geo."

tendom until Charlemagne, in one sense; in another and a broader sense, until the Crusades":[3] and again, "Our chief knowledge of the geography of Europe between 500 and 1000 A. D. is given in the reports of successive pilgrims."[4] Very early in the Church's life, Christian pilgrimage sprang into being, inspired by an intense desire to visit the spots hallowed by our Lord's footsteps, to realize more vividly and to honor more profoundly the acts and sufferings of the God-Man in the wondrous mystery of His Incarnation. How profoundly the Christian consciousness of the first ages was stirred by this impulse we shall soon see, but to realize fully its bearing on our subject, we must cast a glance over the classic world and form for ourselves a picture of conditions in the Roman Empire, not only as it existed under the Cæsars and the Antonines, but throughout its decadence and the slow upgrowth of mediæval life, keeping always in mind these two facts: First, that Roman territory was becoming ever more and more circumscribed, not only by the division of the Empire into East and West, with the final alienation of Byzantium, but by the gradual rise of Moslem power, pressing from South and East, upon the one-time mistress of the world, and wresting from her grasp her fairest trans-Mediterranean provinces. And again, that during this same period of internal division and Saracenic pressure, Europe was increasingly harassed by barbarian invasion from the North, until Christian civilization became involved in a life and death struggle for existence; learning came to a standstill; trade, except through Byzantium, sank to a minimum, while travel was beset by such dangers and difficulties that but for the strong incentive of religious zeal and the encouragement bestowed upon it from religious motives, it would practically have ceased to be undertaken.

Only through extensive missionary travel, however, had the Church been founded, a travel then facilitated by the unity of the Roman Empire. According to universal tradition, the Apostles, or their immediate successors, had carried the Gospel into Asia Minor, Arabia, Syria, Armenia, Parthia, North Africa, and even to Persia and India, lands on the very confines of the then known Orient, while on the western frontiers of the Empire, Britain, and possibly "Scotia," had been early visited. So that even before the conversion of Constantine, Christians could boast with much truth that the "name of Christ had been borne into all lands and His word to the ends of the world."[5] Of a Church so founded, travel was to continue a distinguishing characteristic. "The ends of the world," however, were found to be a constantly receding quantity. During

[3] Beazley: "Dawn of Geo.," Vol. I., p. 11; "Henry the Navigator," p. 76.
[4] Appleton: "Story of Geographical Discovery," p. 52.
[5] Justin Martyr: "Dial. c., 117; Tertullian: "Apol.," 37; Adv. Jud. 7.

the period of Greek influence, the simple geography of Homer had been constantly expanding to meet the advance of knowledge. Geographical enterprise had not been wanting in those early days. Phœnician and Greek alike, by colonization and maritime adventure, had accumulated an amount of knowledge, both theoretical and practical, into which the Roman entered as heir to enrich its content —though adding little to its theory—by his wars of conquest and extensive system of commerce. The sphericity of the earth had been generally received, in the learned world, since the time of Thales and Aristotle. Eratosthenes, the first systematic Greek geographer, had given a fairly accurate measurement of the circumference of our little globe (276-196 B. C.). Strabo, of the Augustan age, had built upon the data of Eratosthenes, and introduced the gnomen to determine geographical latitudes, while finally, Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., expanded the world-view still farther, and projected his "mappa mundi" on definitely scientific principles.

To the Roman, then, of the days of Hadrian and the Antonines, was offered a twofold picture of the "orpis terrarum," between which he was free to choose: The simpler conception of Strabo, representing the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, but in curtailed proportions, floating like one great island upon a circumambient ocean, Africa being cut off above the equator, Asia limited to its western half, while both Europe and Asia were foreshortened toward the north; or the more grandiose view of Ptolemy, who greatly extended the land surface of our globe by reducing Strabo's equatorial ocean to an enclosed Indian Sea, beyond which Africa reached southward and Asia far to the east. Apparently the earlier conception was the more popular, that of Ptolemy "the luxury of the select few." It flattered the pride of the Roman to believe his empire literally world-wide,[6] although certain classic voyages whispered of a vague "beyond." Unfortunately, Strabo had still farther limited the area of the "habitable world" by his idea of "climates" or "zones." Of the five geographical zones, only the north temperate was adapted to be the "habitat" of man. The polar regions were wholly barren and desolate, while the equatorial belt was insupportable to life from its intense heat,[7] and was therefore conveniently filled with a central ocean whose waves, boiling beneath the fierce solar rays, formed an impassable barrier between the known world and any such Southern or Antipodean continent as had been conjectured by Aristotle,[8] and a little later by Crates of Pergamum.[9] To these unfortunate theories of Strabo was due much of

[6] See Reinaud: "Relations de l'Empire Romain avec l'Asie Orientale."
[7] Lardner's "Inland and Maritime Discovery," Vol. I., p. 89.
[8] Aristotle: "Meteorologica," II., 5, No. 10.
[9] Beazley: "Dawn of Geography," Vol. I., p. 377.

the terror of maritime adventure among Europeans later, and a certain hesitancy of the fathers in accepting the doctrine of the antipodes (as inhabited), while distinctly teaching the sphericity of the earth.[10] The practical Roman soldier and merchant, meanwhile, for the great needs of war and trade, depended little upon "mappi mundi" of any school (although for the instruction of youth, such maps were made and displayed on the porticoes of great public buildings at Rome). He relied rather on the much more accurate and detailed "Itineraria," "picta" or "annotata," drawn or written for land travel, and upon the "periplus," or coasting chart, for travel by sea.

In the "Itineraria picta" all the great roads were painted with details, as to name, extent and character of the provinces through which they passed, given with great accuracy and minutiæ,[11] while the periplus rendered the same service for coasting routes and harbors. The only known example of the "Itinerarium Pictum" still existing is the magnificent specimen preserved in the National Library at Vienna, brought to light by Conrad Peutinger in 1507, and known as the "Peutinger Table." In its original form, it may possibly date back to the Emperor Severus, A. D. 230. The present copy is supposed to be the work of a monk of the thirteenth century.[12] It was to these Itineraries that the Christian pilgrim turned for guidance on his perilous journey from far distant lands, and they form the exemplars for those composed later by the pilgrims themselves, though the latter were "annotata," or verbal rather than "picta," giving a full account of the places visited.

While the number of the pilgrims to the Holy Land is legion, that of their Itineraries is naturally limited. A few of the more famous may be found treasured in the great libraries of the world. Of some, numerous manuscripts exist, others are but fragments. They have been edited with scholarly care and thus furnish a trustworthy synopsis of pilgrim travel up to the Crusades. The standard edition of the MS. is that of Tobler, Molinier and Köhler, published in the geographical series of the "Societé de l'Orient-Latin," under the title, "Itinera Hierosolymitana et Descriptiones Terrae Sanctae." The best English translation is that furnished by the Palestine Pilgrim's Text Society. While the era of pilgrimage may be said to date from the famous visit of St. Helena to Jerusalem at the time of the discovery of the true Cross, individual pilgrimages carry us even farther back. Hardly had the Apostles ventured forth from the seclusion of the upper chamber, sealed with the fires of Pente-

[10] Bede: "De Natura Rerum," cxlvi., 118.
[11] Lardner: "In. and Mar. Disc.," Vol. I., p. 104; Appleton: "Story of Geo.," p. 50.
[12] Lardner: Vol. I., p. 156; "Brit. Ency." Peutinger Table.

cost, than the pilgrim began to appear at Jerusalem. "It would be tedious," writes St. Jerome in his famous Epistle "ad Marcellam," "to run through every age from the Ascension of our Lord to the present day and enumerate all the Bishops, martyrs, the men eminent in ecclesiastical learning, who have come to Jerusalem because they would have considered themselves possessed of less piety and knowledge had they not, as the phrase is, received this crowning stroke of virtue and adored Christ in those very places whence the Gospel first began to diffuse itself from the summit of the Cross."

Eusebius and Orosius furnish us with memorials of early Greek pilgrims, for whom the journey would have been a comparatively short and safe one. The author of the "Cohortatio ad Graecos," a writer of the second century, quoted by them, is said to have visited Syria and seen the caves traditionally identified as the scene of the labors of the seventy translators of the Old Testament.[13] Beazley begins his list of Christian pilgrims with the somewhat problematic Gallic matron said by Gregory of Tours[14] to have visited Jerusalem 31 A. D. (just two years after the Ascension, if we accept 4 B. C. as the true date of the Nativity). He also records a shadowy British pilgrim, Quillius, who harkens back to the year 40 A. D. Passing these by, we reach firmer ground with Alexander Flavianus, a Bishop of Cappadocia and friend of Origen, whom all authorities agree visited Jerusalem in 212 A. D. In 216 A. D. the great doctor himself followed, bearing witness to the widespread knowledge, even among unbelievers, as to the locus of the "Cave" in Bethlehem, and its identity with the scene of our Saviour's birth.[15] About 240 A. D. Firmilian is said by Jerome to have gone to Jerusalem "sub occasione sanctorum locorum."[16] The fourth century ushers in a group of pilgrims from North Italy. Antoninus the Elder, John the Presbyter, Alexander the Bishop, who made the Syrian pilgrimage, visiting Jerusalem and Sinai. We have now reached the era of Helena, from whose time on the number of pilgrims rapidly increased, for not only was devotion stimulated by the discovery of the holy relics, but with the conversion of Constantine increased facilities of travel were offered and provision made for the safety of pilgrims. In 330, we meet with three venerable eremites from distant Cologne, with others from Western Europe, while from the East came Eutropia, mother-in-law of the Emperor. The year 333 brings us face to face with the "Bordeaux Pilgrim," compiler of the first of those famous Itineraries which not only guided countless subsequent pilgrims, but proved of the greatest value in keeping alive

[13] Eus.: "Hist. Ecc.," II., 12; Oros: "Hist." III., 6; "Brit. Ency.," "Pilgrim" [11th ed.].
[14] "De Gloria Mart," cap. 12.
[15] "Contra Celsum," l. I., 351.
[16] "Vir. Illust.," cap. 54.

the memory of routes and countries, practically closed to Western Europe for 500 years after the rise of Islam.

The Bordeaux chronicle, though only a fragment, ranks among the most clear and exact of Roman guides, "modeled upon the Imperial survey of the Antonines." The route followed runs through North Italy, Aquileia, Sirmium, Constantinople and Asia Minor. Upon the same course, thousands of nameless pilgrims journeyed in the next 300 years, some few of whom have left us an account, "religious in form, but containing in substance the widest view of the globe then possible among Westerns."[17] Next, both in time and importance, amongst these pilgrim itineraries, stands the "Peregrinatio Silviae," which gives us interesting glimpses of Lower Egypt, Stony or Sinaitic Arabia, and even Edessa in Mesopotamia: the city of St. Thomas and Abgarus, "the correspondent of Jesus Christ," on the very borders of heathen and hostile Persia. Silvia visited Heshbon of the Amorites, the giant cities of Bashan, the hills of Balak and of Balaam; Mount Nebo, whence Moses had viewed the Promised Land, and took her way from Jerusalem toward Carneas (the Denaba of Gen. xxxvi., 32), "near the home of Job," on the borders of Idumea and Arabia. "To see the monks," she wanders through Osrhöene, comes to Haran, near which was the home of Abraham, the farm of Laban and the well of Rachel. She is checked near Nisibis, lost to Rome by Julian's defeat, "ubimodo, accessus Romanorum non est," and journeys back to Antioch by Padan-Aram; compares the Euphrates, which she crosses, with the Rhone, and returns home by the great military road between Tarsus and the Bosphorus, "having escaped a thousand dangers from Isaurian brigands."[18] Silvia makes no mention in her writings of St. Jerome, who was soon to become, however, the central figure among the Western pilgrims, with whom Bethlehem and Jerusalem were now crowded. Many were driven thither by fear of impending danger, for within ten years of Jerome's death Alaric had sacked Rome!

The "Peregrinatio" of Paula, well known as the friend of Jerome, has found many transcribers. It is, however, largely topographical, the geographical interest being chiefly confined to her journey through Samaria, Egypt, Alexandria and Nitria. She is followed by Eusebius of Cremona, who visited St. Jerome about 394. We must now pass by a number of pilgrims recorded both by Jerome and

[17] Beazley: "Henry the Navigator," p. 33.

[18] Many critics doubt whether Silvia of Aquitaine were really the author of this Peregrinatio. Gamurrini, however, who discovered the only known text in the library of Arezzo, believes she was, and that she was a sister of Rufinus, Prefect of the East under Theodosius I., whose journey from Jerusalem to Egypt is recorded in the "Historia Lausica" of Palladius. Beazley: "Dawn of Geography," Vol. I., p. 79 note. Silvia professes to write for the benefit of some nuns in Gaul.

by Migne in his "Greek and Latin Fathers," pausing only to mention St. Alexius of Rome, a wide traveler, whose saintly incognito won him a romantic interest during the Middle Ages. The year 400 A. D. saw a great concourse of pilgrims wending their way from Narbonne to Carthage, and thence to Alexandria and Palestine, while St. Jerome in one letter[19] alludes to monks from India, Persia and Ethiopia arriving daily at the Holy City in great numbers.

We now meet with a number of Spanish pilgrimages, upon which it would be interesting to dwell, did time permit. In the year 412 Pelagius, the famous British heresiarch, came in pilgrim guise to Palestine from the distant shores of his native isle. Again it is a band of noble women who are forced by enemies to pass to the Holy Land through Egypt. In 415, Orosius, friend of Augustine, and the "religiosus juvenis" of his epistles, appears in Palestine and, in addition to geographical services, brings the relic of St. Stephen to the West.[20] The journey of St. Melania furnishes our fourth pilgrim itinerary, but though full of detail, offers little of fresh geographical interest. A little later, St. Petronius of Bologna travels through Syria and Egypt, building on his return a replica of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, taken from his own measurements, for the edification of his flock.

Passing over many minor pilgrimages, we reach an era of renewed zeal under Justinian. His reign witnessed also a revival of commercial relations between East and West.[21] We may mention as bearing on our subject his employment of missionary monks to bring the silkworm from China to Byzantium, the development of intercourse with the Ethiopian Christians of Abyssinia, in whose company "Roman merchants penetrated almost to the equator," gaining also a foothold in Malabar and Ceylon. All this and much more is told us by Cosmas Indicopleustes, the "traveler to India," who, beginning life as a merchant, became later a writer and the defender of St. Augustine against certain Greek heretics, closing his long career as a monk of Monte Cassino. The religious cosmology of Cosmas has called down ridicule upon his head, but his observations as a traveler are of real value, and make us deplore the loss of his chief geographical work. In his "Christian Topography," however, he modestly tells us that it treated of "all the regions of the world: of coast lands and islands, of the countries of the South, from Alexandria to the ocean; of the Nile and its tributaries; of the Arabian Gulf; of the peoples of Ethiopia and Egypt."[22] His Topography speaks directly of the burning desert of Africa, of its

[19] "Epist.," cvii.
[20] Bede: "De Actatibus Mundi," vi.
[21] Gibbon: "Rome," ch. 40. Yules: "Cathay," Preface; Beazley: "Dawn of Geo.," Vol. I., p. 96, p. 189 sq.
[22] Montfauçon: "Cosmas" Bk. xi., quoted by Beazley: Vol. I., p. 278.

coast, of the Negro and gold trade; of the Island of Sieladiva, or Ceylon, the "Taprobane" of the Greeks, and of the Malabar coast of India. His references to the Christianity of Ceylon and Malabar are those of an eye-witness. These references are most interesting in connection with the apparent efforts of Justinian to promote closer intercourse with Eastern Christians as well as to reopen old trade routes. But the once invincible majesty of Rome was declining. The Coptic pilgrim "Scholasticus," who journeyed to Malabar and Ceylon in the fifth century, was imprisoned for six years as a spy—an affront which Rome would once have never brooked. Henceforth we must look to religious zeal rather than mercantile effort to brave the dangers of a hostile East.

By the seventh century, all the great trade routes of Asia and the Levant are in Moslem hands. Pilgrimage now turns largely to Rome, yet those to the East continue, though attended with increasing difficulty. In this cycle of pilgrims, we note many from newly converted lands in the extremities of Europe, to whom the East was almost wholly unknown. About 680 occurred the pilgrimage of the Frankish Bishop Arculf, who "struggled from France to Syria and thence by many wanderings to Scotland." His valuable record was put into literary shape by Adamnan, abbot of Iona, to whom he related its details, when driven thither by shipwreck, and later, by Bede,[23] who lent it a popularity which did good service to the cause of geography as well as pilgrimage. Our next pilgrim, Willebald, was a prince of Kentish blood, nephew of Boniface, the great Apostle of Germany, whom with his sister, Walpurga, he afterwards joined, so that we have in him a link between pilgrim and missionary travel. Willebald's first goal was simply Rome. Hither his royal relatives, Ina and Ceadwalla of Wessex, had already preceded him when with his father and brother, he was stirred "to explore the unknown regions of foreign parts." Together they crossed the "vasty deep" of the British Channel, "ascended the Seine to Rouen and going thence from place to place, came at last to Redmont, having crossed in safety the brigand-infested passes of the Alps. At Lucca his father dies,[24] but with a little band of followers, the two brothers press on to Rome, and finally to the East. The whole record is one of hardship and danger. Twice the pilgrims suffer imprisonment, and death more than once seems imminent before they again reach Byzantium, after seven years of travel. The itinerary of Willebald gives a vivid picture of the state of the Christian world in its relation to Mohammedan power about the year 720. It is supplemented by that of Bernard the Wise, who describes the

[23] Bede: "De Locis Sanctis," p. 403.

[24] His tomb at S. Frediano was shown to John Evelyn in 1645. See "Diary," May 12, 1645.

people of Southern Italy swept off as slaves to Moslem countries; the Campagna of Rome overrun with brigands; Christian travelers fearing to move save in armed bands; the Arab dominion at its height, controlling all lands between the Pyrenees and the Sahara, the Sea of Aral and the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic and the Indus. One hundred years before, in 615 A. D., Jerusalem had been stormed and sacked by Chosroes of Persia and the true Cross carried across the Tigris, while in 637 the Holy City definitely surrendered to the Caliph Omar. Then insult and violence became the pilgrim's lot: pilgrimages, nevertheless, continuing in such numbers as to call forth restrictive legislation by the Church.

But brighter days were at hand. In 732, just 100 years after Mohammed's death, came the day of trial between Christendom and Islam, on the battlefield of Tours. The scales trembled in the balance, but Christendom triumphed, and though the strife was not ended, the vantage was never wholly lost. Under the Carlovingians, Europe became compacted, prestige in the East was regained, trade and social order began to reassert themselves. The famous embassy of Charlemagne to Haroun Al Raschid[25] bears witness to renewed communication, while the yearly Bazaar opened at Jerusalem for the exchange of goods between East and West, speaks of reviving commerce.[26] But we must now turn to a survey of Europe, where missionary travel and exploration largely replaces pilgrimage in its service to geography. The MS. of Willibald preserved in the library of Carlsruhe, known as the "Codex Augiensis," closes with the commission of Pope Gregory III. to the writer to join his kinsman Boniface in Germany. But Boniface was by no means the earliest of missionary explorers. Already the laobrs of Ulphilas among the Goths (Arian though he were), had opened up to Christian Europe a large tract of land beyond the Danube, St. Ninan had returned from studies in Rome to build his "Casa Candida" in Galloway and then fare forth to convert the Picts of the Grampian Hills. In 430 Palladius had been sent to the same distant field. Kentigern had penetrated into Wales, and from his monastic school of Llan Elwy apostolic bands had gone forth to Norway and to isles in the dim Northwest.[27]

But above all, the zeal of St. Patrick had given to Christendom "a country that had never been Roman and was practically unknown to Continental Europe." Ptolemy had an approximate idea of its outline; it remained for monk and missionary to explore its interior. "But the new Christian life," writes Maclear, "beat too strongly to brook confinement even within these limits. It was an era of pagan

[25] Eginhart: "Life of Charlemagne," xvi.
[26] "Jerusalem"—Besant and Palmer.
[27] Drane: "Christian Schools and Scholars," p. 40, p. 139.

invasion throughout Continental Europe and Celtic Christianity flung itself with a zeal that seemed to take the world by storm into battle with the heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world."[28] "From the Orkneys to the Thames, from the sources of the Rhine to the shores of the Channel, from the Seine to the Scheldt the missionary work of the 'Scot' was extended, nor did it hesitate to brave the dangers of stormy and icy seas in bearing the message of the Gospel to the Fāroe Isles and even to distant Iceland." From his low island of "barren gneiss rock," among the windswept Hebrides, Columba sent forth his dauntless bands to carry the Gospel farther into Caledonia "than Agricola had ever carried the Roman eagles." Brude, "Lord of Inverness and the Isles," was soon converted. A little group of monks set forth for the North. "And if they reach the Orcadian Isles, do thou," besought Columba of his royal convert, "shield them from harm." Aidan penetrated Northumbrian forests to Lindisfarne. Columbanus crossed the North Sea to become the Apostle of Burgundy, the Vosges and the Juras. St. Gall climbed the icy summits of the Alps, while "the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing before him over Lake Constance." St. Killian fell in the forests of Thuringia. Trudpert was martyred in the Black Forest, Virgilius in Carinthia. St. Cataldus explored the rocky fastnesses of the Apennines to Tarentum. Fursa labored in the fens and marshes of Flanders. Fridolin made his way up the Rhine. "Strange indeed," continues Maclear, "to heathen Suevian or Alemanni must these Celtic missionaries have appeared, traveling generally in companies of twelve, their outfit a short pastoral staff, a wallet for food, with a leathern bottle for water or milk and a case of service books."

Among these Irish monks, Dicuil ranks highest as a geographer and "for his time a scientist of unusual merit." Writing from his northern convent in 825, he pauses in his manuscript, "De Mensura Orbis Terrae," to describe the discovery of "Thule" by his brother monks. About thirty years before, in the year of Christ 795, a party of his countrymen, in search of solitude, visited "Thule," remaining from February to August. Dicuil then describes the solstial phenomena of a high latitude: the midnight sun of summer, adding his inferences as to an Arctic winter. He tells of the "open sea around Thule," together with the "wall of ice" encountered a day's sail farther north. He then adds that earlier expeditions had been made by his countrymen in the same direction: to his personal knowledge, Scottish hermits had frequented such solitudes for nearly 100 years.[29] We know that when the Northmen, under Floke, reached

[28] Geo. F. Maclear, D. D., London College, "Dict. Chr. Antiquities." Also Bede: "Ecc. Hist.," Bks. iii., iv., v.

[29] "De Mensura Orb. Ter.," vii., 11-13, quoted by Beazley, Vol. I., p. 227.

Iceland about 874, they found numerous relics attesting Irish Christian occupancy: bells, wooden crosses and books in Gaelic characters. They even allude explicitly to settlements on the southern coast, while Icelandic chronicles name Kirk-iubui as the residence of the "papae," who "deserted the Island later from aversion to the pagan colonists."[30] Dicuil has also much to tell us of other parts of the world as gathered from classic and Christian itineraries, closing with an account of the presents sent to Charlemagne from the East as already related. We turn now to the pioneer work done by Anglo-Saxon monks, of which Beazley speaks as "a counterpart of Celtic work, begun by Gregory the Great, which widened the geographical horizon and carried with it an expansion of the civilized world." In 690 A. D. Willibrod and his companions began their work in Frisia, then a vast tract of low-lying land between the Rhine and the Elbe, much of which was overflowed in the great inundation of 1227 A. D.[31] and is now covered by the Zuyder Zee.

Of his long wanderings through Friesland and Denmark, of his landing at Heligoland and breaking the awful silence demanded by its tutelary god with the Invocation of the Blessed Trinity, many of us have read. Later he was joined by Boniface, destined to become both the apostle and explorer of Germany, since he was directed by the Pope to give a geographical description of the countries he visited,[32] which included Thuringia, Hesse, Franconia, Passau, Bavaria—and, in short, all the provinces between Utrecht and the Rhetian Alps—farther, indeed, for he won his crown of martyrdom on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. Among the many disciples of Boniface, one of the most picturesque figures is that of the young Sturmi, the child-oblate, traveling later, axe in hand, through the forests of Bavaria, exploring the upper courses of the River Fulda, to found at last the great monastery of that name as an outpost of civilization for Teutonic tribes. Yet scarcely a century later, it seemed as if all this work of exploration and conversion had been wrought in vain! From their rocky fiörds, the Vikings and Sea-dragons of the North came forth to be the terror of Europe. Upon lands recently won to the faith they swooped down, harrying, pillaging, burning, leaving behind a trail of fire and blood, till from every coast town in Europe went up the prayer, "From the wrath of the Norseman, deliver us, O Lord!" Yet these fierce sons of Thor and Odin were in their turn to acknowledge the power of the Cross and become the "foremost champions and most daring expanders of Christendom." The Norseman was a born

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30 "Landnama," Book 10, iv., cit., quoted by Lardner.
31 Koëppen: "World in the Middle Ages," p. 165, n.
32 Lardner, Vol. I., p. 227.

explorer and colonizer. As a servant of the Cross, his overflowing energy was to send a new thrill of life through Europe. Already his discoveries in the North had won fresh lands for the Church to convert. As pilgrim and Crusader ,he was to carry her banner to the limit of Eastern advance. In 787 the Vikings first landed in England, in 874 they began to colonize Iceland, in 877 they first "sighted" Greenland," while in 862 the Viking kingdom of Novgorod had been founded by Ruric, in Russia.[33] The pioneers of the Church followed hard upon their steps. Between 981 and 1000 A. D., both Iceland and Greenland had become Catholic, while in 1121, Bishop Eric of Greenland sailed from Eric's Fiörd to convert the settlers of that mysterious Vinland, which formed the farthest Western outpost of the Northman. But more than a century earlier, the work of Scandinavian conversion had begun, and had been placed by the Church under the charge of the See of Hamburg-Bremen.

In the archives of that church still exist letters-patent from Louis le Debonnaire (834 A. D.), and a Bull of Gregory IV. (835 A. D.), conferring on the Church of Hamburg, among other privileges, that of converting the heathen in Iceland and Greenland.[34] Hamburg was the see of the intrepid Ansgar, the great Apostle of the North, who left his Benedictine home at Corvey to spend the remainder of his life in continual journeyings through Jutland, Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. From his time onward, "everywhere old boundaries were being broken down by the slow, steady progress of Christianity along the North German plain and in the woods, hills and heaths of Scandinavia." It is from the pages of Adam of Bremen,[35] himself both explorer and chronicler, that we learn much of the history of this progress. Having traveled through Saxony, Thuringia and Denmark, Adam spent some time at the latter court at the invitation of its King, Svend Estridson, famous for his knowledge of Northern lands. Three books of Adam's valuable record are occupied with the history of the see of which he was a canon. The fourth is devoted to a geographical description of the "Islands of the North." The Scandinavian peninsula was at that time accounted an island, Adam himself being the first to throw doubt upon that "classic" conception. To him we owe the first definite mention (outside of Icelandic saga) of the discovery of Vinland, as well as much valuable information regarding the Baltic Sea, the interior of Jutland and Sweden, partly drawn from

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[33] Beazley: "Henry the Nav.," ch. ii.
[34] Lardner: Vol. I., pp. 218-224, also "Anschar," in "Cath. Ency." Beazley: Vol. II., p. 516 n.
[35] "Gesta Ham. Ecclesiae," quoted by Beazley, Vol. II., ch. 8. See also Adalbert: "Cath. Ency." "Adam of Bremen," in "Cath. Ency."

earlier records of St. Ansgar; and of Western Russia, which was still an unknown land.

Adam had exceptional opportunities for geographical information, since his great patron, Adalbert, Prince-Bishop of Bremen, had made his episcopal capital a "Rome or Athens of the North." Here distinguished travelers from all parts of the world might be met and the "latest news heard from Rome, Compostella and Jerusalem, on the one hand, of Iceland, Norway, Greenland and the Baltic coast on the other, even catching a faint hint, at times, of the new-found lands in the far Northwest." From other sources we learn that the first missionary to Iceland was Thorwald Kodranson, "the Wanderer," accompanied by a Saxon Bishop named Friedrich, by whom he had been baptized in the course of his travels.[36] The first Papal mention of Icelandic conversion seems to be by Leo IX. in 1053. In 1055, Islief, Bishop of Iceland, was made a suffragan of Bremen. In both Iceland and Greenland Christianity was formally introduced by Olaf Tryggvesson, the warlike convert King of Norway. Greenland received its Bishops regularly from Europe and paid an annual Peter's Pence of 2,600 pounds of walrus teeth till the year 1418, when the colony disappeared from history. (A vessel from Europe is said to have brought the Black Death to their shores.)[37]

About the year 890 two Norwegian nobles, Othere and Wulfstan, took refuge at the court of Alfred the Great. Knowing the King's interest in geographical matters, and that he was collecting material for a new description of Europe, they offered themselves for his service. Alfred had sent out various captains to "explore as much of the world as was practical," and gladly accepted their offer. Othere, who dwelt in Halgoland, was sent north, Wulfstan south. The result of their combined voyages was to put their lord, King Alfred, in possession of a complete Periplus of the coasts of Norway and Lapland, round the White Sea and the Gulf of Riga to the land of the Samoyeds on the one hand and of the Baltic, Wendland, the Vistula, Poulina-land or Poland, Gardirika (Novgorod), the Don and Estland (Russia), on the other. Othere told his lord how he had borne three days north from Halgoland with the wide sea to right and left, "as far as the whale hunters ever go." Of the mouth of a great river (the Dwina), and of an inhabited land beyond—the modern Perm and Archangel; of his traffic with the Finns and the men of Biarmaland (Archangel), while Wulfstan recounted his seven days' cruise from Sleswick to the Vistula with his adventures beyond, in Wendland and Estland.

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[36] "Landnama Bok," p. 199, quoted by T. Nicoll: "Iceland, Greeland and the Faroes."

[37] Lardner: Vol. I., p. 218.

All this the King incorporated in his "Orosius," for his description of Europe was based on that of the Spanish monk and geographer of the fifth century. He added also the details of German topography, drawn from the writings of St. Boniface, which furnish us with the best extant account of the Germany of the ninth century. But Alfred did not rest here. He had visited Rome as a child, and longed to repeat the pilgrimage. Royal duties preventing, he had from the time of his great victory over the Danes, established a yearly pilgrimage to the threshold of the Apostles and vowed alms to the Christians of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew in India. These he sent by the hands of Sighelm and Athelstan,[38] the latter a West Saxon, the former a Northman or Dane; presents of spices, silks, gums and Eastern shawls being sent by the Malabar Christians in return, as William of Malmesbury recounts. By the beginning of the eleventh century, the fair-haired, blue-eyed, huge-limbed sea rover from the North had begun to be a conspicuous figure among the Christian pilgrims to the East.

First among them we may note the Icelander, Thorwald Kodranson, Harald Hardrada and Sigurd Jorsala-fari, "the Jerusalem farer." The life of Harald reads like one long romance, and Christian though he were, he was none the less a typical sea king. He had fought with wild beasts at Byzantium, he had bathed in the Jordan and cleared the Syrian roads of robbers. He had stormed eighty castles in Africa, succored the Icelanders in famine and lived as a prince in Northumberland and Russia. By his own boast, he had sailed all around Europe and hoped for time to seek new lands and so perfect a life of unmatched adventure by one of unmatched discovery.[39] Sigurd, the Jerusalem farer, visited the Holy City, rather as a crusader than a pilgrim. In the autumn of 1107, he sailed from Norway, landed first at England, then made his way to Spain to assist the Christians against the Moors, was greeted as kinsman by Duke Roger of Sicily, son of Robert Guiscard. Landing at last at Joppa, he assisted King Baldwin in several battles against the infidel, and received from the patriarch of Jerusalem a fragment of the true Cross. Among humbler Norse pilgrims we may name Sighvat, the Skald, St. Olaf's friend and favorite singer; Alfin Haraldson, grandson of Canute the Great; Svein Nordbaggi, Bishop of Roskilde; Lagman Gudrödson, King of Man and the Isles, to which list we may add Eric the Good, King of Denmark.[40]

The time, however, was now past when individual pilgrimage, or Itinerary, could offer any fresh contribution to geography. The era

[38] William of Malmesbury, Bk. ii., quoted by Beazley.
[39] Harold Hardrada's "Sagach." vi.-xii., quoted by Beazley, Vol. II., p. 107.
[40] Riant: "Expeditions des Scandinaves en Terre Sainte."

of the Crusades had arrived, themselves a vast pilgrimage. As such, they were to exert a potent influence on geographical progress, not so much by any direct achievement as by the general quickening and broadening of thought, the expansion of mental vision they induced, with the awakening of a new spirit of scientific enterprise. The Crusades did, however, have two direct results bearing on geography. They reopened to the West the great trade routes of Asia, and they greatly stimulated maritime trade by securing "that indispensable command of the sea by which alone Syrian ports could be reduced." Meantime a series of events had startled the Christian world. In 1010 occurred the destruction of the Holy Sepulchre by the Caliph Hakim, followed in 1065 by the resignation of the temporal power of the Caliphs into the hands of the Seljuk Turks. These latter speedily began a systematic attack upon the Byzantine Empire, winning back to their control the whole of Asia Minor. Other conquests followed, till Christendom rose as one body and at the Council of Clermont the cry rang forth that God willed a Holy War for the recapture of Jerusalem. In the following summer, the great host set forth, and in three short years, despite loss, suffering and the sins and shortcomings of the Crusaders themselves, the great object was achieved and the Cross planted on the walls of Sion. And now again the West poured itself into the East, as it had not done since the fourth century. "The missionaries, merchants and travelers who followed the crusading armies to the Euphrates and crept along the caravan routes to Ceylon and the China Sea, added Central and Farther Asia, 'Thesauri, Arabum et divitis Indiae,' to the knowledge of Christendom."[41] One of the first to aid in this aftermath of travel and discovery was the English Saewulf, "a merchant who was in the habit of confessing to Bishop Wulfstan of Worcester,"[42] and who finally became a monk of Malmesbury Abbey, in accordance with a prophecy made by the good Bishop many years before.

Unlike earlier travelers, Saewulf made his pilgrimage to the Holy Land largely by sea. For thirteen weeks he "dwelt on the waves." His route lay by Monopoli in Apulia, Corfu, Corinth, Athens, Rhodes and thence to Myra in Lycia, landing at last at Jaffa. His narrative includes a list of the chief pilgrim ports of Europe and the Levant, with many details as to the Ionian Islands, the whole record showing a great recent increase of European influence in the South Mediterranean. A Russian pilgrim, Daniel of Kiev, now gives us an interesting insight into the degree of communion still existing between the Eastern and Western Churches at his era (1106-7), as well as

[41] Beazley: "Henry the Navigator," p. 19.
[42] William Malmesbury, quoted by T. Wright, "Biog. Brit. Lit.," p. 38.

of an eastern route to Syria, "through a country inhabited by people the most unwashen of all the men whom God has made." Adelard of Bath, from a purely literary tour, brings home "rich spoil of precious manuscript." Individual record, however, gives us little grasp of the movement as a whole, its special virtue lying in the meeting and intermingling of different nationalities, who thus learned from one another. Adelard was a monk interested in philosophy and mathematics rather than geography. But he had studied Arabic and learned much indirectly from Arab travelers and geographers, then the great authorities in the East. The introduction at this time of a knowledge of Arabic geography into Christian circles led to a revival of interest in classic geographical theories, and was pregnant with great results. The Norman Duke, Roger of Sicily, secured the services of Edrisi, surnamed the "Arabic Ptolemy," as his court geographer. Spanish prelates, a century earlier, had learned to profit by Moslem science, one of the first evidences of which may be seen in the translation of an Arab (geographical) almanac by Bishop Harib of Cordova in 961,[43] a second in the erection of the Toledo Observatory by Alphonso VI., "served by Jews and Moslems," in which geographical tables and dictionaries were prepared and geographical instruments constructed. At Oxford the geographical interest excited was so great that Giraldus Cambrensis[44] was compelled to read his tract in public three days running, the first to the poor, the second to clerks, while the third day was open to general auditors.

Bishop Emon, of Gröningen, supplemented his chronicle of a crusade by a detailed account of all the countries through which the Crusaders passed. New maps were made and a spirit of maritime adventure aroused. Here, however, Arabic pseudo-science, with its tales of an encircling Sea of Darkness[45] and treacherous vortices in mid-ocean, to say nothing of the danger of being turned black on crossing the equator, was a handicap on Christian enterprise. A new danger, meantime, was threatening Christendom. As the power of Islam waned, that of the Mongol Tartars increased. Christian feeling was divided between horror of the atrocities committed by them in Eastern Europe and a hope, excited by their opposition to Islam, of their conversion to Christianity. Hope prevailed and at the Council of Lyons, in 1245, it was decided to send an embassy to the great Khan. Two missionary bands were dispatched by Pope Innocent IV.: one to follow a Southern route through Syria, Mesopotamia and Persia; the second a more northerly one, through

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[43] "Henry the Nav.," pp. 21-22.
[44] Lardner: Vol. I., pp. 227-228.
[45] Beazley: Vol. I., p. 394.

Poland, Russia and what we should call Turkestan. The former was composed of the Franciscan friars, Ascelin, Simon de St. Quentin, Alexandre and Albert. The latter was placed under the charge of John de Plano Carpini, a Minorite of Perugia, and several companions. St. Vincent de Beauvais has preserved for us a brief abstract of the earlier journey. But the narrative of Carpini covers the ground so much more fully as to make reference to it unnecessary. The embassy was one of great hardship and danger. The Tartars were popularly believed to emanate from "deepest Tartarus," and their deeds justified the belief. During the earlier stages of his journey, Carpini received much aid from various princes of Eastern Europe, Bohemia, Poland and Russia. By the help of Vasiliko or Basil, of Cracow, he was brought on his way through Red Russia to Kiev, and thence along the Dnieper and the Don, past the Cossacks and Kalmuk Nomades, to the "Horde," or camp, of Batu, general of Okkodai, son of Ghenghiz-Khan, on the Volga. By him the envoys were forwarded with Tartar guides across the Ural, and Kirghiz Steppe, past the Sea of Aral and the endless mountain-plains of Mongolia, to the court of the Great Khan at Karakorum, about 100 miles south of Lake Baikal. Here the Christian strangers found themselves, a humble group, among "a crowd of 4,000 envoys from every part of Asia," representatives of the forty nations, which, according to Carpini, had submitted to the sway of the self-styled "Son of heaven and ruler of the whole earth." The suffering of their journey had been intense. Even in the Ukraine, cold and hunger were their portion, deep snow and biting wind, all of which evils increased as they pressed on, and were the ultimate cause of Carpini's death not long after his return. Added to the rigors of the journey were the terrible evidences of Tartar ferocity which met them on every side. Often their way lay through sacked and ruined cities or the "wilderness, without house or tent, was marked only by the human skulls and bones scattered upon the ground." Added to these horrors was the "maddening importunity and insolence of the Nomades," who at every fresh encounter demanded new gifts. In 1247 Carpini returned to the Papal Court with but little success as to his religious mission, but bearing back the first genuine account of Tartary, in its wildest sense, from the Dnieper to China, which mediæval Europe had received. His "Book of the Tartars"[46] begins the first reliable map of Farther Asia, in which the features of the "vast tract between the Carpathian mountains and the Desert of Gobi are accurately described." To these geographical details is added a vivid picture of the lights and

[46] Lardner: Vol. I., Bk. iii., ch. iii. Paris Geo. Soc., Vol. IV. "Recueilde Voyages et de Memoires," quoted by Beazley.

shadows of Mongol life. The barbaric splendor of the "Syra Orda," or "Golden Horde," the tent-palace of the Great Khan, is faithfully portrayed. Nor do the cruelty and revolting practices of the Mongol blind the Franciscan envoy to certain good qualities. Often in the course of his narrative we are reminded of the picture drawn by Cardinal Newman when writing of this people in his historic sketches. The mission of Carpini was followed by two separate embassies sent out by St. Louis of France, the most important of which was entrusted to William de Rubruguis, a Franciscan friar, as his predecessors had been.

Reports had reached the King that Sartach, a Tartar Prince, who commanded the western horde on the banks of the Volga, and his mother had accepted Christianity and asked for baptism. It must be remembered that these Tartar chiefs had often European if not Christian mothers, the harem of the Khan being supplied with the most beautiful slave-girls procurable from Circassia, Armenia, or Persia, while Cardinal Newman attributes the rapid change noted in physiognomy and character among their nobles to the large infusion of Aryan blood. Both Carpini and Rubruguis had been astonished at the large number of Christians to be found at the court of the Grand Khan. Not only captives or envoys, but members of native tribes. While these were largely the descendants of early Nestorians and Jacobites, yet Church records told also of Catholic Missions which had been extended far into Central Asia at the very time when the religious travel of the West was beginning with the journey of the Bordeaux pilgrim.[47] The reports given by the friar ambassadors, then, naturally sufficed both to raise great hopes of Tartar conversion and to turn the attention of Europe once more to the identification of that mysterious Christian potentate, Prester John, a belief in whose existence so long haunted Europe, yet proved so difficult definitely to determine. While the embassies of St. Louis seem to have received evasive replies from the Great Khan on religious matters, neither appear to have experienced the same degree of suffering as Carpini. Both give valuable confirmation of the latter's geographical record, a confirmation especially valuable in the case of early travelers, where the nomenclature of places is quite unknown, or caught only by ear. While Rubruguis was still absent, Niccolo Polo and Matteo Polo, uncles of the world-renowned traveler, Marco Polo, were trading in the districts of Southern Russia, then under the control of the western horde. Soon after, following caravans to Bokhara, they were drawn on to the court of the great Kublai Khan, then established near the Chinese frontier. A knowledge of this vast extension of Eastern Asia, under the name

[47] See "Cath. Ency.," "Abyssinia, Nestorians, Jacobites, Persia, China."

of Cathay had been the second great contribution to geography which the mission of the friars had brought home to astonished Europe.

After an absence of seventeen years in China and Tartary, the elder Polos returned, bearing presents and a letter from the Khan to Pope Clement IV., offering a welcome and maintenance to 100 distinguished Latins, if such teachers could be provided, to explain the Christian faith to himself and to his people. Or, to quote verbatim the quaint narrative of Marco Polo, as edited by Colonel Yule, "He (the great Khan) inquired about the Pope and the Church and all that is done at Rome and all the customs of the Latins, and the two brothers (Marco's uncles) told him the truth in all its particulars, with order and good sense and this they were well able to do, as they knew the Tartar language well. After this the Prince caused letters from himself to the Pope to be indited in the Tartar tongue, and committed them to the two brothers and charged them with what he wished them to say to the Pope. Now the contents of the letter were to this purport: he begged the Pope to send as many as a hundred persons of our Christian faith, intelligent men, acquainted with the seven arts, well qualified to enter into controversy and to prove to idolators and other kinds of folk that the law of Christ was best and that all other religions were false and naught, and if they would prove this, then he, the Khan, and all under him would become Christians and the Church's liegemen. Finally, he charged his envoys to bring back to him some oil of the lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of Our Lord at Jerusalem. When the Prince had charged them with this commission, he caused to be given to them a tablet of gold on which was inscribed that the three ambassadors should be supplied with everything needful in all the countries through which they passed."[48] On their return, the two Polos found Pope Clement dead. The interregnum was one of the longest in history and, weary with waiting, the brothers at length set out, "Messer Niccola" taking with him also his son, the famous "Marco," then a lad of fifteen. Shortly after their departure, the Papal Legate at Acre was elected Pope, under the name of Gregory X., and supplied them with two Dominican friars, to act as his representatives to the Khan. But such was the troubled state of the East at this time that these latter finally lost heart and returned. Yule believes that Kublai Khan, whatever his private convictions, felt the need of religious aid in softening the rude manners of his people and was honestly anxious to make trial of European Christianity.[49]

Although for the moment the "great opportunity was lost," yet

[48] Yule's "Marco Polo:" Prologue, p. 12-15.
[49] Yule's Introduction to "Marco Polo," p. 16.

later two embassies were sent, one in 1278, the second in 1291, just a year before the final return of the Polos. Although accorded kind treatment and a certain liberty in teaching, neither of these delegations could win from the Khan any definite acceptance of Christianity. We may not dwell farther on the travels of the Polos, for though Marco has been justly termed the "creator of modern Asiatic geography," his reputation increasing rather than declining with time, since even at the present day "there are parts of inland China, of which no traveler has shown so intimate acquaintance"—yet, with the exception of their one embassy to the Pope, the Polos were in no sense religious travelers. Those who wish to know what mediæval geography really owes them should not fail to read the fascinating pages of Colonel Yule's "Marco Polo." The extent of the Far East being once made known to Europe, a crowd of missionaries soon pressed forward towards the mysterious Cathay, where Kublai Khan had built his "vast and noble capital at Cambaluc," literally "Khan Balig"—"Imperial City," the modern Pekin. Among the first to brave the dangers of the journey were John de Monte Corvino, who brought the Papal message the earlier friars had failed to carry. Friar Oderic, of Portenau, who "passed through every country in Asia from the shore of the Black Sea to extremities of China," and then, returning, in 1330, dictated his narrative to William de Salana at Padua, Marignolli, the Papal Legate; Jordanus of Capua and others, who remained to labor permanently in the East. We have now reached the high-water mark of mediæval land travel, the extension of Christianity after the era of the Polos and their followers being mainly the "paths of the sea."

With the era of land travel the mission of the mediæval pilgrim and explorer supposedly ends. With that of maritime discovery he is rarely associated. Here, then, we will leave him, yet not without noting one great figure which meets us at the entrance of that new maritime era which was to usher in the dawn of modern discovery with its whispers of a New World. It is the figure of the Portuguese Prince, Henry the Navigator, the powerful stimulus of whose genius led to the exploration of the coast of Africa by Portuguese seamen, with the final rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz, and the building up of Portugal into a great maritime power. Henry of Portugal was preëminently a religious explorer. A military monk, grand master of the Order of Christ at Thomar, a recluse from court life, bound by the vows of religion, he consecrated his maritime skill and passion for discovery wholly to God, "to serve Him as His knight for the welfare of Christendom and the salvation of souls." Men remember, as they should, his exploits, secondly only, perhaps, in their effects to those of Columbus, and

acclaim the vast colonial possessions they secured for Portugal, but his character as a Christian knight, his longing to carry the banner of the Cross into heathen lands, is all but forgotten. Yet as the knight of Christ his people knew and loved him. He died at Sagres, his own town, where he had equipped his famous naval observatory. As the body lay in state in its rough hair shirt in the Church of St. Mary, his men "made great mourning." "He was large of frame," writes his biographer, Azurara, and strong of limb as any; his complexion, fair by nature, by constant toil and exposure had become quite dark. He was so generous by nature that no other uncrowned Prince in Europe had so noble a household, so large and splendid a school for the young nobles of the country. Only to himself was he severe. His days were spent in work, and it would not be believed how often he passed the night without sleep so that by his untiring industry he conquered the impossibilities of other men. Wise, thoughtful, of wonderful knowledge and calm bearing, courteous in language and manner, constant in adversity, humble in prosperity, he gloried in warfare against the infidel and in keeping peace with all Christians, and so he was loved by all, for he loved all, never injuring any, nor failing in due respect toward any, however humble. No foul or unbecoming word was ever heard to issue from his lips. To Holy Church he was most obedient: all holy things he reverenced; nearly one half the year was passed by him in fasting and the hands of the poor never went out empty from his presence. His heart knew no fear but the fear of sin." Have we not here, in the portrait of this mediæval pioneer of modern navigators, the patter of a "very perfect Christian knight?" Just before his death the King, with touching anxiety lest any part of the Prince's achievement should be lost, had sent the charts of his successive discoveries, as they had been "jotted down," to Fra Mauro, to incorporate in the great "Mappa Mundi," on which he had been toiling for years in his convent of the Camaldoli, near Venice.

The map still exists, one of the last of those "monkish charts," on which great obloquy has been thrown, and which are only now beginning to attract the courteous and intelligent interest of modern cosmographers. As we examine its immense disk, crammed with detail in every part, "of careful and accurate workmanship," we feel we are looking upon a picture of the Old World (with its fragment of the new) which was trodden by the foot of Catholic pilgrim and missionary explorer who, in their measure and degree, helped to make these things known to us. The hour of geographical dawn is now past, the gray mists are melting into the clearer light of day. Could we follow the call of the Catholic missionary into this fuller

light and journey through India with a St. Francis Xavier or cross the broad Atlantic with the sons of St. Francis or St. Ignatius, we would have a glorious record to pen! But our tale is of pioneers only. Here, then, we leave our pilgrims of the dawn, knowing that

"To some 'tis given to sow, to some to reap;
Another paves the path his fellows tread."

E. Von Rycken Wilson.

FREDERICK SPEE: PRIEST, POET AND CASUIST.[1]
(1591-1635.)

THE German Empire at the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth century presents one of the most melancholy and mournful scenes of national life in the annals of early modern history.[2] Rancor, enmity and internecine strife were rampant from end to end. Thomas Carlyle has vividly described these conditions: "The German Empire," he writes in his history of Frederick II., "was at this time all a continent of sour, thick smoke, already breaking out into dull-red flashes here and there—symptoms of the universal conflagration of a Thirty Years' War, which followed." The secularization of Catholic bishoprics and monasteries by Protestant princes, the coalition of German Calvinists with their co-religionists in England, France and Holland, and the fast declining authority of the Emperor were patent symptoms of forebodings of the great Thirty Years' War. Weakened within by religious and political differences, the German Empire became a prey to the inroads of foreign powers. Protestantism must bear the blame for many of the evils that belong to this period. The Lutheran doctrine of private interpretation had naturally given rise to a legion of contradictory theories, vindicating even in doctrinal matters the Latin adage, "Quot capita tot sententiae." Mr. Lecky, who certainly shows no inclination to favor the Catholic Church, has indicted the Protestant Reformation in words more bold than any Catholic writer has uttered. "What shall we say," he asks pertinently, "of men who in the name of religious liberty deluged their land with blood, trampled on the very first principles of patriotism, calling in strangers to their assistance and openly rejoicing in the disasters of their country, and who, when they at last attained their object, immediately established a religious tyranny as absolute as that which they had subverted?"[3]

Contemporaneous with these ominous conditions of state were other evils far more grave for the people—spiritual maladies, such as infidelity, immorality and superstition. The Reformation alone was not the cause of all these woes. The later or radical German Humanism, not content to imitate the elegance and beauty of ancient literature and art, copied also the pagan vices of the Greeks and Romans. So infatuated did they become of Greece and Rome that they antagonized everything that was not in full accord with the views and style of their pagan masters. These modern iconoclasts

[1] "Friedrich Spe," von J. Diel, S. J., umgearbeitet von B. Duhr, S. J., 1901.
[2] A perusal of Janssen's "History of the German People" will show the gloomy condition of Germany at this period.
[3] Quoted in "The Invitation Heeded," by James Kent Stone, p. 101.

sneered at and abused scholasticism, mocked Church discipline and doctrine, ridiculed and vilified the Pope and ecclesiastical authorities; in fine, by their coarse lampoons and crude caricatures they endeavored to throw overboard the Catholic Church. They enkindled at the same time a desire for "the heathen gods of Greece" and awakened in thousands of minds the sensuous philosophy of pleasure-seeking Imperial Rome. There rose up under this radical school of humanists a renaissance of pagan immorality.

These evils of later humanism, while they penetrated into practically every class of society, enervating the faith of numerous clergy and laity, did not affect all or even the largest part of the German population. The forces of the Catholic Church were at work to preserve and reclaim her children from error. "At the moment when triumphant heresy had surrounded and appeared about to crush the Church," writes Baron Hübner in his "Life of Pope Sixtus V.," "an army of saints and holy men arose almost miraculously from all ranks of society and from all countries, and bearing the banner of the Cross, drove the powers of heresy and paganism before them like chaff."[4]

One of these holy men was Frenerick Spee, born at Kaiserswerth, Germany, not far below Cologne, on the Rhine. Kaiserswerth, belonging to the archbishopric of Cologne, had witnessed the evil effects of heresy and schism. In the year 1582 the Archbishop of Cologne, Gebhard Truchsess, openly avowed himself a heretic and the following year he solemnized his marriage with the Countess Agnes of Mansfeld. He was excommunicated by the Holy See in 1583 and Duke Ernest of Bavaria was appointed to the vacant (de jure) see. Encouraged by the favor of Queen Elizabeth and the King of Denmark and supplied with troops by the Protestant estates, Gebhard rebelled against the new administration. But happily he was defeated in the succeeding year. The conditions of the archdiocese, political, moral and religious, were not, however, improved at once. Archbishop Ernest was a weak and immoral character, wanting in that "lofty moral purity which is above all essential in a Bishop." Yet his loyalty to the Holy See was a lever by which his archbishopic was reformed from Rome. Under the guidance of the Papal Nuncio to Cologne, missionary priests and Jesuits worked admirably hand in hand, restoring faith and morality among the clergy and laity. It was during this period of restoration that Frederick Spee was born. His early life is a closed book to us, but its pages must contain many an incident of early piety and virtue. When he was twelve years old his prudent parents sent him to the Jesuit college at Cologne, where he applied himself diligently.

[4] Translated and abridged from the German by James F. Meline.

Shortly after completing his course at Cologne he entered the Society of Jesus, at the age of nineteen. In a letter written six years later to Father Mutius Viteleschi, general of the society, he tells us the motive that prompted him to enroll with the Jesuits. "From my early childhood," he explains, describing his desire to become a missionary, "a secret fire consumed me, which, in spite of all attempts to smother it, breaks forth again and again. India has wounded my heart. In my boyish games this thought occupied my mind; my parents sought in vain to divert me from it. This consideration, and almost this alone, has led me into this society."

The Jesuit novitiate of the Rhenish province was situated at this time in the city of Treves. There the spirit of Frederick was tested during two years by a life of contemplation that was interrupted only by manual labor. Within the shade of solitude and close to the source of inspiration, the young candidate fostered that great love of God and the Cross which manifested itself throughout his entire career. He himself says of that period: "From the beginning of my conversion my only desire was to suffer out of love for the Crucified. I thought of nothing else."

Frederick spent the following three years in the study of philosophy at Würzburg, after which, according to the Jesuit custom, he interrupted his own studies to teach in several of the famous colleges of the society, which were enjoying a wide popularity throughout the Empire. In 1616 he took charge of the third class of the high school at Spires and the following year was sent to Worms to teach the class of humanities. From this latter post he addressed to his superior the letter quoted above, in which he expressed his desire to labor in the Jesuit missions of India. Frederick Spee was one of those who shared the enthusiasm for the foreign missions which ran high among the German Jesuits of the seventeenth century. The reports that were coming in from the missionaries of America and India, the stirring accounts of priests and the need of more laborers for these distant harvest fields enkindled the apostolic spirit among all the priests, scholastics and Brothers of the society, who were eager that the Church's acquisitions in the New World might compensate for her losses in the Old. Frederick, with many others, submitted his name for the missions, but another station was awaiting him in Germany. In the autumn of 1618 he was transferred to Mayence, to take charge of the class of rhetoric at the great Jesuit college of that city. This assignment indicated the high esteem in which Frederick was held by his superiors, for this post was ordinarily reserved to the older priests of the order.

The young scholastic had now spent four years in teaching at the various colleges and was well prepared by 1620 to take up the study of theology at the University of Mayence. His zeal, however, was

not content with study alone, so he began to write small treatises by which he hoped to extend his influence for good over a larger number of people. But on the advice of the general of the order, he postponed their publication until such time as he should have more leisure for this work. Three years of theology passed quickly at Mayence and in the autumn of 1622 Frederick reached the goal of his longings and labors, the holy priesthood. In "Virtue's Golden Book," an ascetical work written about ten years later, he expresses his sentiments on the priesthood in the most touching words. "O wonder of wonders!" he exclaims, "I know not, my Lord and my God, how I shall proclaim Thy goodness for having prepared this grace for me from all eternity. Blessed is the hour in which Thou hast called me, a sinner most unworthy, to the dignity of the priesthood, by which I can offer Thee lifelong praise."

After his ordination, Father Spee completed his fourth year of theology, as the Jesuit custom required. But his tertianship, which should have followed in order, was postponed and he was sent to the University of Paderborn as professor of philosophy. During his first year at Paderborn he taught logic; at the opening of the next school term he advanced with his pupils to physics, that part of philosophy which embraced in the curriculum of that time cosmology and astronomy,[5] and the following year he taught metaphysics. But his duties as professor never diminished his zeal for souls, for during this time he was engaged also in pastoral work. In 1624, in addition to his classes, he was assigned to the Church of St. Pancratius as catechist. His apostolic zeal is further seen in his correspondence, which reveals a heart thirsting for the salvation of souls. One letter, dated July 4, 1624, which he addressed to a Protestant nobleman,[6] is a striking example. He writes: "In all reverence I call to witness our crucified Lord Jesus Christ, the scrutinizer of the hearts of all men, the future Judge of the living and the dead, that I seek nothing in this world but your soul's salvation. To obtain this object I will do everything in my power. I am prepared to be at your service, whether it be in sickness or in health. No night (for I cannot come during the day because of my school work) will be too dark, no weather too inclement, no rain too heavy, no cold too bitter; gladly shall I crawl at night upon hands and knees to your side, even though I should know an easier way to gain your soul for my Saviour and Creator and a less arduous plan to bring you back from your wanderings into the true fold of Christ."

In 1625 General Tilly, the purest and noblest figure in the Thirty Years' War, visited the Jesuits at Paderborn. The object of this visit was very probably the general's concern for the spiritual wel-

[5] "Jesuit Education," by Robert Swickerath, S. J., p. 131.
[6] "Confer Stimmen aus Maria Laach," vol. 6, p. 178 ff.

fare of his army, which was composed of German, Spanish and Italian soldiers, who had to be ministered to in their respective languages. Intending to fit himself for this work, Father Spee had hoped to make his tertianship in Italy, but his wishes did not coincide with the will of his superiors. When the pest of 1626 raged in Paderborn and the Jesuit professors and scholastics were sent to other colleges of the province, Father Spee was ordered to Spires for his year of tertianship. At its conclusion, he was appointed pastor at Wesel, but he remained there only a short time, going to Cologne the subsequent spring. Two letters[7] that he wrote at this time to three maiden sisters of Stein reveal the spirit of a St. Ignatius. Though these women were not Catholics, they had given Father Spee a night's lodging on one of his missionary tours, and upon his departure from their house they had requested him to send them news from Cologne. True to his promise, Father Spee penned them an epistle from Cologne, in which he related to them a parable. In answer to their request for an explanation he then addressed to them an edifying exposition of some length, which so forcibly impressed these women that they were converted to the Church from Calvinism.

While Father Spee's ardent desire to become a foreign missionary was never gratified, he spent one interesting year as missionary in Germany. The scene of these labors was the district and city of Peine, which lies in the north of Germany, about six hours' journey from the city of Hildesheim, The district, which had belonged to the Bishops of Hildesheim since the year 1260, passed into secular hands, and from an elective was transformed into an hereditary principality under the first Lutheran Bishop of Hildesheim, Frederick of Holstein (1551-1556). Protestantism was introduced into the territory as the recognized religion under Frederick's heir, Duke Adolph of Holstein. It was only after long continued negotiations and lawsuits that in 1603 the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne, who was at the same time Bishop of Hildesheim, was able to induce the Duke of Holstein to surrender the district upon the advancement of a sum of money, raised among the clergy of Hildesheim, and a promise that in accordance with the Augsburg Confession no religious changes would be attempted in Peine. To this latter condition Ferdinand, the succeeding Archbishop of Cologne, did not consider himself in conscience bound. He seized upon the first opportunity, offered by Tilly's victories of 1628, of putting into effect the "jus reformandi" (the so-called right of princes to impose their creed on their subjects), which was the guiding principle of both Protes-

[7] For the text of these letters confer "Stimmen aus Maria Laach," vol. 6, p. 268 ff. Both of these letters and the preceding one quoted were found in the literary papers of the Protestant theologian Leibnitz. Father Diel, S. J., thinks Leibnitz was preparing to write a life of Father Spee.

tant and Catholic princes at this period. In a letter of June 1, the Archbishop of Cologne asked the provincial of the German Jesuits for a few priests. Father Spee was selected for this mission.

In November of the same year, 1628, Father Frederick and a lay Brother, Theodatus Dynand, entered Peine. The two Jesuits took up their lodgings in a house that adjoined the town hall. Their necessities were supplied partly by the college of Hildesheim and partly by the city of Peine. His weekly allowance of $6, which he received from the prince, Father Spee regularly distributed among the poor. The two Jesuits began their missionary labors in the villages which immediately surrounded the city of Peine. The peasants of these parts received them kindly, their only fear being that they should have to "pay more" for baptisms and marriages than heretofore. The good Father Spee calmed their anxieties. After the example of St. Paul, St. Patrick and the host of Catholic missionaries, he refused to take a penny even of their free-will offerings. He told them "he would perform all spiritual ministrations for them without fee." These words added great force to his preaching. With fiery eloquence this disciple of St. Ignatius declared to the people the truths of the Catholic religion; he showed them by deed and word that he lived, labored and suffered for their true interests. Within a short time he had won a place in their hearts. Even Protestant preachers were numbered among his converts, and one of them, the "mad" Tyle, as he was called, became a devoted and useful friend. God granted abundant increase to the work of Father Spee: twenty-six villages won back to the Church was the fruit of his labor. These successes in the outlying districts were an encouragement to begin at once within the city of Peine. There he made but slow progress for a time; the opposition against him was fierce. Like St. Paul at Antioch of Pisidia, he was most strongly opposed by women, whom the leaders of the Protestant faction stirred up against him, but he soon won them over by his Lenten sermons. The men among the Protestants were frightened into a change of heart by a measure of the civil authorities, decreeing that none but Catholics were to be admitted to the city council. This injust discrimination had evil results for Father Spee. The odium of this action turned upon him; a spirit of hatred and revenge set in, and though innocent of any participation in these decrees, it was not long before he had to suffer for the severity of his prince.

On Misericordiæ Sunday, the second Sunday after Easter, April 29, 1629, he was surprised by an attack of his enemies. While he was driving through a stretch of forest on his way to Woltorp, where he was going to say Mass, he was met by a hostile rider, who intended to take revenge upon him. Father Spee perceived

that no escape was open to him by returning, so he recommended his soul to the protection of the Blessed Virgin and St. Ignatius, dug the spurs into his horse and turned off into the shelter of the woodland, keeping his way as well as he could towards the city of Woltorp. A shot broke the morning stillness. Father Spee's horse fell to the ground. But the intrepid priest brought the animal to its feet, spurred it on and made his way into the open field, with his enemy close a-heel. He no longer had the protection of the forest, and his foe, taking advantage of this change of circumstances, inflicted several severe sword blows upon his victim. Father Spee held firm to his horse and galloped into the city, tired and blood-stained, but free of his pursuer. Blood was flowing from six wounds upon his head and shoulders and he was suffering acutely as he ascended the pulpit to preach, much to the astonishment of his flock. When he read to them the Sunday's Gospel, in which is related that beautiful parable of the Good Shepherd, their feelings of pity and grief burst into sobs. Still he continues. Love urges him onward. He begins to preach on the text of the Gospel. But his strength fails him and he falls back exhausted. This living example he had given them of the Good Shepherd, who was willing to lay down His life for His sheep, was the most effective sermon that he could have preached.

Father Spee lay ill for several months. In fact, he never fully recovered from the effects of his wounds. The necrology of the Jesuit college of Treves testifies that he suffered from violent headaches and dizzy spells during his entire life. Often in later years did the good priest exult in the scars which remained with him from that memorable day—his stigmata of the crucified Saviour, he called them.

News of this event spread throughout the neighboring country, where Father Spee had gained a reputation as a great missionary. The prior of the Benedictine convent of Corvey, in Westphalia, who was a relative of Father Spee, upon hearing the news, invited him to recuperate his strength in the quiet of the monastery and in the healthful regions of the Weser. The invitation was accepted, but the Jesuit refused to make his vacation a holiday of idleness. The venerable monastery of Corvey, whose foundation dates back to the ninth century and includes a St. Ansgar among its first members, had suffered in the religious deterioration that followed the Reformation; many evils had crept into the life of the monks, so that many possessed no more than the habit of religious. The heart of Father Spee was deeply touched at this condition. He sought, therefore, the permission of the prior to conduct an eight-day retreat according to the exercises of St. Ignatius, and having obtained it, he found that all but a few monks were willing to place themselves

under his direction. The exercises were concluded with a general confession, and the monastery, like many others of post-Tridentine times, "fructified anew."

From Corvey, Father Spee was ordered by his superiors to repair to the nearby village of Falkenhagen to regain his full strength in the freshness of its mountain air and its woodlands. But here also his love and zeal for souls rose paramount to his desire for bodily health. The territory in which he found himself was a blighted land, robbed by the heresiarchs of its ancient monastery, the centre of its religious life and the support of its social activities. In his walks from village to village, Father Spee sought out the sick, instructed the ignorant, consoled the needy and dispensed to all words of comfort and compassion.

After he had recovered from his illness, his superiors sent him to Paderborn as professor of moral theology. From that time on till his death, 1629 to 1635, he taught this difficult branch of theology, first at Paderborn, then at Cologne and finally during the last two years of his life at Treves. Within these six or seven years his experience as teacher, confessor and preacher were to bear fruit in the labors of his pen. The natural exuberance of his imagination and the innate ardor of his soul attracted him to poetry. His verse, though not perfect in form, is remarkable for a freshness of thought and expression that stands out in pleasant relief against the humanistic pieces, in which there was "no spark of creative power, no substance of truth, no depth of thought or vivacity of treatment." Father Swickerath, S. J., pays him this excellent tribute: "One of the finest German writers of the seventeenth century was the Jesuit Spee. The sweetness, power and literary merits of his collection of exquisite poems, entitled 'Dare-Nightingale,' and of his prose work, 'Virtue's Golden Book,' are admired by critics of the most different schools, Protestants as well as Catholics."[8] His charm is his ever-recurring theme of thanksgiving and praise, redolent with the spirit of the Benedicite. In "Dare-Nightingale" Father Spee represents the tragedy of Christianity. The world is the stage; all creatures are the dramatis personæ; the hero is God's Only Begotten Son, who to all appearances suffers defeat at the Crucifixion, but who, with the cry, "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" ascends as a conqueror into heaven to prepare for mankind an eternal possession.

Many of Father Spee's compositions were church hymns, which he most probably based on the old Catholic hymns that were in use

[8] "Jesuit Education," p. 130.

[9] Melanchthon, one of Luther's friends and followers, admits that there was congregational singing in the vernacular in Germany before the Reformation: "Though in some places the practice was more prevalent than in others, yet in all (German) churches the people sang some German songs, so that the practice cannot be called new."

before the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation.[9] His writings show an acquaintance likewise with the German mystic preachers and writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Especially in "Virtue's Golden Book" do we find echoes in thought and style of the two great mystics, John Tauler and Blessed Henry Suso, of three centuries previous.

It was during the year 1631, while Father Spee was professor of moral theology at Cologne, that he finished "Virtue's Golden Book," his beautiful ascetical treatise on the three theological virtues. Within a small scope and under a pleasing form, this learned Jesuit discusses the science of asceticism. No less a personage than the celebrated Protestant theologian, Leibnitz, was an admirer of this book. He made it his vademecum. In his preface to the French translation, Leibnitz says: "Father Spee's book on the Christian virtues is in my mind one of the most solid and striking books of devotion that I have ever read." In a eulogy on the Rev. Frederick Spee, S. J., of May, 1677, the correspondent of Bossuet[10] writes: "His German work, 'Virtue's Golden Book,' seems to me to be a truly divine book (liber plane divinus), and I would like to see it in the hands of every Christian. There are many writers of mystical theology, but I do not know of one who has penned so profound a book of devotion. . . . I am captivated every time I read his treatise on the nature and effects of divine love. I do not know of any popular writer who has so appropriately handled this all-important matter."

Among the moralists of his time and immediately after, Father Spee stood in high repute. His lectures on moral theology were kept for some time in manuscript, but unfortunately they are now lost. Their substance, however, is embodied in the famous work of another Jesuit, Father H. Busembaum,[11] who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century. Father Busembaum's "Medulla Theologiae Moralis" is a classic and is followed as a guide by two eminent moralists, St. Alphonsus and Ballerini, the former editing the Medulla with some annotations and additions as his first work. In the preface of his book, 1645, Father Busembaum writes: "I have followed the opinions of only the most approved authors, eminent among whom (principes laudatissimi hujus scientiae) are Father Nunning and Father Frederick Spee, both of the Society of Jesus." Thus the moralists and confessors of to-day are reaping the fruit of Father Spee's labors and learning.

[10] Towards the close of the seventeenth century Leibnitz entered into correspondence with Bossuet on a project for healing the breach caused by the Lutheran disruption. But Leibnitz did not preserve throughout the discussion sincerity and good faith. (Confer Balmes, "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," p. 61.)

[11] See the article in the Catholic Encyclopedia, "Busembaum."

But the book which proved to be the greatest benefit to his age was his "Cautio Criminalis," an attack against the baneful persecution of witches then in vogue. Witchcraft, which is as ancient as the earliest books of the Sacred Scriptures and as universal as the history of nations, took on the proportions of a panic towards the close of the fifteenth century. This alarming evil continued to spread after the outbreak of the Reformation, affecting Protestant and Catholic districts about equally. Among the numerous causes that contributed to its spread was the persecution of witches. The judicial use of torture, while it had been begun in Germany under the Inquisition in the fourteenth century, was not universally enforced till the end of the fifteenth and during the course of the sixteenth century.[12] During the crisis of this epidemic of persecution, there appeared at Rinteln in 1631 the "Cautio Criminalis." Father Spee's authorship was not revealed for some time, for his protest was so strong and his principles so at variance with the prevailing customs that he was obliged to write the book anonymously. It was well that he did, for, as Leibnitz says, "it caused a great sensation among those who put witches to death without their knowing whence it came." One of Father Spee's biographers has paid the "Cautio" the following beautiful tribute. He calls it "the memorial of the victory of reason and humanity over hallucination and brutality, the monument that he raised for himself and around which stands a grateful people, including those even who consider his faith as folly and his garb a scandal." The book was originally written in Latin. Father Spee never had the courage to render the work into German, but the philosopher, Leibnitz, tells us that it was subsequently translated into several languages. Two fragmentary translations still exist in English.[13] The "Cautio Criminalis" is the consummation of Spee's literary endeavors; it represents the sum total of his FIVE—SPEE ... ... literary talent, the catholicity of his charity and the invincible force of his intellectual energy.

The mint and the thyme give out their perfumes only when bruised. Thus in the life of Father Spee, at the very time he was preparing the "Cautio Criminalis" his noble soul was being bruised by humiliation and suffering. Strangely as it may seem, these sufferings were caused by fellow religious of his own community.

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[12] "History of the German People," by J. Janssen, vol. 16, p. 176.

[13] (a) In an article contributed to the "American Catholic Quarterly," July, 1902, Robert Swickerath, S. J., translates portions of some of the 51 dubia (doubts) as summarized in the German work "Friedrich Spe," by Diel-Duhr. (b) A partial translation of Father Spee's fifty-first dubium is contained in "Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History," vol. 3, published by the Department of History of the University of Pennsylvania.

Thus he learned, like St. Francis Regis before him, that those trials and persecutions are heaviest which are set in motion against one by persons whom one can combat only with prayer. Reports were dispatched to the general of the Jesuits, in which Father Spee was charged with certain odd notions on the constitution of the order. In view of these imputations, Father Spee was deprived of his professorship at Paderborn in the midst of the school year of 1630-1631. The charges were investigated, found to be false and to the credit of the order the reputation of the injured priest was restored by reinstatement as professor at the University of Cologne. That such disorders should exist among religious need not cause surprise to one who understands human nature. Religious live a community life, where occasionally characters and temperaments of opposite cast come into contact. That there should be some friction at times is only natural. Especially sharply marked characters, such as Father Spee was, are liable to be misunderstood by such as pay too much attention to trivialties, lacking that broad-mindedness and subtlety of soul which is necessary for social intercourse.

In 1633 Father Spee came to Treves, where he found the city in a great political crisis. Prince Philipp Christopher had just delivered Treves to France and had appointed Cardinal Richelieu his coadjutor with the right of succession. But at length the imperial army under Count Rittberg, numbering 1,200 men, tired of the yoke of a foreign oppressor, attacked the French at Treves during the night of March 25-26, 1635. The French were defeated with heavy losses. During the heat of the battle, Father Spee ministered to the spiritual and corporal wants of the wounded and dying. Not long after the smoke of battle had risen from the city, it was stricken by a ravaging pest, in which Father Spee again distinguished himself for his self-sacrifice. In caring for the sick of the city, he finally succumbed to the fever, becoming, as it were, the victim of his service. The wish that he had expressed in "Virtue's Golden Book" was fulfilled: "My Spouse, my God, the joy of my heart and my love, the ardor of my affections, the flame of my desires, the sweet fire of my soul, when, when, oh when, shall I appear before Thy face?"

G. D. S.

Cleveland, O.

Book Reviews.

"A Book About the English Bible," by Josiah H. Penniman, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. 12mo., pp. 444. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"The purpose of this volume is to give a brief account of the English Bible, its immediate sources and their contents; their literary background and surroundings; the forms and characteristics of the constituent books and their relation to each other. To the chapters in which these subjects have been taken up there have been added several others containing a short history of the translation of the Bible into English from Saxon times to our own day. Attention is also called to the difference between the commonly used English versions as regards contents and translation and to the reasons for the difference."

The volume grew out of a series of lectures delivered to students of the University of Pennsylvania on the subject. The author's declaration in the opening chapter concerning the Bible is the best recommendation which his book can have. He says: "The greatest book is the Bible, and the reason for the place assigned to it is that it contains interpretations of human life, actual and ideal, which reveal man to himself, in his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and his defeats, his aspirations and his possibilities, his relations to other men, and, comprehending and enveloping all, his relations to God. Men may differ about what the Bible is, but the fact remains that for centuries millions of men of all grades of intelligence and learning have believed what the Bible speaks to them as no other book has ever spoken, and that what it says comes with an authority derived from God Himself. The primary spiritual problem of man is his relations to God. Men, everywhere, recognize the existence of an intelligent power outside and higher than themselves that controls and regulates the universe. The individual who doubts or denies the existence of God is exceptional, and his opinions are at variance with human belief and experience. The Bible, concerned as it is in its component parts with the revelation of God to man and the relation of man to God, has held the attention of men because it is true to the truths of life and satisfying to the yearnings of the human spirit. Men have found it so, and there is an abiding faith that men will continue to find it so."

This is a splendid declaration of orthodoxy and no one who approaches the Sacred Book in such a reverent spirit could fail to produce a work on the subject worthy of the highest commendation. But the author brings more than reverence to his task. He brings love, education, energy, discernment and fairness. He carefully

avoids controversy or anything that might arouse suspicion of a controversial spirit. He shows himself at all times a sincere seeker after truth, and he goes far afield in search of it. His book draws rather than repels. So many books on the Bible are so dry as to attract and hold only scholars or technical students. This is due, no doubt, to some extent, to the nature of the work. Dr. Penniman has gotten away from it, because his book is not intended for the learned only, but for every one who is able to read and think.

The author's language and style add much to the value of his book. His language is pure English with a total absence of pedantry, and his style easy, attractive and dignified. The book will appeal to a wide circle of readers, who will be very much helped by it to a better knowledge of the book of books, and greater love for it.

The author should be heartily congratulated and commended.

"Convent Life: The Meaning of a Religious Vocation." By Martin J. Scott, S. J., author of "God and Myself," etc. 12mo., pp. 315. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

[In the previous number of the "Quarterly" we began a synopsis of Father Scott's excellent work on "Convent Life." We now offer a combination of that synopsis. We had reached the question of vocation.]

Before adopting the religious life, a person should have a vocation or call from God.

And how does this call come? Does God appear to the individual as He did to Saul on the way to Damascus? Or does His voice ring out as it did when it summoned the Apostles to leave all and follow Him? God has various ways of calling His beloved unto Him and His service. To some, indeed, He has appeared as evidently as in the case of the Apostles. Some of the great saints and founders of religious orders, men and women, destined to exceptional service and suffering, have seen the Lord and heard His voice, but ordinarily it is not so.

The call to the religious life, or to be a Sister, comes in various ways. In some cases it is distinct and overpowering. In others, it is gentle, like a whispering breeze, and must be carefully listened to in order to be discerned. Some hear the call from childhood and only wait the day that will enable them to obey it. Others get the summons suddenly, almost against their anticipations, but it comes so clearly that they hardly have a doubt about it. Some are quietly and gently drawn, others overpoweringly, and still others hesitatingly. With these last, the attraction is there, but the repulsion also. They desire to make the sacrifice and yet tremble at the cost. The life appeals to their nobler nature, its sacrifices appall their weak humanity. Balanced thus between yes and no, the will eventually yields to grace, and often these vocations are the most meritorious and serviceable.

Emotional persons, as a rule, should not think of convent life. There is very little room for sentiment in the life of a Sister. It is hard, steady, monotonous work, but work made precious and sublime by the love of Christ, for whom it is done. I do not mean to say that sentiment plays no part in religious life. It does, and a very great part, but always dominated by strength of character and solid motives. The kind of sentiment that should be discouraged is that which is found in very temperamental persons. It is a form of nervousness. A nervous person should not consider a religious career—without consulting an experienced physician.

We see, therefore, that those who enter the convent are they who desire to lead a life of sacrifice and service for the love of Christ. Moreover, they have the qualifications, mental and physical, for the life, and they feel called to it.

Environment sometimes occasions obstacles to a vocation. A girl may have a very strong desire and determination to become a Sister, but she is so situated that she cannot carry it out. While things are that way she has no choice. If God wants her, He will in His own way make it feasible for her to answer the call. A girl's first duty is to her parents. If they really need her, her place is with them. Sometimes an elder sister must care for younger children. Her duty is to be a mother to them. No matter what the convent attraction may be, her vocation at the time is to look after her brothers and sisters. How many noble girls struggle on in silence and devotion under such circumstances and at last, when the way is clear, take the step which was uppermost in their minds. It requires real heroism to persevere that way. Those who have been schooled thus frequently prove to be of incalculable help to others later on.

You see, therefore, that there is no haste nor superficiality about a religious profession. But, spite of all examination and instruction and solicitude, it may happen that a subject may, after a time, find that the life is not the one she considered it to be and that she is not suitable for it. In that case, with all kindness and consideration, she is informed that she has no vocation. She is advised to be very candid, and not to continue the life out of regard for what friends or relatives may think.

If after the period of the novitiate she finds the life suitable and the order finds her desirable, she is admitted into the convent proper. It will thus be seen that it is harder to get into the convent than to get out of it. Outside the Church, misinformed persons sometimes believe that the convent is a trap to catch innocent victims. Let them try to be caught in the trap. That will be the best refutation of their statements. We occasionally hear of escaped Sisters in big headlines or by a loud scandal preacher. Those escaped

Sisters, you will find, found it easier to leave the convent than they would find it to get back again. In fact, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put them behind convent walls.

Not every one in the convent is a saint, but there are more saints within convent walls than in the same space anywhere else on earth. Although all may not be saints, it is not the fault of the convent nor the order. The religious life is a state of perfection. It supplies abundantly all that tends to holiness. But sanctity is a personal matter. Neither monastery nor cowl makes the monk, but the life and imitation of Jesus Christ.

Convent life is not a romance, the stage nun and the novel nun notwithstanding. Service and sacrifice, that is the standard. "If thou wilt be My disciple, deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me." No romance there. Looked at from a distance, the Sister is very romantic. But there is not much romance in rising at dawn and working hard, unseen of others mostly, until night, and then the same thing over again the next day, the next week, the next year, and so on to the end. Very little romance, that. But it is done for Jesus Christ. That transforms it, that really makes it romance, for the soul that loves. Without personal love for Jesus Christ, the convent life would be prison. With the love of Jesus in the heart, it it paradise.

The nun has a small room, if she has a room at all. Sometimes she has only a bed, alcoved in a large dormitory filled with other beds, alcoved like her own. But as most of the day is spent in common with the other Sisters, in what is called community life, the bed and the room do not matter, except, of course, that one's privacy is sacrificed. For some, that is a cross to bear, one of the many. Then they all dress alike, eat alike, recreate alike. That is hard on most people, at least for a time. Individuality is sacrificed —another cross. Some find that the hardest. Nothing is so congenial to us as our own likes and dislikes. But all that is given up by this community life. You are one of many, not one apart as you were before entering. Then a bell rings you out of bed, calls you to prayer, summons you to meals and orders you to work. You may not feel like getting up, praying, eating or working, but the bell rings, and you rise, pray, eat, work. Cross number three. You are no longer your own master. But you bear in mind that He who was Lord and Master became obedient for you. So you are glad to say to Christ, your Beloved: "This, my Jesus, I offer to Thee for love of Thee." And you feel happy that you can give Him something that costs you a lot. For anything worth while costs. Cheap gifts may be all right for ordinary persons, but not for your love, Christ.

Then again there is your company. Perhaps you will like your companions, perhaps you will not. There is no choice. Outside, if you did not like a person or a group, you could keep away. Not so in the convent. For better or for worse you take those around you. Cross number four, and a big one. By entering a convent, you do not change your nature. Some persons are likable, others are not. Some are likable to some and not to others. In the convent, likable or unlikable, it is all the same; there you are and there you have to make the most of it.

But then you reflect that, after all, the companions of Jesus were not so very likable. Judas was not much to love. Some of the others were not the best of company to the refined Jesus. "But He bore all that for me, and I can do something similar for Him," the good nun says. And that makes her happy. A bit of romance, if you like.

You may like certain work and consider you have a special aptitude for it. Your superiors may judge otherwise. Or it may be that they need you for some kind of duty which you can, indeed, perform, but which you naturally dislike. You may be assigned to that very duty. However, the words of Christ come to you: "If thou wilt be My disciple, deny thyself." Realizing that self-denial is a sort of sacrificial knife, you bear the wound it inflicts cheerfully, reflecting that Christ was wounded all over for you.

But the hardest trial that may come to one in the convent is to be misunderstood. And that may happen. It is hard to be misunderstood by your companions, but bearable, if your superior understands you. But suppose your superior does not understand you? That, indeed, is rare, but it has happened. That is perhaps the greatest cross of all. God sometimes allows it, even to the best religious. Suffering makes us dear to Him, and one of His greatest sufferings was that He was misunderstood. The nun who experiences that anguish has a good share of the Cross of Christ, and a big place in the Heart of Christ.

But are not nuns awfully nice persons, and most delightful and charitable and contented? Oh, yes. How then can anything not pleasant occur with such companionship? It is human nature. Very nice people and very charitable people often have very different points of view. Differences of temperament, education and environment may cause one to be quite at variance with another. In your own home, how frequently do you find differences and difficulties between various members of the family. And yet they all love one another and are considered to be good and kindly. "But it should be different with nuns," you say, "they are all so holy and considerate." Well, the convent is one big family, and among so

many, living intimately together, there are bound to be incompatibilities.

And now I am coming to the heart of the matter, and indeed to the basis of convent life. If everything were ideal in the convent life, it would be paradise. The nun would have her heaven here instead of hereafter. But the religious life is service and sacrifice. These two do not go well together with heavenly bliss. They lead to it. They are the ladder to the kingdom of heaven, but a ladder that must be climbed step by step, and often with weariness and pain. But heaven is at the top. That cheers. That sustains.

Life is a warfare. Scripture insists on that. But so many fight and bleed and lose. The religious indeed must fight and bleed, but she wins. That is her great incentive, her great peace. Victory is sure. She is no doubtful campaign. Christ is her Leader and her Lord. With Him and for Him she goes on to certain triumph.

On a certain occasion I was congratulating some novices in a religious community on their cheerfulness. One of them replied: "And why should we not be cheerful, for are we not at the gate of heaven?" The gate of heaven truly. By a single step, they have, as it were, accomplished life's journey and are at its terminal. True, they have to wait for years for the gate to open, but they are securely over the dangerous road of life.

The convent is the haven of life's ocean. There the pious soul is sheltered from the storms that toss and destroy the vessels on the deep. That security for virtue, that help to piety, that wise guidance which the convent gives, is for certain souls a foretaste of heaven. It is that hundredfold promised by our Lord, and the prelude to the life everlasting which awaits them beyond the gates.

Contentment is the most valuable thing in life. So precious is it that without it all things else count for nothing. And contentment is the portion of the bride of Christ. Not that she will not have her trials and struggles. They are part of her career of service and sacrifice. But they are so many roses of love which she delights to place on the altar of Jesus Christ.

To those outside the faith the life of a nun is a mystery. Deprived of everything that others set value on, she is nevertheless more content than the richest among men. Oh, if they could only see what she sees, and hear what she hears! There would be no mystery about her life then.

And what is it she sees? She looks beyond the gates and beholds her true home, heaven. She sees there all that is worth living for. She realizes that no matter what the cost, it is as nothing in comparison with what it procures. For in that life beyond is the full enjoyment of intensest love, love so great that all earthly love is but a faint

shadow in comparison. There all her love for father and mother and dear ones will be gratified a hundredfold.

But above all, the veil which now hides her Beloved will be removed, and she shall look upon Him face to face. Before His loveliness all other beauty vanishes, all other love is absorbed. And while she looks on Him, entranced by His beauty and captivated by His love, she realizes that, much as she loves Him, He loves her more. On earth she yielded to his pleading: "Child, give Me thy heart." In heaven, she shall hear His reply from His own lips: "Behold My Heart, which loves you with an infinite love."

Convent life presents to women the sublimest way of following Christ. Not that Christ may not be closely followed in every state and condition of life, but convent life, by its very nature, conduces to the closest companionship with Him. Extraordinary souls may rise to the greatest height of sanctity in any career or state of life, but in the convent even the ordinary soul is so helped by the vows, rules and good example that piety becomes easy and sanctity is reached by many.

It is almost an assurance of eternal salvation to enter the convent. Living as the rules ordain gives virtually a guarantee of salvation. The facilities, therefore, for one's own everlasting welfare are very great. Unless one deliberately neglects the opportunity afforded by the life, salvation seems assured.

The Red Cross is very prominent nowadays. Thank God for that. For the Red Cross stands for service to the stricken. Many people think that the Red Cross is a late institution, that it is something discovered or developed in recent years. Some associate it with the modern trend of humanity-religion. They believe that it is a product of the nineteenth century culture, a culture due to breaking away from the old Church.

The Red Cross is distinctly a Catholic institution. The Red Cross is the outcome of Catholic belief and practice. The Order of Red Cross was founded by a Catholic priest, blessed and confirmed by a Pope, and did such wonderful work that centuries ago it was known and admired throughout Europe.

Such an impression did it make that when recent organizations of relief desired a symbol for their work, they took the Red Cross, that Red Cross which Pope Sixtus V. blessed on the habit of St. Camillus of Lellis when he confirmed his order in the year 1586. A red cross on the breast and on the shoulder was the mark by which St. Camillus and his order were distinguished. They took that symbol to show that they were ready to give their services to the sick and plague-stricken, even if it cost their lives.

There are some good people who believe that the uplift and betterment of the lower classes is a modern virtue. They fancy that it is the outcome of a broader Christianity. The brotherhood of man is, in their eyes, a discovery of recent times. Of course, these people will be surprised to learn that the brotherhood of man began with Jesus Christ.

The work of the nuns is as broad and all-embracing as the two great commandments of the law, and therefore their labors include all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. We have not space to consider the whole subject at length, nor to dwell on their principal work in our day—teaching in Christian schools. That work alone justifies the religious life and will furnish the brightest jewel in the crown of the religious.

Another shock to them will be to learn that social service began with the Apostles, in consequence of the lessons they learned from the Master. Hardly had the Church of Christ begun its mission when a social service order was established. The Apostles, seeing the need of the poorer brethren, appointed certain devout women to minister unto them. These were called deaconesses. They were the first body of women in the history of the world who engaged in what we call slum work.

There are many persons who think that slumming is a very modern invention, the result of our improved humanity. They point to slum workers as an argument for the superiority of the recent religion of humanity over that of the old Church. Well, when the Church was let alone, there were no slums. The monks looked to that. But in the beginning, before the old Church got fairly started, there were slums, and also slum workers. The deaconesses mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles were the first to take up work in the slums.

Jesus Christ was the first rescue worker of humanity. He rescued Magdalen from the streets. He snatched the penitent thief from the precipice. And what He rescued He was not ashamed of. He made Magdalen a companion of His Mother. He came for sinners. "As I live, saith the Lord, I will not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live."

There are certain sinners to-day who are outcasts. Society claims that the social evil, as it calls it, is necessary. But the poor frail creatures who are necessary for the social evil it brands and discards. A woman has her youth and beauty but once. If she sacrifices to the social evil, it is gone, and no future is before her but a darksome and loathsome existence.

The wages of sin is death. That we know. Every sinner will testify to it. But God is a God of mercy. It is above all His

works. A humble and contrite heart He will not reject. Society rejects the fallen woman. God does not. His Church does not. As He reclaimed Magdalen, so His Church to-day reclaims countless Magdalens. He was the first Good Shepherd. He left the ninety and nine to go in search of the one that strayed. His Church does the same.

Sometimes you hear people say: "We understand why a person should become a Sister in an order that cares for the sick or the aged or the orphan, but why do they need to become Sisters to teach?" Such persons consider that teaching is an ordinary profession, well filled by lay people, and not at all necessitating the sacrifice required by a Sisterhood.

They rightly associate a nun's career with sacrifice and heroism and they do not see anything about teaching that calls for such exalted and extraordinary virtue. Teaching they consider to be one of the ordinary professions, and as such should be left to ordinary people of the world.

Teaching may be an ordinary profession. It may also be a very extraordinary profession. It depends on what you teach. If you teach just worldly things, no matter how well, teaching is an ordinary profession. But if you teach along with worldly branches the things that make for eternal life, teaching is not an ordinary profession. Teaching then becomes an apostolate. It assumes the dignity of a mission.

Jesus Christ was a teacher. He was The Teacher. Teaching was mainly His mission. In His day there were many teachers, some ordinary, some celebrated. They were merely teachers. But He was a teacher who taught the things of the soul, of the future life, of God. That made His teaching a mission. He was the first Christian missioner. He was the first Christian Apostle. The Sister who teaches after the manner He taught is an Apostle. If she teaches in His way and the things He taught, she is a true missioner.

The teaching Sisterhoods teach what Christ taught. The teaching Sisterhoods have the same purpose that Christ had. The teaching Sisterhoods exercise an apostolate similar to Christ's.

Of all agencies employed by the Church of God to carry on the work of Jesus Christ none is more essential than teaching. Abolish the religious school and soon there would be little need of our churches—they would be empty. The children of to-day are men of to-morrow, and if to-day they receive no religious instruction, to-morrow they will attend no religious service. And well do the enemies of religion realize that. In every attack on the Church the hardest blow has been struck at the Christian school. Irreligion

knows that if it has the child it has the man. And so does the Church.

Hence the great effort of the Church to provide Christian schools for the young. It is no easy thing for a struggling pastor to maintain a school. But he knows that his church will suffer if he does not. The school often entails more care and effort on the pastor's part than the church. But he knows its importance. At all costs and at every sacrifice he maintains the school. Experience has taught the necessity of this. Hence we see, even in a struggling parish, the parochial school. Parents, too, realize the need of the Catholic school and they cheerfully make the sacrifices necessary for it.

This solicitude for the faith of the child is a Catholic instinct. All the schools of Europe grew up around the Church. For long centuries there were no schools except those attached to the monasteries and churches. It was the Church that kept education alive in those epochs when Goth and Vandal and Hun devastated Europe. Everything was laid waste. Towns and cities were wiped out. Civilization itself was often threatened. It was kept alive in the church schools. All education in Europe was Catholic for centuries. All the great universities were Catholic foundations. Oxford and Cambridge and Paris and Salamanca and Rome were Catholic establishments.

Then came the great upheaval which divided Europe into two camps. God raised up a great teaching order to stem the tide of naturalism. The Church, with the wisdom of God, perceived that the maintenance of the supernatural religion of Jesus Christ depended on the education of youth. That became the battle line. To it rushed volunteers from every walk of life. Devoted men and women consecrated their lives to the same task that Jesus Christ engaged in when, as the Teacher in Israel, He instructed many unto eternal life.

Teaching, which was always a characteristic of the Church's life, now became a special mission. A mission it is as truly as that to foreign countries, to pagans and savages. For it aims primarily at the souls of men. Man is not merely mortal; he is also immortal. His education must fit him, not only for his mortal career, but above all for his immortal.

And that is the mission of the teaching orders. While neglecting nothing that equips the young for the duties and opportunities of this life, they moreover prepare them for their eternal destiny. They inculcate what our Lord insisted on: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." Without omitting anything that the

needs of life require they provide the helps and the means which lead to success in the life beyond.

Religion is not a thing with a separate existence. It does not live by itself, apart. It does not stand alone. It is woven into the very texture of life. Otherwise it is but a name. The man of any religious creed is moulded by that creed, if it is real. Religion, I mean the true Religion, helps us to live the way God wants us to live. And He wants us to live in such a way that we may share His blessedness hereafter. That is the meaning of religion—a path to God.

The Church is the means established by Our Divine Lord to continue the work He began during His mortal career. An important part of that work was prayer and atonement. Besides preaching and teaching and healing and consoling, He suffered and He prayed.

So likewise His Church, although so busily engaged in ministering to the people for their welfare and sanctification, is not unmindful of prayer and atonement. Rather because she is so deeply and truly engaged in the welfare of her people does she give herself to prayer and atonement.

This is seen in her liturgy, in her feasts and fasts, her seasons of prayer and of penance. But as besides the prayer and suffering which accompanied the ministry of Jesus, He often withdrew apart and spent long seasons in prayer and atonement, so does the Church, His representative on earth, devote herself by means of her cloistered orders to these sacred practices.